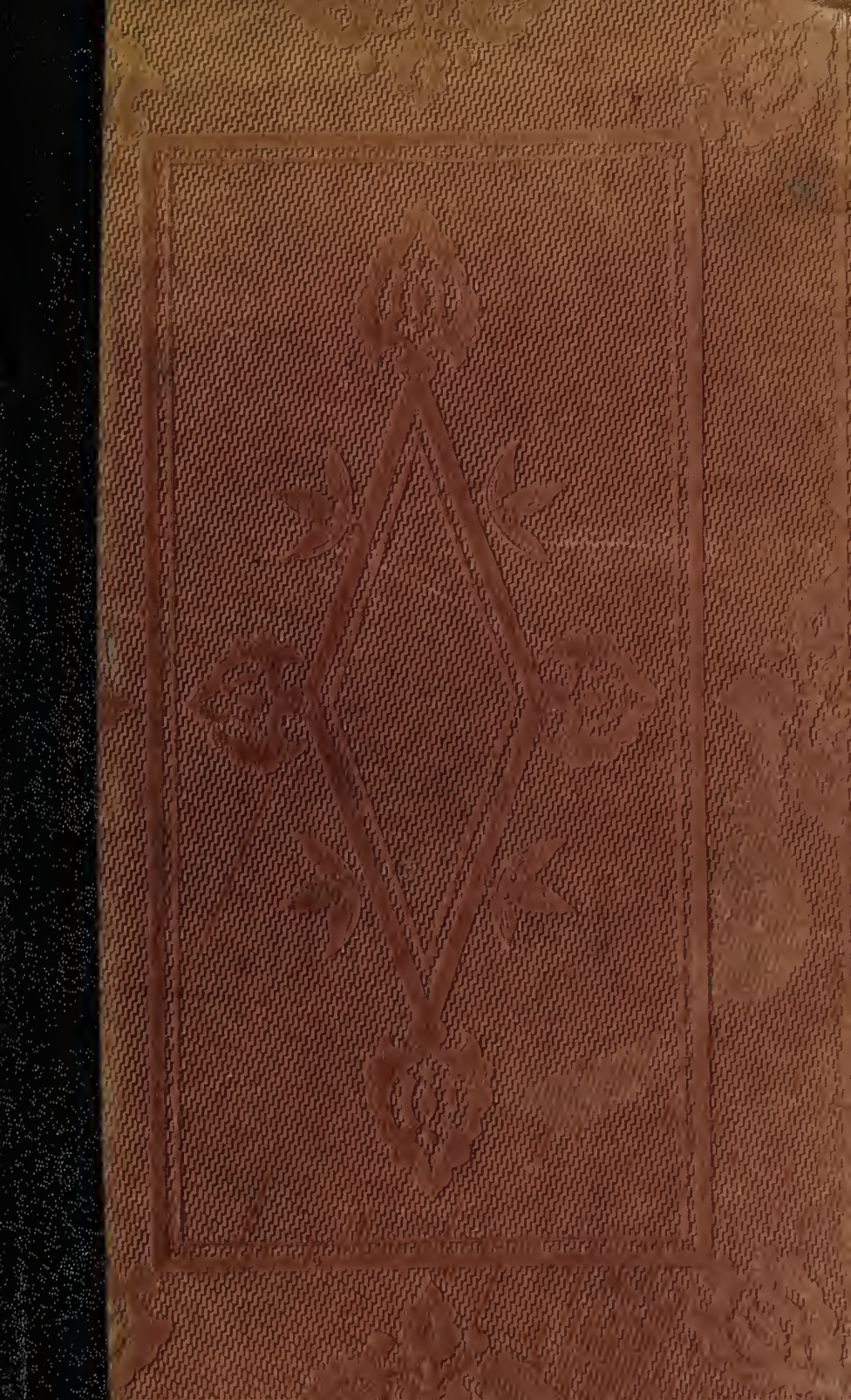

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Charles Knight

KNIGHT'S

TOURIST'S COMPANION

THROUGH

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

With Illustrations.

LONDON:
NATTALI AND BOND,
22, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1853.

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INTRODUCTION.

The magnificent Railway System of Great Britain is now nearly perfected. Ireland has still much to accomplish. In spite of many local obstacles and individual losses, our country is now covered with a network of roads such as the world has never before seen. The transit to the most distant and once most inaccessible places is rapid and cheap beyond all comparison. Not only is the Metropolis brought into the most intimate connexion with the Provinces, but every great industrial district has its own Capital, from which centre railway-lines radiate to the remotest extremities. Of the wondrous commercial changes which have been produced by Railways, of which we cannot yet estimate the full amount, we need not here to speak. They have opened our Islands to the Pleasure Tourist; and the work of civilisation which they are thus accomplishing is not amongst the least remarkable of their consequences.

The Railways of these kingdoms lead not now to marts of commerce alone. They take us amongst mountains and lakes, the margins of the broad sea, and the banks of the smiling rivers. One of the greatest writers of our own day, John Wilson, tells us in his beautiful lines in a "Highland Glen:"—

> "Yea! long as Nature's humblest child
> Hath kept her temple undefiled
> By sinful sacrifice,
> Earth's fairest scenes are all his own—
> He is a monarch, and his throne
> Is built amongst the skies."

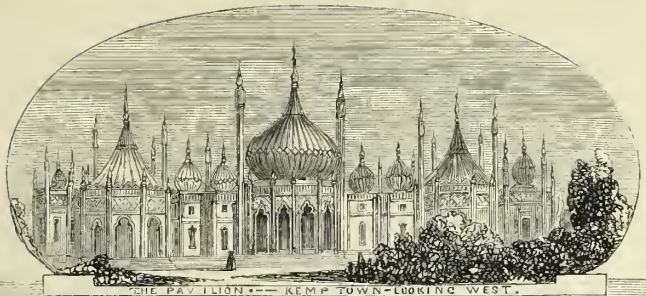
It is for the humblest children of Nature that we especially rejoice, when "Earth's fairest scenes" are for the first time opened to their view, by the marvellous inventions of our own age. To the Genius of Science, the Genius of the Steamboat and the Railway, we may say, in the words of Joanna Baillie:—

> "Thou hast to those in populous city pent
> Glimpses of wild and beauteous Nature lent—
> A bright remembrance ne'er to be destroy'd."

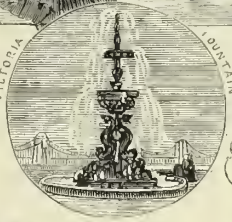
All the great Works of Art which our country contains have thus been laid open to the humblest observer. He may meditate in the time-hallowed aisles of our cathedrals upon the piety of a past age; or amidst the smoke and din of our factories upon the activity of the present time. He may rise early in the morning, and return late at night with an accumulation of knowledge of the best kind—that of actual observation—which very few of the last generation ever dreamt of acquiring in a lifetime. The Excursion Train is one of our best public instructors. It is also one of the cheapest. At a rate for second and third-class passengers, varying from twenty miles to fifty-five miles for a shilling, or from a little above a halfpenny to less than a farthing a mile, hundreds of thousands of travellers from London, during 1850, have been carried into the heart of our most beautiful inland Scenery—to our Watering-places—to our Ports—to our Universities—to our great Seats of Manufactures and Commerce. Upon the same principle, Excursion Trains from the Provinces have duly brought visitors to London. Nor is this all. From all the great manufacturing and commercial towns, Excursion Trains are constantly bearing the active and intelligent artisans, with their families, to some interesting locality, for a happy and rational holiday. The amount of pleasure and information thus derived, and of prejudice thus removed, cannot be estimated at too high a rate.

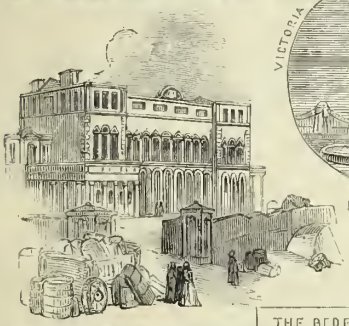
In 1851 this wonderful system will probably be carried out to an extent of which we can scarcely form an adequate conception. To provide the Excursionist in every direction through "The Land we Live in" with a cheap and intelligent Guide-Book, Illustrated with Elaborate Wood-Cuts, will be the object of

"KNIGHT'S EXCURSION-TRAIN COMPANION."

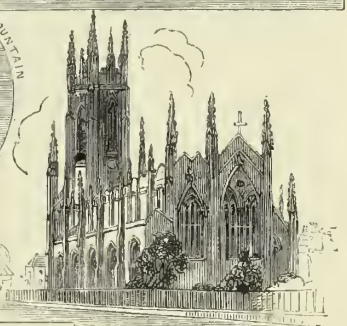


THE PAVILION.—KEMP TOWN-LOOKING WEST.





RAILWAY SEAT AND ST PETERS



THE BEDFORD HOTEL & ESPLANADE

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COMPANION

NO. 1, BRIGHTON.

BRIGHTON.

If some daring engineer were to lift the line of houses facing Park Lane, place them upon the South-coast railway, convey them to the sea-side, and plant them directly alongside the beach, he would make an almost exact resemblance to Brighton as viewed from the sea. So much does the line of houses facing the cliff resemble some parts of the West-end, that the spectator who has been shot down from town in an hour by the express-train, finds a difficulty in believing that he is far away removed from his old haunts, until he turns to the bright sea, which lies before him like a flat and polished mirror, and champing and frothing upon the pebbly beach below. We might, indeed, almost class Brighton as a suburb of the metropolis, for the London merchant now goes backwards and forwards to his marine villa, as regularly, with more ease, and in as little time as he formerly occupied in driving to Hampstead or Norwood.

The journey by railway to Brighton is no small part of the charm which attaches to it. Scarcely a more varied and dramatic fifty miles of road is to be found in the island; and few that possess a greater number of engineering triumphs. The Ouse viaduct, for instance, is a stupendous undertaking; the train traversing a valley on arches a hundred feet in height, and at least a quarter of a mile in length. The embankments and cuttings, in some places, are terrific. The Merstham cutting is nearly a hundred feet deep; while the Clayton tunnel is a mile and a quarter long. At one moment rushing through the dark void of a tunnel, and the next careering over a high embankment, the road, throughout, is to the traveller a series of surprises. Now his eye stretches over vast tracts of rich country, smiling in the glorious sunshine, —now Pluto seems to seize and hurry him into the regions of eternal gloom. The range of Downs which sweep from the centre of Hampshire down to the sea-coast at Brighton, prevents our seeing the town till we are close upon the station, which is large and handsome, built in the Roman style of architecture. From the hills above, the plan of this charming watering-place can be distinctly seen. Its western extremity, which is bounded by Adelaide Crescent and Brunswick Terrace and Square, lies comparatively low; and from this point to Kemp Town, which is fully three miles to the east, runs a splendid promenade. The life and variety which everywhere meet the eye along this pleasant walk, is perhaps unequalled. We said before, that Brighton was like Park Lane placed alongside the sea; but we must take the Hyde Park ride and the drive with all the company in them, at the height of the season, and lay them alongside the promenade, to make the likeness complete. The western extremity of this walk is low—almost on a level, in fact, with the shingles of the beach, at this point crowded with fishing-boats and pleasure-yachts. At certain times of the day, the beach, just here, offers the spectator a hundred groups both picturesque and odd. Here you will see a crowd of fishermen having a Dutch auction round a pile of glittering fish heaped upon the strand. A little further on you see a horse harnessed to

a windlass, winding a twenty-ton yacht up the steep beach out of the sea. Countless bathing-machines, in every direction, pour out their animated contents floundering and splashing in the brine; and pleasure-parties, full of laughter and fun, push off for a sail on those clear green waters that lie creaming and leaping in the distance. This lively scene continues up the beach until the Suspension-Pier is reached, which runs out a quarter of a mile into the sea, looking in the distance scarcely bigger than a thread. The land side is equally alive with carriages and equestrians, Bath chairs, goat-carriages, donkeys, and promenaders. The King's Road, which forms the western-most portion of the Promenade, or Esplanade, as it is here called, is terminated by the open space called the Steyne, over the trees of whose enclosure the minarets and domes of the Pavilion rise against the sky. From this spot the Marine Parade commences, and the ground rises until the roadway is full sixty feet above the level of the beach. Formerly the Downs gradually sloped to the sea, in the most broken and dangerous forms; and it was not until the year 1827, that the present marine wall was built. This structure is formed of cement, and slopes at a very slight angle from the top to the base; it is twenty-three feet thick at the base, and tapers to a thickness of three feet at the summit. As the wall rose chalk was filled in behind, until it attained to its destined height of sixty feet: it cost in its construction upwards of £100,000. Along the whole of this promenade, which is more than a mile in length, houses almost palatial in appearance are built, a square here and there, with its green inclosure in the centre, breaking the monotony of the line. Indeed, the entire sea-front of the parish of Brighton, a space about three miles long, is occupied with houses, the architectural character and internal comfort of which are mostly of a superior character. The town has increased in extent and population with surprising rapidity during the present century. In 1801 it contained 7,339 inhabitants; 12,012 in 1811; 24,429 in 1821; 40,634 in 1831; and 46,661 in 1841; while it is now certainly above 50,000. The number of residents during the summer occasionally exceeds 80,000. Both in extent and population the town is daily and rapidly increasing.

Towards this increase the railway has contributed, and is contributing, an ample share. The number of passengers brought into the town daily by the railway is astonishing. On holiday occasions, in fine weather, there seldom arrive fewer than 5,000 visitors in the London trains. The number of passengers in one week in May, 1850, was upwards of 73,000. This large influx of strangers to the town has fully reconciled the inhabitants to the changes which were effected by the introduction of the railway system, respecting which, at first, many of the tradespeople and other inhabitants felt much apprehension. Previous to the opening of the railway there were thirty-two coaches passing daily in each direction, between London and Brighton. There is now not one. The greatly increased facility of access afforded by the railway between Brighton and the metropolis, has caused a considerable demand for house accommodation, to meet which, building is now going on extensively.

Let us proceed with our perambulation. The Chain Pier runs out from the beach nearly at the commencement of the Marine Parade. An esplanade lying beneath the sea-wall forms the entrance to this structure, which is used as a promenade by those who love the fresh breezes passing over the sea. At the Pier-head a band plays at stated times, when it is thronged with gay company. The full extent of the "sea-face" of Brighton and of the Great Wall is seen herefrom, and impresses the stranger with its extent and beauty. The Pier was commenced in 1822, under the direction of Captain Brown, and finished in the same year, at a cost of £30,000. Its length is no less than 1,136 feet, by thirteen feet wide. The chains are supported by four piers, built upon piles, deeply driven into the solid chalk. The structure looks fragile and

light, considering the exposed nature of the coast, and the rough weather which ensues upon the setting in of a westerly gale. There might be said to be no shelter at Brighton for craft of any kind. It forms the centre, it is true, of a bay, but one of so large an arc, extending from Beachey Head to Selsey Bill, as to afford no manner of protection against rough weather. The destruction of the Chain Pier, in 1836, gave abundant proofs of the fact. It was on a November morning of that year that the great hurricane occurred, which forms the only dramatic event in the history of modern Brighton. The storm which raged on the occasion was such as "the oldest inhabitant" had never remembered. As though by some instinct, the inhabitants thronged to the pier-esplanade, to watch the struggle between art and nature—to see whether science, linking with skill and calculation her iron bonds, was a fit match for the rolling surges driven by the western wind. The wrestle terminated, as most expected, in favour of the rude force of nature. About the middle of the day the structure, which had hitherto withstood every shock, and held gallantly on, although every now and then obscured with the dashing spray, exhibited symptoms of weakness. One of the centre bridges began to rock and tremble: this motion speedily extended throughout the structure, and ere long the bridge fell into the foaming water below, the iron-suspending rods snapping like packthread, and depending helplessly in the sea. No one was injured by its falling; two persons, the last upon it, crossed, luckily, only a few minutes previously. When the repairs took place, the Pier was considerably strengthened; and it is now supposed to be strong enough to resist any strain that is likely to be brought upon it. The cost of the necessary repairs and improvements was about £2000.

We see another proof of the persevering pressure of the western gales upon this coast in the presence of nearly two hundred yards or so of jetties, or "groynes," as they are called. These consist of rows of piles running down the beach some distance into the water, and planked on one side. The purpose of these groynes is to prevent the loose shingle from drifting by the beating of the tide out to the east. For centuries this process has been going on along the south coast of England, and within the memory of man vast tracts of land have been swept away by the sea. In the time of Elizabeth a great part of Brighton stood where the Chain Pier now stretches its iron arm across the sea. In 1665, however, twenty houses were carried away; and in 1703 and 1705 one hundred and thirteen more (being the remaining portion of the town under the cliff) were overwhelmed. So constant and energetic is the action of the ocean upon the coast, that Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, anticipates that in a few centuries the alluvial deposit lying between the South Downs and the sea, and forming so fertile a plain to the west of Brighton, will be swept away, leaving the bare and steep hill-side as the coast-line. The importance, therefore, of staying this progress eastward is seen; and on the care taken in maintaining the groynes the very existence of the western side of the town depends. The cliffs, which are seen to commence some little distance beyond Kemp Town, are perpetually being washed away by the combined action of frost and the tide. Returning along the promenade, towards the other part of Brighton, we cannot fail to observe that Kemp Town consists for the most part of a mere mask of houses, every opening disclosing a view of the open Downs, rising almost from the back-doors of the houses. Sussex Square and the Crescent, both noble piles of buildings, give a dignity to this end of the town, however, which is not equalled by any other part of Brighton, and in truth is equalled in hardly another English watering-place. The Crescent at Kemp Town is two hundred feet wider than the famous Crescent at Bath. An esplanade stands underneath the marine wall opposite Kemp Town, and this communicates with the Crescent by

means of a tunnel running under the roads, and leading up to the town in front of the houses.

Arrived at the Steyne, one is naturally attracted to the Pavilion,—that monument to the extravagance of George IV. and to Nash's taste. The space to the south was planted with shrubs, railed in, and decorated with a statue by Chantrey, of George IV. This was long the only ornament, but a new fountain was erected by subscription in 1846. It is called the Victoria Fountain, and is a handsomer structure than fountains often are. Its height is 32ft., and it throws a jet at least as much higher. Originally the Steyne was the drying-ground for the nets of the fishermen; it was afterwards paved over its whole extent, and formed the fashionable place of resort for many years. Of late years it has been little used as a promenade, and roads have been formed through it for the purposes of traffic, and the convenience of the inhabitants.

But the gates of the Pavilion Pleasure Grounds are open; let us enter with the reader. The first thing that strikes the mind of the spectator as he gazes on the palace, is a sort of wonder that George IV., after having, with the assistance of Nash, devised this strange structure, should have stuck to it for so many years without growing tired of it. For this was no whim of the moment, built up while the idea was hot in the brain, like Beckford's Fonthill, but was the result of the elaborate development of many years. It was commenced in 1784, in a very humble manner, by adding a dome to two houses purchased by His Majesty, then Prince of Wales. In 1812, wings were pushed out north and south; two years later Gore House was added to the palace, and Mr. Nash was called in to remodel the whole building, and to further extend it. The Ballroom of the Castle Tavern was purchased, and turned into a Royal Chapel. A tea-garden was taken in, containing an avenue of trees, (which with its colony of rooks is one of the very best things in the royal property,) a considerable number of shops and houses were purchased and pulled down, the ground being laid out as a pleasure-garden.

The interior contains some fine rooms, running from south to north, almost 300 feet in length. The entrance to the palace is by way of a Chinese gallery, 162 feet in length. This apartment is lit from above by a dome, in which the God of Thunder (from the Chinese mythology) is represented flying; from one hand depends a Chinese lantern, and in the other he carries some thunder-producing instrument. The room, when in its state of glory, was hung round with lanterns, tassels, and chimney-pieces in bamboo frames; standards and flags also floated over head, and dragons crawled on every side. Those who have seen the Chinese Gallery, however, will have seen a much more faithful copy of an apartment in the celestial empire. The Royal Banqueting Hall is sixty feet in length, by forty-two wide; it is also surmounted by a dome, forty-five feet in height. This dome was constructed to represent an eastern sky, partially obscured by the branching leaves of a plantain tree, from which both fruit and blossom depend. Springing upward towards it, a magnificent lustre, full thirty feet in height, once stood. This magnificent light, which seems to have been designed with originality, exhibited numerous lotus flowers, through which the silver rays pierced, creating a dazzling effect. This lustre, which was not sold with the other effects, is still lying about packed in boxes in some of Her Majesty's town palaces. Other lustres, of a smaller size, were grouped around the room, which was fitted up like the gallery, in the Chinese style. The walls were decorated with illustrations of Chinese life and manners, painted upon a ground which imitated mother-of-pearl. The Music Room was still more splendid in appearance. This room is upwards of sixty-two feet in length, and forty-one feet in height. From this elevation springs the great dome, which is at least thirty feet in diameter. This dome is ornamented with golden scales,

and is gorgeous-looking in the extreme; a lustre depended from it, in the form of lotus flowers. Canopies of crimson and gold, supported by columns, round which enormous serpents twisted, scrolls, bells, paintings, and Chinese ornaments of every kind, crowded the room, in which stood a noble organ, which the Queen presented to the Town Hall. There are several other rooms of large size, all of which were fitted with Chinese ornaments; but all these decorations have long since vanished.

The Queen visited Brighton in 1842. On that occasion, it is said, Her Majesty took a strong dislike to the Pavilion. At any rate she appears to have decided not again to reside in it. After remaining shut up for several years, it was dismantled of its furniture, and the Woods and Forests resolved to sell the building. The town, not wishing to be deprived of the grounds, or of the Pavilion, purchased them, in 1849, for £53,000,—not a quarter, perhaps, of the sum originally lavished upon it; but as much probably as the "lot" is worth. What the townsfolk mean to do with their palace, now they have got it, we do not know: indeed, what it is suitable for is difficult to say. Yet we confess to feeling pleasure in its preservation. It was a very ugly palace, but it may make an excellent, and will certainly be a unique, public edifice. The circular area covered by the gigantic dome, which is a really useful building, might be turned into an amphitheatre: its contiguous stables are large and complete, and a good equestrian company would be a great addition to Brighton in the season. Other parts might be fitted up as a bazaar; but the ranges of stabling would be useless, as they all open into this central building, were the great area applied to any other than an equestrian purpose. These stables are the most complete part of the whole structure, although they are very far from being either so spacious or so superb as those of Versailles. There is stabling for sixty horses; and above these, apartments for grooms, &c. It was the intention of George IV. to have erected a riding-house, 200 feet long and fifty broad, and a tennis-court; and the central area is pierced with two large Moorish arches, which were to lead to these buildings; but either the money or the ground was wanting for these additions. But be the object to which the building is applied what it may—and we doubt not some useful purpose will be found—we again say that we rejoice that the public spirit of the Brightonians saved from destruction a pile which has been so long associated with their good town. It would have been a public misfortune, had the space which it covers been permitted to be built on. We trust that care will be taken that it is kept a really *public* edifice. It has just been announced that the rooms are to be "opened by a public ball" in the second week of January, 1851.

The pleasure-grounds are not extensive, and not laid out with remarkable taste; nevertheless, trees are such rare things in Brighton, that the inhabitants very wisely make much of them: and a little money judiciously spent, will render the Pavilion grounds a really delightful public garden. The way in which they are now thrown open to the public, without fee or limit, is most commendable. The walks surround the Pavilion, into whose windows you can peep, if you desire—at vacancy; and numerous are the groups generally to be seen straining their eyes to see how royalty housed itself. The whole space of ground on which the Pavilion and its gardens stand, is about eleven acres. We had almost forgotten to mention the kitchen,—an unpardonable omission, when we consider how much it ministered to the royal pleasure. This room, like the others, was in the Chinese style, great lanterns depending from the ceiling, and columns, in the form of branching palm-trees, supporting the roof.

From the Steyne we can either proceed in a northerly direction into the town, or by the sea-side along the King's Road. As we have described the latter promenade,

it will be as well, perhaps, to speak of the Old Town, if such an appellation can be given to so juvenile a place.

Brighton owes its present flourishing condition entirely to the circumstance of the Prince of Wales making it a place of residence. Before he commenced building the Pavilion, in 1794, it was nothing more than a small fishing-town, such as it had been for two or three centuries. The earliest notion we have of Brighton is derived from a very quaint print, showing the attack upon the town by the French, in 1545. About fifty houses planted in a square,—much in the way children would plant them out of a box of toys,—with flames breaking from most of the houses, the old church-tower, which is plainly depicted on the hill, two or three gigantic windmills, a tremendous fire-cage swung upon the top of a pole, and acting as an alarm beacon, with the French landing in front, and soldiers assembled to oppose them gathered round the church, and marching on the roads from Poyning and Lewes, form this unique composition. It appears that the neighbouring inhabitants, on this occasion, gathered so strongly on the Downs, that the invaders retreated and gave in. In the "Archæologia," vol. xxiv., published by the Society of Antiquaries, in 1832, there is a copy of this curious print, accompanied with the following account of the affair, taken from Holinshed; who says, "In 37 Hen. VIII. 1545, July 18th, the Admiral of France, M. Danebalte, hoised up sails, and with his whole navy (which consisted of two hundred ships and twenty-six galleys) came forth into the seas, and arrived on the coast of Sussex before Bright Hamstead, and set certain of his soldiers on land to burn and spoil the country; but the beacons were fired, and the inhabitants thereabouts came down so thick, that the Frenchmen were driven to flie with loss of diverse of their numbers; so that they did little hurt there."

The town of Brighthelmstone had been previously attacked and burnt by the French, in the night, in 1514, by Prior Jehan, who was at that time the great captain of the French navy. Holinshed says that at this time, "when the people began to gather, by firing the beacons, Prior Jehan sounded his trumpet, to call his men aboard, and by that time it was day. Then certain archers that kept the watch followed Prior Jehan to the sea, and shot so fast that they beat the galley-men from the shore, and wounded many in the foist; to the which Prior Jehan was constrained to wade, and was shot in the face with an arrow, so that he lost one of his eyes, and was like to have died of the hurt: and therefore he offered his image of wax before our Lady at Bullogne, with the English arrow in the face, for a miracle."

A print bearing date 1745 shows the town to have increased somewhat: there is also a sign of a sea-wall in front of it, and the Block-house looks formidable enough; nevertheless, this must have made the town appear larger than it really was: for another print, dated 1765, shows a fine tract of down, containing rich arable and pasture on the hill-side, where St. James' and other contiguous streets now stand; and we see reapers cutting the crops on the ground now occupied by the Marine Parade and its neighbourhood. During the period that a great portion of the town was situated below the cliff—that is, in the time of Elizabeth—we learn that a wall was built, fifteen feet high and four hundred feet long, at the most accessible part of the cliff: this, without doubt, was the wall we see in the print of 1745, as it was not destroyed until it fell with the Block-house, from the effect of the sea, in 1786. When this old wall existed, the communication between the houses on the cliff and those under it was kept up by means of gateways of stone: these were named, East Gate, at the lower end of East Street; the Porter's Gate, which stood next the East Gate; the Middle Gate, opposite Middle Street; and the West Gate, which terminated West Street. These gates have been all long since demolished, and the only remnants

of the Old Town still remaining are a few houses, and St. Nicholas' Church, on the hill.

Before quitting the historical portion of our sketch of Brighton, we must not omit to mention so important an event in its annals as the escape from its shores, in 1651, of Charles II. The Boscobel narrative tells us of the many hair's-breadth escapes which happened to him after his flight from the fatal field of Worcester—how he managed to conceal himself at Leigh, near Bristol, and what ineffectual attempts were made to procure a passage for him at Poole, in Dorsetshire; how, at last, he took ship in safety at Brighthelmstone, and finally got away from his pursuers. The manner of this escape was as follows:—After wandering about from one hiding-place to another, for at least six weeks, he was brought by Lord Wilmot and Colonel Gunter to the house of one Mr. Maunsell, a great adherent, living at Ovingdean. Here he lay concealed within a double partition for several days, while his friends were busy framing means for his escape. They ultimately decided upon obtaining the assistance of the master of a coal-brig, named Nicholas Tattersall, who lay under an obligation to the Prince, for having, by his own personal order, many years before, released his ship, then detained in the Downs by a royal squadron. Soon after nightfall on the 14th of October, the fugitive Prince was led over the Downs from Ovingdean, disguised as well as his friends were able, and taken to a small inn, still in existence, and situated in West Street, then called the 'George,' but since that event, named the 'King's Head.' Here he and the Lord Wilmot waited in fear and trembling the coming of Tattersall, and not without good reason; for the landlord—one Smith—speedily recognised the Prince through his disguise, promising, however, and maintaining the utmost secrecy. Tattersall also discovered his Sovereign in an instant,—from which it is certain that his disguise was not very profound. Next morning, at five o'clock, the whole party proceeded on board his miserable vessel; and we feel assured that the green expanse of ocean that stretches out to the south was never more narrowly scanned to see if any Republican cruisers were in sight than on that morning, when the dirty coal-brig, with her precious freight, put off for the friendly shore of France. This voyage was perfectly successful; and the same day Charles was landed at Fescamp in Normandy.

The main part of the town of Brighton lies in a hollow of the hill, and is sheltered on all sides but the south, which lies open to the sea. Its principal streets are full of shops, of the handsomest description; indeed, the tradesmen of Brighton generally make as good an appearance as the West-end London establishments.

The Town Hall is the largest and most imposing building in the town. It was erected at a cost of no less than £50,000, and in it nearly all the public business of Brighton is transacted. As a building it is of larger proportions than many we have seen in much larger towns, being 144 feet in length by 113 in depth, and it is embellished with three porticos; but it is of inelegant design. Brighton has not yet assumed the dignity of a corporate town, but is governed by commissioners, whose offices are in this building, which also contains offices for the Court of Requests, the Petty Sessions, and for the magistrates. The basement story is used as a prison, the ground floor contains a market, and the upper story contains some very handsome assembly-rooms. It is in this building too that the public meetings of the townsmen are held. There is another and a very large market situated in the centre of the town. The wholesale fish-market is held on the beach, as we have before mentioned, and there is a corn-market held in Marlborough Place every Thursday.

The amusements of Brighton are but few; the town possesses a theatre, and a very pretty one, but, like most other provincial establishments of the kind, it has not been

sufficiently supported for a long time, and is now closed. Balls and concerts are held at the Town Hall and at the Old Ship Hotel, where there is a splendid room, eighty feet long. There are a couple of Club Houses, besides Libraries, News Rooms, and Bazaars, which help the visitors to while away a lagging hour.

A watering-place must have a Spa; whether it be real or artificial, is of little matter. Brighton therefore has its German Spa, situated in the Queen's Park—a plantation lying to the north of the town. Here chemical imitations of the different German mineral-waters are prepared, as the Guide-books say, "in such perfection, as not to be distinguishable either in taste or effect from the original springs." Here, then, without the annoyance of getting sea-sick, you ought to obtain all the advantages of a visit to the Spas of Marienbad, Auschowitz, Eger, Pyrmont, Spa, Geilnau, Seltzer, Seidschütz, and Püllna.

At a distance of only half a mile west of the town a natural chalybeate spring has been discovered at Wick, where a neat little pump-room has been erected. This spring is said to be useful in cases of debility and indigestion; and many people frequent it, as much as anything, perhaps, for the walk, and to take refreshments at the pretty little Swiss Cottage close at hand.

Baths of every kind, whether medicated, salt, or fresh, in all their varieties of application, are to be had in Brighton. Brill's Tepid Swimming-bath, situated at the bottom of Earl Street, however, forms quite a feature of the town. It consists of a very large circular covered area, filled with sea-water, which is pumped up from the sea continually, and heated to a temperature of 75°. In this excellent bath you may have all the advantages of a swim in the sea, with the addition of having a really comfortable temperature and dressing-room. We really do not know a better way for the citizen to restore the tone of his relaxed fibres than to "take a Brill," as it is familiarly called, and a good gallop on the Downs afterwards.

St. Nicholas' Church, the oldest building in Brighton, is situated on the hill to the north-west of the town. From its tower, which must be more than 200 feet above the sea level, a splendid view of the neighbouring country and of the town may be had. It was erected in the reign of Henry VII., and is perpendicular in its style, although successive additions and repairs have rendered it most incongruously picturesque. There is a very singular font in the interior, which is said to have been brought from Normandy in the reign of William the Conqueror, but it looks Saxon in character, and doubtless was removed from some much older building. A very rude bas-relief runs round it, representing the Lord's Supper. The churchyard contains two inscriptions, which are interesting—one to the Nicholas Tattersall who helped Charles II. to escape to France; the other speaks of a very singular character, Phœbe Hessel, who, according to her epitaph, "served for many years as a private soldier in the 5th regiment of foot, in different parts of Europe; and in the year 1745 fought, under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, at the battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in the arm. Her long life, which commenced in the reign of Queen Anne, extended to George IV., by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her latter years. She died in Brighton, where she had long resided, December 12th, 1821, aged one hundred and eight years." St. Peter's, erected in 1827, is a very elaborate building, by Barry, the architect of the New Houses of Parliament. It is in the modern Gothic style, a variety of the perpendicular, and is situated in the north part of the town. There is another new church in this quarter, on the edge of the Downs, where the road leading to the Dyke commences. It is in some respects the most elegant of all the Brighton churches, the tracery of the windows being of the most elaborate and beautiful character. The town contains five other churches, and seven chapels-of-

ease, together with three-and-twenty Dissenting places of worship; some of these are handsome buildings.

Nor is Brighton less abundantly furnished with Benevolent Institutions than with churches and chapels. The first place is due to the Sussex County Hospital, a noble institution, but just now, we are sorry to hear, somewhat less adequately supported than it deserves to be. The hospital was founded in 1828, and from the first has been conducted on a large and liberal scale. It is not confined, as its title might imply, to the sick of the county; but is, according to the terms of the foundation, "open to the sick and lame poor of every county and nation." The building is situated near St. George's Chapel, on the road to Kemp Town. The wings are more recent than the rest of the building; the Victoria wing having been added in 1839, and the Adelaide wing in 1841. A fever ward is detached from the hospital. The late Earl of Egremont, the munificent supporter of every good work in the county, and especially in Brighton, gave £2000 towards the erection of the hospital, and £3000 towards its endowment. Besides the hospital, Brighton has a dispensary, for the gratuitous administration of advice and medicine; and a "Provident and Self-supporting Dispensary," by means of which the labouring classes are enabled, by small periodical payments, to provide for themselves and families medical advice and medicine in the time of sickness. There are, also, a Dorcas Society; a Lying-in Institution; a Dollar Society, for the benefit of persons, especially the aged, who have experienced great reverses in their circumstances; a Society for the relief of Distressed Widows; an Asylum for Female Orphans; an Infirmary for Diseases of the Eye: an Asylum for the Blind; an Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; with several Loan and Provident Societies for the benefit of persons of small incomes. There is, moreover, a Savings Bank, which had, in November, 1848, 4,812 depositors, whose deposits, in the aggregate, amounted to 110,654*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.*

It would seem too, that ample means have been provided for meeting the educational wants of the town. The highest place must be assigned to one of the most recent establishments—the Brighton College, a proprietary school founded in 1847, in order "to provide for the sons of noblemen and gentlemen a sound religious, classical, and general education of the highest order;"—a purpose which the eminence of the masters affords an excellent guarantee will be effected. The college, a very handsome building in the Tudor collegiate style, was erected in 1849. The buildings are to form a spacious quadrangle; but a colonnade with wings, and a chapel, have to be added before the original design is completed. In its present state, however, it is one of the most ornamental of the recent additions to the architecture of Brighton. Another school has also added somewhat to the architectural character of the town;—the Central National School, erected in 1830, but lately enlarged so as to accommodate six hundred and fifty pupils. Besides this school, there are seven National, British, and Infant Schools; a British and Infant School, supported by the Quakers; two Schools supported by the Wesleyan Methodists; the Union Charity Schools, under the management of the Dissenters; two Ragged Schools, and a school for educating and clothing the Indigent Blind. St Mary's Hall, Kemp Town, is an institution for educating the daughters of poor clergymen, and preparing them for governesses. There is also a Training School for Schoolmistresses. To these, of course, must be added the ordinary Day Schools, which are very numerous; and likewise the Boarding Schools, which, partly owing to the favourable character which Brighton bears for salubrity, and its easy distance from London, amount to about one hundred and ten, and many of them are of a somewhat superior description.

The trade of Brighton is confined almost wholly to the supply of the wants of a

wealthy population. It is neither a manufacturing nor a commercial town. Almost the only manufacture of the place is that of Tunbridge ware. The retail trade is very extensive. Prices in general are moderate, owing, doubtless, in some measure, to the direct competition afforded by the facilities of communication with the metropolis.

Shoreham, about seven miles west from Brighton, and Newhaven, about nine miles to the eastward, are the ports through which the foreign and coast trade of Brighton is conducted. The coast off Brighton is too dangerous to allow of much direct trade with the town. Fishing is carried on somewhat extensively, the fisheries giving employment to upwards of one hundred boats, and about five hundred men. Mackerel, herrings, soles, brill, and turbot, are taken in large numbers; mullet, whiting, and various other fish, are also caught, though less extensively. The chain of nets used by the Brighton fishermen for taking mackerel, is from two miles to three miles in length; and thousands of fish are occasionally taken at one draught. The principal feature of the traffic of Brighton in more recent years has been the construction and operations of the three branches of the Brighton and South Coast Railway, which have their common centre in the town; namely, the main line northward to London, the branch westward to Portsmouth, and that eastward to Hastings. The central station in Brighton, in the north-west part of the town, is a handsome and convenient building. In the locomotive and carriage departments upwards of nine hundred persons are employed.

But we must quit the town, having pointed out a few of the most note-worthy things within it. Of the sea we need hardly speak. The visitor who enjoys a sail, will find boats and yachts, with willing and skilful hands, ready to put out wherever he requires them. Rather will we direct him to what may be seen inland.

The Downs at the back of the town form the most glorious riding that can be imagined. The rider, galloping over them on his free-going steed, might fancy himself in the wilds of Australia, so vast does the landscape appear; the earth seems to swell and roll like the heaving billows of a mighty sea. Not a house or sign of cultivation is to be seen on them for miles in some parts, and the only signs of life are the flocks of the famous South Downs. The fine nature of the turf, formed of the smallest herbs between the grass, is supposed to be the cause of the exquisite flavour the mutton fed upon it attains; it also affords that delicious spring to the horse's feet, which seems to make him delight in galloping upon it. Nor is this turf in truth less pleasant to the pedestrian, who will hardly desire a more exhilarating walk than the Downs will afford him. The racecourse is situated upon the highest ridge of the Downs, at no great distance from the town. Here the races are held in the early part of August, and attract a large and brilliant company. But to obtain a thorough idea of the grandeur which the Downs can put on, and to witness one of those contrasts which nature loves sometimes to show between the sublimity of bare and sweeping hills, and the calm and repose of her fruitful plains, the visitor should take a gallop, or at least a stroll, over the smooth turf to the Devil's Dyke. This extraordinary spot lies only seven miles distant from Brighton; there is a road to it, but the sod is the highway for all. As you leave the town and enter upon the Downs, you see at once how cultivation is gradually advancing upon this virgin soil. As you ride on, the eye searches in vain for the scene towards which you are journeying; the plain, undulating on all sides, is terminated before you by a gradually ascending upland. No trace of the Dyke is visible; and it is not until the top of the ridge is gained, that any portion of the extraordinary scenery so close upon you comes to view. The Devil's Dyke, which gives the name to the spot from which such a magnificent prospect is obtained, is nothing more than a very deep and sudden valley of a semicircular form, sunken as it were in the gentle

rising ground. Extraordinary as this chasm is, the spectator passes it almost unnoticed, as the Weald of Sussex suddenly unfolds, as it were, at his feet. If Nature had endeavoured to create a surprise for man, she could not have done it more effectually than by leading him over the gradual ascent of a vast down, and then suddenly sinking the earth six or seven hundred feet in a bold escarpment, until it formed a plain almost limitless to the eye, and rich in summer foliage and yellow corn. For miles on each side, the Downs descend into this plain in an almost perpendicular manner. It almost looks as though the Titans, piling up the land against Jove, had advanced so far with their work and then stopped short. If you throw yourself down on the edge of this fearful descent on a fine summer's afternoon, and strain your eyes over the wonderful plain beneath, you gain a sensation of space that scarce another landscape in England can afford. The valley before you stretches north-east to south-west, a space of no less than 120 miles, commencing at Maidstone and only terminating at the Hampshire Downs, near Portsmouth. To the north and north-west the eye reaches, it is affirmed, but we confess to some misgivings, as far as Croydon and Norwood; no fewer than six counties being rolled out in this gigantic map at the spectator's feet, and these for the most part garden or park-like in culture and appearance. Those who are curious about the matter, may, it is said, count upwards of sixty churches dotted over the wide landscape. Turning to the southward, the spectator traces distinctly the extensive bay sweeping between Beachey Head and Selsey Bill, with Brighton in the centre. Looking over the ocean to the west, the Culver Cliffs of the Isle of Wight, are on a clear day, seen distinctly by the naked eye, although upwards of forty miles distant; and a vast expanse of ocean stretches before you.

Let us now turn to the Devil's Dyke,—why so called we do not know, except on the general principle that anything tremendous-looking is generally ascribed by the common people to Satanic agency. There is, indeed, a legend which accounts for the name; but it is scarcely worth while to repeat it. Of old it used to be called "The Poor Man's Wall;" a name which arose, perhaps, from the shelter it afforded shepherds from the bleak winds of winter.

The Devil's Dyke, then, is a precipitous valley or, more properly speaking, a gigantic "cutting," of a bowed form, its two ends forming, together with the precipitous terminations of the Downs, an oval-like island of ground, as it were, completely inaccessible at every point but one, and this is fortified with a line of earthwork and a deep vallum. From what we have said, it will be clear to the reader that the spot formed of old a Roman encampment, as it undoubtedly did: and a more impregnable position could not well have been chosen. In all probability, the Dyke was originally a deep chasm or valley, in the hill, which the invaders rendered still more precipitous by art; indeed, if the spectator looks down upon it when the sun shines along its steep descent on the southern side, he will perceive where the natural round of the hill-side terminates, and the straight steep "cutting" commences. This Dyke, either side of which slopes at an angle of 45°, is upwards of 300 feet in depth, and is flat and level at the bottom, as though used by the Romans for a road. The space of ground isolated by means of this Dyke is nearly a mile in length, and forms probably the highest point of observation in the county. Here, as upon an inaccessible eyrie, the Roman eagles of old watched the plain beneath them; keeping in awe the Britons, who still hunted in the almost unbroken forest which spread as far as the eye could reach. Where, in all probability, the tents of the soldiers stood, a comfortable little inn is built, and the visitor finds accommodation such as he would hardly expect in the centre of these wild downs. The house is completely supported by the pleasure-parties from Brighton, who ride over to see the Dyke and the prospect. In the winter none but the shep-

herds of the neighbourhood approach it: and when snow covers the ground, it is nearly as much cut off from the haunts of men, as the Eddystone Lighthouse during the equinoctial gales.

Still, to a lover of trees, or one who expects trees to form a part of every landscape, these downs may be somewhat wearisome. Sturdy Samuel Johnson declared, that he hated the Brighton Downs because it was "a country so truly desolate, that if one had a mind to hang one's-self for desperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten a rope." Should the visitor experience any such feeling, we counsel him to turn his feet towards Stanmore Park, the seat of the Earl of Chichester, which will be to him as a very oasis in the desert. It lies three or four miles out of Brighton, on the left of the Lewes road. The mansion is not in any respect remarkable, and the park elsewhere might be but lightly esteemed. Here, however, in this treeless country, these comparatively young trees assume quite a patrician dignity of character. You greet them with a hearty welcome, and the nightingales make merry music in their branches during the early summer season. The uplands and hollows with the sunny glades, the pleasant distant prospects, the quiet, secluded church of Stanmore which lies within the park, and the little gathering of cottages which make up the village of Stanmore, will assuredly render Stanmore Park a satisfactory goal to a ramble thither. Other walks we leave the excursionist to discover for himself, little doubting that he will find right pleasant ones in whatever direction he may wander: only we may just mention, as one of a kind quite different to those we have indicated, but equally delightful, a stroll along the edge of the cliffs, from Kemp Town by Black Rock, to the pretty village of Rottingdean, and thence onwards to Newhaven. The sea-views are—as sea views from lofty cliffs always are—glorious.

WORTHING.

Turn we now our faces westward. The railway in that direction is prolonged to Portsmouth: we will avail ourselves of it for a hasty run to Arundel, staying for a brief space at one or two of the stations on the way. Hove, the first station, we may pass by. Hove, now almost a suburb of Brighton, we remember as a little rural village; but the curious little half-ruinous church is replaced by a smart new one, and the village seems new also. We will on.

Shoreham is the harbour of Brighton, and from this point the steam communication with Dieppe is kept up. The Brighton and Shoreham Railway makes the passage between the two points exceedingly short. Shoreham is divided into the Old and New Town; the former, which was once a town of some importance, has given place to its younger rival, which is a very improving place, possessing at least 2000 inhabitants. Its tidal harbour has eighteen feet of water in it at spring tides, but it is rather dangerous to enter. The chief attraction of Shoreham to the Brighton folks is its Swiss Garden, a kind of Rosherville, only on a larger scale, with a lake in its centre, with boats for hire. It has a ballroom 120 feet long, by 45 wide, which proves a great attraction on holidays and fête days.

But there is something besides the Swiss Garden and better than it, to be seen at Shoreham—the church, which is one of the finest in the county: and the curious sand-bank which has formed for some three or four miles along the shore, causing the Adur to run for that distance parallel to it. Old Shoreham consists of merely a few fishermen's cabins, and is a very poor place. But it has a church of early Norman date, the "mother-church of the county," and of very note-worthy character. A few years back, it was semi-ruinous, but it has been admirably restored, and is well worth visiting. At Old Shoreham, the river is crossed by a wooden bridge, five hundred feet long; at New Shoreham it is crossed by a handsome suspension-bridge, erected from a design by Mr. Clark, the engineer of the suspension-bridge at Hammersmith. The singular "telescope bridge," which carries the railway over the Adur, runs between these two.

Up the Adur, about four miles from Shoreham, is Bramber. It formed one of those nests of political corruption, which the Reform Bill swept away. It only contains about thirty cottages: nevertheless, they, in "the good old times," returned two members to Parliament; every house built upon an ancient foundation, gave a vote to its holder, provided he paid scot and lot. From the village the castle is plainly visible, as it stands on very elevated ground. Bramber Castle, the very name it goes under in Domesday-book, is the most interesting relic of the feudal times, near Brighton. It was at one time a most formidable fortress, and commanded the adjacent pass into the country. The ruins are still very extensive, and cover a large space of ground; but no one perfect bit of the stronghold remains. Some portion of it was defensible in the time of the civil wars, and garrisoned by a strong body of Parliamentary soldiers; but when Cromwell attained the supreme power, it was destroyed by his orders, to prevent its forming a stronghold against the Commonwealth at any future time. In the fosse of the castle stands the church, forming, with the fragment of the grey old keep, when seen from the eastern end of the town, a very picturesque termination to the desolate-looking street.

Worthing is a little Brighton, but quieter, and perhaps now genteeler. It has a neat, cleanly look; good streets, good shops, good hotels, and good lodging-houses. Park Crescent has not many rivals in sea-side watering-places. Some of the mansions and residences are equal to any along the coast. The beach is excellent for bathing, and the visitors appear to be fully conscious of its capabilities. The climate is warm, equable, and genial; myrtles grow to a large size in the open air, and figs ripen constantly here and in the neighbourhood. If we add, that there are both libraries and bazaars, that the walks and drives are both various and agreeable, and that boats and donkeys and bath-chairs can always be hired, what more need be said? The church at Worthing is but a modern chapel-of-ease, and has little architectural beauty to attract the visitant. A new church was erected in 1843. But the parish church at Broadwater, a mile from Worthing, is a really fine Norman edifice, with the characteristic Norman carvings, and some splendid monuments to the De la Warr family. It will repay examination, and the key may be obtained close by. The tower of Sompting Church, let us add, about two miles from Worthing, is one of the very few existing examples of undoubted Anglo-Saxon church architecture.

A favourite place of resort of the Brightonians and visitors to Brighton, as well as of the good folks of Worthing, is the Miller's Tomb, on High Down Hill. This spot is not far from the Goring station, on the Brighton and Chichester Railway. The eccentric miller to whom the tomb belongs, had a fancy for contemplating mortality; and if one might make a bad joke on such a subject, was always trying "to be in" at his own death. For this purpose he had his grave dug on the top of the hill, in the

year 1776; at the same time he caused his coffin to be made, which he placed upon castors, and by touching a spring, caused it to roll out into his room. This coffin he placed under his bed every night. With his cheerful toy he continued to play for many years, not dying until 1793, when he was in his eighty-fourth year. His tomb is surrounded by iron railings, and it has numerous inscriptions written upon it by his own hand. Oliver left a handsome annuity to his grave, and also to a summer-house which he erected close to it, with the idea that other people would be as fond of contemplating his last resting-place as himself. This annuity, £20 a year we believe, the living have not disbursed in those due repairs desired by the miller,—a matter which perhaps might as well be looked into, for the summer-house affords a charming view over a very charming country. Yet we are not sure that it is a very suitable erection on such a place, especially as the hill top is the site of an ancient British encampment. In the village of Salvington, close by Broadwater, may be seen a half timber cottage, which is said to be the birth-place of the famous John Selden. But that Selden was born in it may well be doubted, as it bears a date later by seventeen years than that of his birth. Selden, however, was born at Salvington, if not in this house.

ARUNDEL.

The Arundel station is somewhat more than two miles from the town. Little Hampton lies about a mile on the opposite side. There is not much of interest in Little Hampton. It is half-watering place, half-trading town; but the part in which the summer visitors reside, is nearly half a mile from the trading part. In the season it is a good deal resorted to by persons who like a less fashionable place than Brighton or Worthing. For its size it has a good deal of trade. At certain states of the tide ships of considerable burden can sail up the Arun as far as Little Hampton, which is a mile from the sea. The river is here crossed by a floating-bridge, much on the plan of that at Portsmouth harbour; but this is of smaller size, and is worked by a couple of men.

The walk to Arundel from the railway station is a pleasant one. But the town is better approached from the river than the road. As you look up to it from the river, Arundel is one of the most picturesque towns we know. It is seated on the irregular slope of an eminence, on whose summit stands the noble castle, half hidden among lofty trees; the river winds along its base, reflecting in its clear waters both castle and town. On entering it, the town maintains the impression it first produced. The houses are tolerably well built, the streets are paved and clean. But you must be prepared to find few signs of activity in the streets. It is an ancient town, and its ancient consequence is well nigh departed. The old corporate character, however, is maintained. It has its mayor and aldermen and councillors, as well as its member of parliament. Neither the trade nor the commerce of the place is very great, though vessels of 150 tons can come up to the town, and a canal unites the river on which it stands with the Wey, a feeder of the Thames. There is, however, a good deal of bark shipped, as well as much timber for the use of the dockyards. The custom-house being at Arundel, to a considerable extent keeps up the business of the place, which might otherwise be drawn away to Little Hampton, which is more conveniently situated at the mouth of the river Arun. In 1841, Arundel

contained 2,624 inhabitants. The only public building of recent erection worth noticing is the town-hall, which was erected by the late Duke of Norfolk, at a cost of £9,000, and given to the town in exchange for certain borough properties. This building is one of rather ambitious design—Norman in style and castellated in character. Within it are held all town-meetings, and the great room serves also for balls and concerts. The town, we have said, has many well-built houses; but it owes its somewhat striking appearance rather to the old gable-fronted half timber houses than to the more regularly arrayed brick-built modern ones; and the steepness of the streets brings those queer-looking gables occasionally into very picturesque grouping with each other.

A neat stone bridge, of three arches, over the Arun, unites the main part of the town with the smaller portion, which lies on the opposite bank of the river. If the modern buildings in the town are not of much beauty, an old one will make amends. The visitor who has the least possible liking for an old church, should, on no account, omit to visit that of Arundel. It has suffered somewhat indeed from modern improvement, but is still beautiful. It is built partly of flint and stone; is of the perpendicular style of the sixteenth century; cruciform, with a low tower rising from the intersection of the transepts and nave. The chancel has a north aisle, which was the original Lady Chapel, and which contains many remarkable monuments of the former owners of the castle and others. These monuments are deserving of notice, both on account of their intrinsic excellence as specimens of the sculptural skill of our countrymen at their respective dates, and as examples of ancient costume. One in particular, to a Countess of Arundel, has attracted much attention from the students of costume, on account of the very peculiar head-dress. Charles Stothard, in his very beautiful work on "Monumental Effigies," has given clever etchings of some of these monuments. The chapel in which the monuments are contained, had been permitted to fall into decay; but has been partially repaired by the Duke of Norfolk, whose property it is. The south transept now serves the purpose of a chancel. Arundel church belonged originally to a priory of Benedictines, subject to the abbey of Seez in Normandy; but the priory was suppressed in the time of Richard II., and a chantry, or college, for a master and twelve secular canons, with other officers, was founded in its place. It may interest the student of ecclesiastical architecture to mention, that the original high-altar is still remaining in Arundel church, in a perfect state, being, it is believed, the only one in this country which escaped destruction or removal at the Reformation. Southward from the church is a range of buildings, seemingly erected upon the foundation of an ancient structure, which was perhaps the habitation of the above-mentioned canons. It has been fitted up by the Duke of Norfolk, as a Roman Catholic chapel. A hospital, called "Maison Dieu" (God's House), was founded in the time of Richard II., by one of the Fitz-Alans, for the maintenance of as many poor as its revenues would permit; at the suppression of religious houses, its income was estimated at 42*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.* per annum. The remains of it are now used as a malthouse.

But the grand attraction of Arundel is, of course, the castle. This castle, by the way, has a very remarkable property, it creates a peerage! giving to its possessor (now the Duke of Norfolk) the title of Earl of Arundel,—a title at present borne by his eldest son. This instance of a peerage attached to the tenure of a house, is now an anomaly. In 11 Henry VI. it was decided, that the tenure of the Castle of Arundel alone, without any creation, patent, or investiture, constituted its possessor Earl of Arundel.*

* Nicolas's "Synopsis of the Peerage," 27; Cruise's "Digest," vol. iii. 152; "Report of the Lords' Committee respecting Peerage," 1820.

In 3 Charles I. the Earl of Arundel obtained an act of parliament, intituled "An Act concerning the title, name, and dignity of Earl of Arundel, and for annexing the castle, honor, manor, and lordship, of Arundel, in the county of Sussex, with the titles and dignities of the baronies of Fitz-Alan, Clun, and Oswaldestre, and Maltravers, with divers other lands, tenements, and hereditaments in the act mentioned, being then parcel of the possessions of Thomas, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, Earl Marshal of England, to the same title, name, and dignity of the Earl of Arundel."*

The castle stands close to the town, on a steep and lofty circular knoll, partly natural, and commands an extensive prospect over the flat country towards the sea, and as far as the Isle of Wight. It has been supposed that the sea once washed the castle walls, as anchors and other marine implements have been found near it. Arundel Castle is mentioned as early as the time of King Alfred, who bequeathed it to his nephew Adhelm. After the Norman conquest, it was given by William I. to his kinsman Roger de Montgomeri, Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury. Afterwards the castle passed to the family of Albini, from them to the Fitz-Alans, and at last, by the marriage of the heiress of that race with Thomas Duke of Norfolk (in the reign of Elizabeth), to the family of the Howards, by whom it is still retained.

In the reign of Stephen the castle was held by Queen Adeliza, relict of Henry I. When the Empress Maud was about to contest with Stephen the crown of England, she landed at Little Hampton, and proceeding to Arundel was received into the castle and hospitably entertained by Adeliza, who does not, however, appear to have taken part with her. She had been but a short time in the castle, when Stephen suddenly appeared with a strong army before it, and demanded that she should be given up to him. This Adeliza resolutely refused, pleading the rites of hospitality and kindred; and Stephen generously permitted Maud to depart unmolested. In the war between Charles I. and his parliament, Arundel Castle was held and garrisoned by the latter. It was, however, taken by Lord Hopton in 1643, surrendering to him at the first summons; and two months after was as suddenly retaken by Sir William Waller. From that time it continued little better than a mass of ruins, until it was restored by the late Duke of Norfolk to its ancient magnificence. A considerable portion of the old building was demolished on this occasion. The modern parts are in an imitative Gothic style, intended to accord with the remains of the ancient fabric. Looked at with the eye of an architect or an artist, the building has but little that will command praise: but its great extent gives to it an air of grandeur, and its position renders it from many points a very striking object. On the north and west sides of the castle is a deep ditch. The entrance gateway, originally defended by a drawbridge and portcullis, was built by Richard Fitz-Alan in the reign of Edward I. This, with some of the walls and the keep, is all that remains of the ancient castle. The keep is a circular stone tower 68 feet in diameter, and perhaps the most perfect in England. In the middle of it is the dungeon, a vault about 10 feet high, accessible by a flight of steps, and about 15½ feet by 9¾ feet in extent. The keep has been long and is still tenanted by some owls of large size and beautiful plumage, sent over from America, as a present to the late duke. Among the interior apartments of the castle may be mentioned the magnificent library, built in imitation of the aisle of a Gothic cathedral; the ornamental parts are copied from the cloisters at Gloucester, and St. George's, Windsor. It is 122 feet long, and 30 feet wide. The ceilings, columns, and presses, are entirely of mahogany. The great hall, called the Baron's Hall, was begun in 1806; it is 70 feet

* Report of the Lords Committee respecting Peerage, p. 374.

by 34 feet, and 36 feet high. The roof is of Spanish chestnut, curiously wrought, and the plan is taken from Westminster, Eltham, and Crosby Halls. There is at one end a window of stained glass, representing King John signing Magna Charta. In a series of thirteen stained-glass windows are portrayed the figures of the barons from whom the late duke was descended; and there are also portraits of his family. Several other rooms are very splendid, and contain many valuable pictures and articles of taste. It is needless to name these pictures, however, or to enter into further details respecting the castle, for the public are not permitted to view the interior. The park, however, is, we believe, still open. It is of great extent and of the most varied beauty. In it are trees of majestic size; sunny glades, and pleasant dells, with herds of deer dotted about them; and hills which afford prospects of astonishing extent and richness. Some of these views, indeed, are of surprising beauty: the eye wanders over a wide expanse of country—through which wind the rivers Arun and Adur to the ocean, which stretches far away to the horizon—the Isle of Wight lying like a light cloud upon it. In other directions the wide South Downs extend, in wave-like undulations, far as the eye can reach.

Just under the castle, on an arm of the Arun, stood, till within the last few years, a water-mill of singularly picturesque appearance. Perhaps hardly another water-mill in all England was so often sketched and painted as Swanbourne Mill. Artists of every grade delighted to depict it; and scarcely an Exhibition, wherever held, whether of oil or water-colour painters, was without its "Old Mill at Arundel." It had become quite a classic structure. Yet neither its age nor its associations could save it. It was pulled down to make way for the tawdry "Dairy" (belonging to the castle above) which now occupies its site.

We must not quit Arundel without mentioning that the river Arun is famous for the gray mullets which in summer come up to Arundel in large shoals, in quest of a particular weed, the feeding on which renders them a great delicacy. The *tasteful* excursionist will of course, therefore, if he have opportunity, avail himself of his visit, to partake of the delicacy. We hope he will not neglect, moreover, if he have time, to explore the beautiful scenery which he will find for the next few miles up the banks of the Arun.

GENERAL RAILWAY DIRECTIONS.

The London terminus of the London, Brighton, and South-Coast Railway, is on the south or Surrey side of London Bridge. Until recently the station belonged jointly to the South-Eastern or Dover, with which the Greenwich is united, and the Brighton and Croydon lines. A new and very much larger station is, however, now in course of erection, to meet the requirements of the greatly increased traffic arising from the extension of the various lines. The new station promises to afford much greater facility than the old one; but, at present at least, it by no means appears likely to equal it in elegance of architecture. It is somewhat imposing from its size, but plain, bald, and characterless. The large central semicircular building will, it is understood, be appropriated by the South-Eastern Company,—the station of the Brighton Company being placed on the right, or south side. The inside, or shed-part of the station, instead of being, as formerly, devoted indiscriminately to both Companies, is

now divided by a wall; the South-Eastern, with its connected lines, taking the left-hand half, and the Brighton and South-Coast, with its satellite, the Croydon, taking the right-hand portion. These sheds are some 300 feet long, and the central parts of the roofs, which are of iron, are covered with sheet glass, which gives to the whole interior area of the station an unusually light and cheerful appearance.

Into more particulars respecting the station, it is not consistent with our plan, nor does it seem in any way desirable, to enter. A few words respecting the trains may not, however, be out of place. The number of trains which run daily between London and Brighton varies somewhat according to the time of year; but this winter (1850-51) not a train has, we believe, been discontinued. Two of the daily week-day trains are Express, and perform the distance in one hour and a quarter, and one hour and twenty minutes. The morning mail-train is also an express, but takes an hour and a half to perform the journey. By these trains the fares are 13*s.* by the first, and 10*s.* 6*d.* by the second class. By the Ordinary trains, first-class passengers pay 10*s.* 6*d.*; second-class passengers, 8*s.* One train each day carries Third-class open-carriages; passengers by which are charged 5*s.* 4*d.* The Parliamentary train conveys passengers every morning, in covered carriages, at 4*s.* 2*d.* each. First and second-class passengers may take day or return-tickets by any train, which entitle them to return on the same day, at little more than a fare and a half. The return-tickets issued on Saturdays or Sundays are available on the Sunday or Monday following. These are the ordinary every-day trains. On Sundays there are fewer trains, but most of them convey third-class passengers, and one at least is, during summer, an excursion-train.

It is to the Brighton Railway Company that (at least, of the London Companies) the credit is due of commencing the Excursion-train system; and by them, on the whole, it has been most steadily carried out. At first, passengers were conveyed to Brighton and back for 5*s.*, but during 1850 the charge has been reduced to 3*s.* 6*d.*; and during the summer, passengers were taken to Brighton and back, at that low rate, very frequently on week-days, and regularly every Sunday. These excursion-trains stop at very few stations on the way, and accomplish the journey in about two hours. The carriages (at 3*s.* 6*d.*) are third-class open carriages; but first and second-class carriages, at proportionate fares, are attached to the train.

It only remains for us to explain briefly the Table we append of the route. It is intended merely to indicate the more noteworthy objects which lie in the vicinity of the several stations. The excursionist is often tempted by the appearance of any locality or object near a station, to mark it down for a future visit. Our Table will tell him what he may expect to find there. The stations are placed in the centre column, with the distance from the two termini on the sides. In the outer columns is given the place or object, as it occurs, either on the right or left hand of the passenger, as he journeys towards his destination. Thus the Croydon station is 10¼ miles from London, 40¼ miles from Brighton. The town lies on the right hand of the railway (in going to Brighton), and contains, among other things, the ruins of the ancient archiepiscopal palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and a fine old church; while 2½ miles further to the right, is Beddington, where is the seat of the Carews. On the left of the station is Addington (3½ miles), the present seat of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and Addiscombe (2 miles), the East India Company's College for Cadets.

LONDON TO BRIGHTON.

	From London Bridge.	Stations.	From Brighton.	
Royal Naval School, ½-mile...	3	... New Cross ...	47½	
Sydenham, celebrated for beauty and salubrity....	5½	... Forest Hill ...	45	Dulwich College and Picture Gallery, 2 miles.
Addington, 3½ miles. Summer residence of Archbishop of Canterbury. Addiscombe, 2 miles; East India Company's College for Cadets	10¼	... Croydon ...	40¼	Croydon on right of railway. A busy old town: Sessions House and Town Hall; fine old Church; remains of Palace of Archbishop of Canterbury. Beddington, 2½ miles. A large mansion, partly Elizabethan, the seat of the Carews. Very handsome Perpendicular Church. Caverns: key kept at the inn.
Coulsdon, 1 mile. Picturesque Church, and quiet rural village...	14½	... Stoat's Nest...	36	Banstead Downs. Pleasant walks. Oaks, 2 miles. Seat of the Earl of Derby.
Red Hill, becoming dotted over with villas. A very pleasant neighbourhood..	20¾	Reigate (Red Hill) South-Eastern line branches off on left; Dorking and Guildford line (uniting with South-Western line) on right.	29¾	Reigate, 1½ miles to right of station. A quiet country town. Slight vestiges of old Castle. Some singular Caverns. Walks of remarkable beauty around Reigate, and towards Dorking.
Horley, once famous for iron-works. Church (of Decorated Period) contains some good monuments...	25½	..... Horley.....	25	Burstow, 3 miles.
Worth, 1 mile. Church of Anglo-Saxon date, with semicircular apsis ...	29¾	Three Bridges. Horsham branch runs off on right.	21¼	Crawley, 1½ miles; neat, clean town.
Ouse. Ouse Viaduct, 1½ miles from station; one of the finest works of the kind in the kingdom. It consists of thirty-seven arches, of thirty feet span, and one hundred feet above the surface of the water. It is only excelled by the viaduct over the Dee, on the Chester and Shrewsbury Railway ...	34	... Balcombe ...	16½	St. Leonard's Forest. Many beautiful walks. In this forest the rivers Adur, Arun, and Ouse, and a feeder of the Mole, have their source, within a circle of three or four miles' diameter.

	From London Bridge.	Stations.	From Brighton.	
Lindfield, 2 miles, contains many curious half-timber houses, and a fine old Church. Neighbourhood very beautiful	37¾	Hayward's Heath. Branch to Lewes on left.	12¾	Cuckfield, 2 miles. A small market-town, very pleasantly situated. Has a fine Church.
	41½	...Burgess Hill...	9¼	
Keymer, ¾-mile. A pretty village, with a curious little Norman Church. Ditchling, 1½ mile. Picturesque village, with a Cruciform Church, and some old gable-fronted houses. Ditchling Beacon is one of the highest summits of the range of South Downs.	43½	. Hassock's Gate .	7	Hurstperpoint has a noble Church; restored and decorated in a very costly manner, a few years back. The village is a favourite summer retreat of Brightonians.
	50½	... BRIGHTON.		

BRIGHTON TO ARUNDEL.

	From Brighton.	Stations.	From Arundel.	
Hove, now almost a suburb of Brighton	1½	..... Hove	18½	Good walks over the Downs.
	5	... Southwick ...	15	
Kingston: harbour and wharfs. A place of a good deal of business	5¾	... Kingston ...	14½	Village on right.
New Shoreham: Church ...	6½	... Shoreham ...	13¾	Old Shoreham, 1 mile. Church. Bramber, 5 miles. Castle.
Lancing-by-Sea, or South Lancing, in some repute as a quiet bathing-place.	8¾	... Lancing ...	11½	Lancing, a pretty rural village. Sompting, 1 mile. Tower of Church (Anglo-Saxon).
Worthing, ½-mile...	11	... Worthing ...	9	Broadwater, ½-mile.
Goring: village on left... ...	13¾	..... Goring	6½	Goring Lodge, 1 mile.
Angmering: handsome new Church..	16	... Angmering ...	4	
	18½	.. Littlehampton ..	1¾	
	20	... ARUNDEL.		

KNIGHTS

EXCURSION

COMPANION.

NO. III. HASTINGS.

HASTINGS,

AND ITS ROUTES.

In the ancient days—the days of stage-coaches and posting—the road to Hastings lay through Sevenoaks and Tunbridge Wells. When a branch line was constructed from the Brighton Railway to Hastings, the passenger at once abandoned the old road, and the old coach,—surrendered himself to "the train," and was carried round by Brighton and along the coast. This—a little shortened by means of the branch from Hayward's Heath, which avoids Brighton—is still the route. But soon—that is, in a month or too,—a second course will be opened by the Ashford branch of the South Eastern line; and it is promised that at no distant day a branch from Tunbridge will be completed, and so the old route by way of Tunbridge Wells be in a manner re-opened.

We shall conduct the Excursionist over the Brighton, and touch on the Ashford, route. Starting from Brighton, we shall briefly glance at what is most noteworthy near the stations between our starting-place and Hastings; and then, after surveying that town, choose for our homeward route the branch line to Ashford, and endeavour to indicate the leading points of interest which on that side lie near Hastings.

LEWES.

Falmer is the first station from Brighton; and Stanmer, the only noticeable place near it, having been mentioned in our sketch of Brighton, we shall not stay there, but proceed at once to Lewes—a town full of interest, as well from its present state as from its history and associations. Lewes is the county town of Sussex, though Chichester claims that distinction for the Western Division. After Brighton, Lewes is by far the largest town in this part of Sussex. At the Census of 1841 it contained 9,199 inhabitants, and there can be no doubt that the number has since largely increased. It lies chiefly on the right bank of the small river Ouse, on the slope of a chalk hill—one of the famous South Downs; and others of the range stand round about it, sheltering it on almost every side. The hilly, uneven site gives to the streets a peculiar and varied character. Its appearance is that of an old town, though it has few of the antique edifices, either public or private, which distinguish many of our old towns and cities. Rather it makes its antiquity felt by a certain air of quiet respectability and somewhat sombre picturesqueness—an air which the innovation of the railway has yet far from destroyed.

Lewes, with a wide tract of country besides, was given by the Conqueror to William Earl of Warenne, who had married his daughter Gundreda. The Earl made Lewes his chief residence during life; and in the priory of Lewes—which they had founded—he and his wife were buried. The bodies of both the Earl and Gundreda were dis-

covered in their original leaden coffins when the priory ground was excavated, in 1845. The chief event in the history of Lewes was the battle fought there between the Royal army of Henry III., commanded by the King in person, with his brother Richard, King of the Romans, and his son, Prince Edward, against the army of the Confederated Barons, under Simon Montfort, on the 13th of May, 1264, which ended in the defeat of the Royal army and the capture of the King of the Romans. When William IV. and Queen Adelaide visited Lewes in 1830, they were told, in the address presented to them by the townsmen, that that was the first time Lewes had been visited by the Sovereign since the Battle of Lewes.

The Castle is perhaps, to a stranger, the most interesting building in the town. It is of Norman date, and may have been erected by the first Earl de Warenne. The chief remaining portions are the gatehouse and the keep—both of massive proportions, but much changed from their primal condition. The interior, which is now being fitted up as a local museum, is open to visitors. From the castle leads, may be had an excellent view of the town and surrounding country, and it is a view well worth seeing. Of the Priory the remains are in a very dilapidated condition. No portion of it is left sufficiently perfect to exhibit the character of the architecture. As was mentioned, it was founded by William Earl of Warenne, and his wife Gundreda, in the latter part of the eleventh century. It was for Cluniac monks, and was from the first a large and wealthy establishment. The building is situated just outside the town, in the suburb of Southover. The railway is carried through the priory precincts, and in constructing it, a place of interment, besides the priory burial-ground, was cut through: thirteen waggon-loads of bones are said to have been removed. It was supposed, with much probability, that they were the bones of those who fell in the great battle.

There are in the town seven churches of various architectural character and excellence, but none very remarkable. The best, though one of the smallest, is St. Anne's Church, an early English edifice, which was a few years back completely restored. Of the chapels, equal in number to the churches, it is not needful to say anything. We may mention, however, that one of the most notorious preachers of the last, and early part of the present, century—William Huntington, S.S. (sinner saved)—lies in the burial-ground behind Jireh Chapel. The inscription on his tomb commences—"Here lies the Coalheaver, beloved of his God, but abhorred of men." The success of this coalheaver will make a rather curious chapter in the History of Modern Popular Delusions. Of the other public buildings, the County Hall is the most important. It is a neat and rather handsome pile, constructed nearly forty years back, at an expense of £15,000. In it the assizes, quarter sessions, county courts, and other legal and magisterial doings, are held. Town meetings and the like are also held here; and the great room on the second floor—a handsome apartment, some sixty feet long—serves not only for the meetings of the grand jury, but also for meetings of societies, county and town balls, lectures, concerts, and the other winter diversions which help the good people of the town and neighbourhood to quicken the lazy hours of the long evenings. A new county jail is being erected just outside the town.

Famous are the South Downs—both hills and sheep. Lewes being seated in the very heart of the South Down hills, has, of course, a full share of South Down mutton: in fact, the annual September fairs at Lewes are the chief gathering of these interesting animals. Some 50,000 sheep are usually brought here for sale from the surrounding hills on these occasions. The great wool fair is held in July, and is in its way equally noted. There is a second fair for sheep in October: fairs for cattle are held in May and June.

We are loth to quit Lewes without saying a few words of the neighbourhood—of the rich walks over the Downs, by Mount Caburn, to Beachy—of the banks of the Ouse—and of the many pretty rustic villages in every direction,—for we have spent many a pleasant day in strolling over them; but Hastings is our chief object, and it is time we hastened thither.

Two or three miles beyond Lewes, a branch railway of six miles and three quarters diverges from the main line to Newhaven. This little village-like town is situated at the mouth of the Ouse, which here forms a harbour for vessels of moderate burden. Newhaven has been chosen by the Brighton Railway Company as the station for their steamer to Dieppe. It will be recollected as the port to which William Smith, *ci-devant* King of the French, escaped after his flight from Paris. There is a good hotel by the steam-packet pier, and in the village a right comfortable old-fashioned inn. The noticeable thing in the village is the old church, which, though small, has a circular apse, and some other points for the eye of the ecclesiologist.

The next station need not detain us. By the Polegate station short lines branch off, on opposite sides, to HAILSHAM and EASTBOURNE. Hailsham is a quiet little country town, of small mark or interest. Eastbourne is in some repute as a retired watering-place, and claims a passing word. Eastbourne consists of three villages. First, lying close to the sea—so close that in the winter-gales the Parade has been more than once shattered, and the smart lodging-houses built close to the shore, for summer visitors, have been sadly damaged—a little out-lying collection of lodging-houses, inns, a bathing-house, and the other usual buildings that go to the formation of a watering-place on a small scale, that has grown up within a few years, by the sea-side: it is known as the Sea Houses. Next, somewhat inland, occurs a straggling hamlet, with some larger shops, more inns, good-sized villas, and a new church. Then, still farther, a mile and a half from the sea, is the old town (if it can be called a town), having some old-fashioned houses, an old weather-beaten church, and some good old trees. By the sea is a large fort, which is now being put into a defensive condition; it will mount eleven large guns, and contain four hundred men. Eastbourne Bay, formed by the lofty promontory, Beachy Head, is a noble harbour, and affords often a splendid prospect, when a goodly fleet is lying within it. This Bay witnessed a strange sight in 1690: a battle between the combined navy of England and Holland and a French fleet—and the defeat of the English. But English arms have not won much honour here. In 1706, two English men of war were taken, and a third was only saved from a like fate by running ashore in this Bay. This is the Portus Anderida of the Romans. Many Roman remains, some of considerable value, have been discovered in the neighbourhood. In some parts of this Eastbourne Bay the shingle is accumulating along the shore, but elsewhere the sea is gaining on the land.

The next station is Westham and PEVENSEY; and this is a place the tourist ought to stay at or visit. The chief object in visiting Pevensey will, of course, be to see its castle. No barrier prevents you from examining it. Care is taken to preserve it as much as possible from injury, whether by the elements or by idle people; but it is left quite open to every one, to wander at will about it. The chief path to the village lies across its area; and the peasant whistles along it, as heedless of the former history of the vast structure, as he is of that of the village it overlooks.

The appearance of the castle is very striking. You pass through a huge gateway which has been defended by a succession of round towers of prodigious strength, and separated by drawbridges, and find yourself in a wide green field, with trees of

considerable size about it, and surrounded by the dilapidated remains of mighty walls, the fragments of towers and gate-houses, and other shapeless erections,—the mouldering relics of the once impregnable fortress. Though all is wildly torn and battered, the vast extent of the grim gray masses, half enveloped in a garment of ivy, their enormous bulk, and thickness, and commanding position, render them singularly impressive. The castle stands on an eminence, against whose southern base the sea, though now a mile distant, once beat. On the land sides a broad and deep moat ran round the walls. The walls are nine feet thick: the huge round towers are at least equally substantial. The walls enclose an area of about seven acres.

At what period Pevensey Castle was erected is not known. From the occurrence of what are generally considered to be Roman tiles, and the arrangement of courses of stones, in what is called herring-bone work, which is also found in Roman buildings, it is commonly said that at least parts of it are of Roman date. But these features are also met with in structures known to be of Norman erection, and consequently are no safe criterion as to the age of any edifice. It seems most likely, indeed, that the older parts of this castle are of an early Norman date. It is known, however, that there was a castle prior to the Conquest, and that it was garrisoned by the Conqueror. The subsequent history of the castle is a stirring one, and demonstrative of its enormous strength. When Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, declared for Robert Curthose, he threw himself into Pevensey Castle, and William Rufus proceeded with his whole army to lay siege to it. For six weeks it withstood every effort of the monarch, and it was not till the provisions of the garrison were wholly exhausted, and Robert had failed to come to his relief, that the Bishop surrendered. In the reign of Stephen it was held by the Earl of Clare for the Empress Matilda; and though the King himself directed the attacks upon it, he was utterly unable to make an impression, and obliged to abandon the siege. In 1265 an unsuccessful attack was made upon it by Simon Montfort, son of the renowned Earl of Leicester. Towards the end of the following century it was gallantly and successfully maintained by a lady. Sir John Pelham, its governor, had embraced the cause of the Duke of Lancaster (afterwards Henry IV.); and when he departed for the north of England to join the Duke's army, he left the command of the castle to his wife, Lady Jane Pelham. The yeomen of the southern counties, meanwhile, who had formed themselves into an army to support Richard, marched in great numbers against Pevensey Castle; but Lady Pelham successfully resisted all their efforts to obtain possession of it. It is last mentioned as a fortress in the reign of Elizabeth; the two culverins that point seaward are of her time; and upon one of them her initials are inscribed. From the time of Elizabeth the history of the castle is unknown, till it is mentioned in the Parliamentary Survey of 1675, as being in ruins. Occasionally Pevensey Castle was used as a state prison. The most important prisoners recorded to have been confined in it were King James I. of Scotland, who was for a while detained here by order of Henry V., and Joanna of Navarre, widow of Henry IV., who suffered a harsh imprisonment here from 1418 to 1422, she being suspected of having caused the death of her husband. Roger Mortimer, and his brother, Edward Duke of York, were also for a while prisoners within it.

The village of Pevensey is beyond the castle, from the railway station. Pevensey was once a town of importance, being one of the principal ports for carrying on intercourse with France and Flanders; and it was (and indeed still is) a member of the cinque port of Hastings. It is now a mean village of about fifty small houses, and more than a mile distant from the sea. The little church under the shadow of the castle, is only a portion of the ancient one. Close to the castle, on the other side, is

another and much larger church. It belongs to the little village of Westham, and is a very good example of a country church in the Perpendicular style of architecture. The tract once covered by the sea is now known as Pevensey Marsh.

HURSTMONCEUX is between five and six miles north of Pevensey. The village is interesting in many respects; but we chiefly mention it on account of the very beautiful ruin it possesses, called Hurstmonceux Castle. It can, however, hardly be reckoned a castle; it is rather a mansion, and is of the kind designated castellated mansions. It will be looked upon with especial interest by one who has just been examining the Castle of Pevensey. It was built in 1440, by Sir Roger de Fiennes, treasurer to Henry VI., and retains the general form of a castle, with the battlemented towers, machicolations, drawbridges, moat, and other offensive and defensive appliances proper to one; but having also something of comfort, and even ornament, combined with due regard to its belligerent character. It is, in fact, the intermediate link between the ancient castle and the modern manor-house. It belonged to a transition state of society. It was strong enough, probably, to have withstood the casual attack of a wandering band of marauders, but would have been utterly incapable of enduring a regular siege. Its capability, however, does not appear to have been tested. It is built of brick, and is believed to be one of the very first edifices constructed of that material after its re-introduction. Though a ruin, it is in admirable preservation—indeed, at first sight it appears perfect—and is, perhaps, in every respect the finest specimen of its class remaining. It is preserved with laudable anxiety, and its appearance is answerable to the care bestowed upon it. The reader will perhaps recollect an amusing account of Hurstmonceux Castle in the Letters of Horace Walpole.

Hurstmonceux has, as we have said, other attractions, but we have left ourselves no room to speak of them. We can only mention that the church is worth examining, and that there is in the churchyard a yew-tree of very large dimensions.

From Pevensey the railway winds along the shore of Eastbourne Bay, and here or from the heights by Bexhill the scene is a striking one. Eastbourne Bay extends before you in a beautiful curve. Its farther side is formed and bounded by the majestic promontory of Beachy Head, under whose shadow a hazy smoke indicates the site of a village or two. The shore that lies between you and the headland is low, but a little inland it swells into gentle undulations, on the summit of one of which you discern, though indistinctly, the ruins of Pevensey Castle. Along the margin of the sea is a series of circular towers, giving a marked character to the landscape; while one of them close at hand imparts firmness to the foreground, and throws the whole into pleasing perspective. Add to this the living ocean, which fills the bosom of the bay, and a few golden clouds glowing in the radiance of the sinking sun, which is at the same time imbuing the entire earth, and sky, and sea, with its splendour, and you have a picture that, however feeble it may appear when described in words, could hardly fail to draw expressions of admiration from any one who beholds it; and is a thing of joy to him who loves the grandeur or the beauty of nature.

These circular martello towers are so characteristic a feature in the scenery along here, that a brief description of them may not be unacceptable. It was about 1804 that Pitt formed the design of putting the entire coast into a condition to repel invasion, which then began to appear imminent. The nature of the coast, and the circumstance that a long line of it was to be fortified, seemed to require an arrangement different from that ordinarily adopted in fortifying a country. The chief object proposed was, to prevent or obstruct the landing of troops at any particular

point. The forts not being liable to be attacked by infantry on the land side, it was only necessary to provide the most efficient means of sweeping the coast. The name as well as the form given to these forts is said to have been suggested by a fort of a somewhat similar kind which stood in Mortella Bay, Corsica, and which was taken by the British troops with great trouble and loss. The martello towers are all pretty much alike. They are circular, generally about forty feet in diameter at the base, and the walls batten, or incline inwards, to a diameter of about thirty feet at the top. Their height is about thirty feet. They are two stories high; the lower story being divided into chambers for stores, the upper into apartments for an officer, and privates. A strong central pillar supports a bomb-proof roof. The summit was mounted with a long twenty-four pounder, fixed so as to point in every direction; and the larger class was also mounted with a five-inch howitzer for throwing shells; a high parapet screens the artillerymen. They are built of brick, the thickness of the walls varying from five to twelve feet, according to circumstances. The walls on the seaward side are always much thicker than towards the land. To support such an immense mass of brickwork the foundations had to be laid deep and wide, and they were so contrived as to include a reservoir for water. Generally, these towers are close by the shore; but in some situations they are placed on a hill, or point of land. In such positions they are surrounded by a deep moat faced with brick, and are entered by a swivel bridge. The doorway is always five or six feet from the ground, and where there is not a moat, the entrance is by a ladder, which can be drawn up inside. Each of the towers mounted one large swivel, and contained an officer and from twenty to thirty men. But, wherever there is an exposed spot, they were so placed as to cross each other's fire, and compose a complete chain of forts. Their ordinary distance apart is somewhat above a quarter of a mile. When several of them are collected together, there are generally some forts or redoubts placed among them at intervals, the larger of them mounting ten or twelve twenty-four pounders, and capable of containing a regiment of infantry, with all military appliances. But these forts were very few of them ever mounted, and some never finished. The martello towers reach from East-wear Bay east of Folkestone, to Seaford, on the west of Beachy Head. They are numbered in succession. No. 1 stands on Copt Point, at the former place; that at Seaford is numbered 74. All the towers are now dismantled, and are used as stations for the coast-guard.

A commission appointed in 1840 to examine this coast, with a view to the construction of Harbours of Refuge, recommended this east side of Eastbourne Bay as an advisable site for one. The commission of 1844, in consequence, caused a very careful survey to be made of the Bay, but the result was unfavourable. The situation was declared to be in many respects a good one; but so many patches of shoal—no less than twenty-one detached shoals of less than five fathoms water—were discovered, and the Report of Captain Washington, the able surveying-officer, so clearly pointed out its hazardous nature, that the Commissioners at once decided against it, and in favour of the bay on the western side of Beachy Head. Else the bay would have been an admirable one in a gale; for the bold promontory of Beachy Head so effectually shelters it on the west, while a bank that lies immediately under the Head, tends "so materially to prevent the weight of the sea setting home into the bay, that there is comparatively smooth water;" and Captain Washington was "assured by the officer of the coast-guard, and by several fishermen residing here, that no instance is known of their being unable to beach their boats in Eastbourne Bay in a south-west gale."

The village of Bexhill stands on rising ground at a little distance from the sea. It

is a quiet retired place, very happily situated; having wide and various prospects in every direction, the sea within easy reach, and a very beautiful country inland. There are some good houses about the village and immediately contiguous to it, and the village is in some favour as a watering-place. Many persons prefer the seclusion of Bexhill, with its bracing air, to the heat and bustle of Hastings, or the gentility of St. Leonard's. It has the fame of being a very healthy place, of which the many examples of longevity in its inhabitants are a tolerable proof. Bexhill church is very ancient. Part of it is Norman, and of massive proportions. The chancel is early English, while the side windows are of the Perpendicular style, having been, as was frequently the case in the fifteenth century, inserted probably in the place of smaller and plainer ones.

HASTINGS.

Among the watering places of England, Hastings holds a distinguished rank—a position it well merits, and will doubtless long maintain. It has many claims to general popularity. The situation is alike healthy and agreeable. It has a glorious sea view. The beach is well adapted for bathing. In the immediate vicinity—within the reach of almost the feeblest invalid—are many delightful walks; while for the robust pedestrian, or those who prefer riding, there is, within a semicircle of some eight or ten miles radius, a large range of beautiful and interesting localities. Besides these sanatory and picturesque advantages, which render it so generally grateful, there will be found both in itself and its neighbourhood much of especial interest to the naturalist and the antiquary. And then, who but recollects, at the mere mention of its name, that the whole region round about is associated with events that turned the entire current of English history?

Hastings has in its time undergone many mutations. At an early period it was an important place of commerce and maritime strength. Ranking as one of the chief of the Cinque Ports, on which the English monarch was accustomed mainly to depend for his naval armament, it had a large population, and boasted of many proud privileges. From this palmy state it slowly sunk, owing to the influence of physical as well as commercial changes, into the condition of a second-rate fishing-town. Then, as the practice of resorting annually to the sea-coast, for health or pleasure, became general, it as gradually emerged from its obscurity; its bounds stretched out on every side: it became the favoured retreat of rank and wealth; and in connexion with its western adjunct, St. Leonard's, grew to be perhaps the most fashionable as well as one of the largest of the watering places on the southern coast.

Neither the antiquity of the town of Hastings, nor the origin of its name, is very clearly ascertained. Some of our older writers, content to take the readiest etymology that presented itself without a very critical inquiry into its probability, assert that the name was given to it because of the *haste* with which the Norman William, after his famous landing, set about the construction of a wooden fortress on the heights above. Other equally plausible suggestions may pass unnoticed. The general opinion is that which Dallaway gives in his "Western Sussex:" "In 893, the Danes, in two hundred and fifty ships, commanded by the pirate Hasting, landed at the mouth of the river Rother, near Romney Marsh, and immediately possessed themselves of Apuldore, where, and at Hastings (so called from their leader), they constructed forts, and

ravaged all the coast to the westward of the country." Hastings may be well content to owe its name to the most famous of the Sea Kings, and not seek further for its source. But it is pretty certain that the town itself is of an earlier date than his invasion; for in 924 it was of sufficient importance to have a mint. Coins still exist of the reign of Athelstane, which bear the mint mark, "Hastings." inscribed upon them. The true etymology, we have no doubt, is that pointed out by Mr. Kemble, in his admirable work, "The Saxons in England:"—that it was the fortress, and probably at one time the town, of a tribe called the Haestingas.

The town received its first charter from the hands of Edward the Confessor: and it appears probable that it was then made one of the Cinque Ports. The other four ports were Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, and Romney. But it was to the Conqueror and his successors that Hastings and the Cinque Ports owed their important privileges. William saw the need of maintaining this part of the coast in an efficient state of defence, and having the various towns and ports under the immediate control of his government. For this purpose he separated the Cinque Ports from the jurisdiction of the civil and military authorities of the counties to which they appertained, and placed them under the special rule of a warden, who was invested with the supreme power within their limits. The internal management of each town he entrusted to jurats and barons, answering, perhaps, pretty nearly to the freemen and aldermen of the towns that retained their Saxon constitution. To the freemen of these ports were granted, as we have said, especial privileges. These privileges were not confined to the good towns, but were of a sufficiently excursive nature to lead the haughty mariners, in the assertion of them, into frequent disputes with the citizens of London and the townsmen of Great Yarmouth. It does not fall within our province to particularize these privileges; and it may suffice, to explain how it happened that the portsmen were brought into contact with the inhabitants of the above-named places, to state that, besides exemption from all tolls and customs, they had the keeping of the narrow seas, and the right of fishing along the coast of Norfolk: at Yarmouth, during the fair of forty days' continuance, the bailiffs of the Cinque Ports exercised an equal authority with the municipal officers of the town. The extent to which the Norman monarch sought to distinguish the portsmen will be seen from a peculiar honour which he conferred on the barons—that, namely, of carrying the canopy "over the King and over the Queen," at their coronation; and afterwards it was decreed, "On the said day the said barons of the port shall eat in the King's hall at dinner, next unto the King or Queen at the right hand." At the coronation of George III., a table was not provided for them at the King's right hand, and they refused to sit elsewhere. The last coronation at which the Cinque-Port barons assisted, was that of George IV.

The principal "service" which the Ports rendered to the crown was one of the highest importance. Till the reign of Henry VII. there was no permanent naval force in England. The shipping required were furnished by the Cinque Ports, who were bound to provide the King, at their own cost, with fifty-seven ships, fully manned and equipped for service, and to maintain them for fifteen days. If retained for a longer period, they were to be kept at the expense of the King. Hastings was originally required to furnish twenty-one out of the fifty-seven ships. As the town declined, the number was reduced. The last time the Ports were called upon to provide a navy, which was in the reign of Charles II., Hastings furnished only five ships. The Cinque Ports marine often did the country noble service.

It is curious to mark the change in these famous Ports now. Not only have Parliamentary and Municipal Reform Bills stripped them of the privileges that lingered on after the decay of their trade and ancient importance, but the sea itself has inter-

fered to alter their very character. Mr. Holloway, in his excellent "History of the Town and Port of Rye" (which town, with Winchelsea, was added to the Cinque Ports before the time of Henry III.), has given a striking notice of these changes. The passage, though referring to a wide district, is worth quoting, as illustrative of the altered condition of this part of the coast:—

"Sandwich, the most eastern of the Cinque Ports, which in ancient times possessed a good and capacious harbour, now has its commerce restricted to such only as can be carried on by means of vessels of very small burden. Dover still has a harbour, but which is incapable of admitting any ship of war; and when the south-west gales come on, in the winter season, so great a bar of beach is thrown up at its mouth, that even vessels of the smallest dimensions cannot run in. West Hythe, the original Cinque Port, is now two or three miles inland; while its successor, the modern Hythe, though on the coast, has no harbour. Romney, once the queen of the ports, is now upwards of a mile from the sea, without a single creek or inlet to connect her with it. Old Winchelsea owes her destruction to the influx of the sea; while New Winchelsea dates her decay from the time of reflux. Rye, in whose harbour, in the reign of Charles II., a sixty-four gun ship could ride in safety, will now admit no vessel of more than 200 tons burden. *Hastings* lies on the main, but has no harbour; and no vessel ever lies ashore on her beach, for the purpose of delivering her cargo, but runs the risk of being wrecked should a gale of wind unluckily come on while she is there. Of this danger every year gives many unhappy proofs. Such is the present state of the once flourishing harbours of the Cinque Ports and ancient towns, and 200 years have now elapsed since the barons were last called upon to perform their service of shipping, and nearly the same length of time since they sent their bailiffs to Yarmouth, and since their fishermen steered their boats to the shores of Norfolk."

The town of Hastings bears few marks of its antiquity. It lies for the most part in a hollow, snugly sheltered by good-sized hills on all sides, except the south, in which direction it is open to the sea. The original town is believed to have extended some distance to the south of the present one, its site being now partly covered by the waves. Very few of the houses in the present town appear to be old, but there has for the last quarter of a century been a continual effort to render every part of the town, except the quarters inhabited by the poor, as modern-looking and smart as possible, and any traces of antiquity are, therefore, scarcely to be expected. The castle is the chief relic of its ancient state. It stands on the brow of the lofty West-Hill, beneath which Pelham Crescent and other handsome rows of houses have been of late years erected. From a distance, especially on approaching Hastings from St. Leonard's, and from the sea, the fragments of the old castle have a picturesque appearance; but close at hand the picturesqueness entirely vanishes. The walls occupy a considerable space, but they are in a most dilapidated condition. The towers and keep have crumbled into a few grim and shapeless fragments. Of the chapel somewhat more remains, but in a most ruinous state. The arch, that presents so different an appearance to all else about it, is of recent manufacture, or—as the guide-books oddly call it—restoration;—it was built up, in fact, out of fragments of the old castle. The area inclosed by the walls is "very tastefully laid out" in "lawns and flower-borders," and "seats and bowers" are provided for visitors. "Admittance may be gained at any time, except on Sundays, to see the ruins, by payment of threepence; or to subscribers, at sixpence per week, the gate is always open." The ruins are the property of the Earl of Chichester. The ruins themselves, as we have said, are seen to most advantage at a distance, but there are some charming prospects obtainable from the walls and terraces over the town, the surrounding country, and across the ocean.

Hastings Castle has witnessed no very remarkable events, and no battles or sieges are recorded as having occurred in connexion with it. A castle was erected here by the Conqueror, and it may have formed a part of the present edifice; but the greater part of what remains is of later date. William Rufus was detained in Hastings Castle for a month by adverse winds, which prevented him from embarking for Normandy. It is recorded that it was from Hastings Castle that John issued the proclamation which for the first time claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas.

The churches of St. Clement and All Saints are the only other architectural relics left of the ancient town: the ruins of a third church, St. Andrew's, were standing a few years since. Of the Priory of Hastings not a fragment remains: its site alone is indicated in the names of the Priory Farm and Ground, at a little distance west of the town. St. Clement's Church, which stands in the High-street, is rather a handsome structure, though of somewhat discordant styles. It appears to have been begun to be built in the early part of the fourteenth century, and enlarged and altered at various times till the close of the fifteenth; to say nothing of modern reparations. Two cannon-balls are fixed on the tower of this church, which were fired into the town by the Dutch and French fleets in 1728. One of the balls struck the church-tower, near the spot where they are now fixed as a memorial.

All Saints' Church stands in a happier situation than that of St. Clement's, and is a finer and more interesting building. It was erected in the early part of the fourteenth century, has some good architectural features, and will well reward a careful inspection. Like too many of our churches, however, it has suffered considerably from repairs conducted in a grudging spirit. From the old London road, the church, as it is seen through the avenue of trees that adds so much of beauty to this entrance into the town, has a very picturesque appearance. The churchyard, which slopes up the hill behind the church, affords some pleasing prospects.

Having thus looked at all that is ancient in Hastings, we will now glance over its present condition. The town itself, as has been said, is mostly in a hollow sheltered on all sides, but the south, by surrounding hills. The older streets, that lie pretty close under the hills, and stretch up towards the London road, are narrow and inconvenient. They are mostly occupied as shops, but new ranges of smart and commodious dwelling-houses have been built on every hand. The adjacent town of St. Leonard's, which sprung up some eighteen years ago, about a mile and a half westward of Hastings, has already become united to the old town by the stretching out of rows of handsome residences towards it, and may now fairly be considered as only its 'west end.' For many years the visitors to Hastings had to submit to some inconveniences, but now it perhaps yields to no watering-place in the comforts and luxuries it affords. There are hotels of the first style for those who desire them, lodging-houses of every class, and furnished residences fit for lords or dukes. Or if Hastings be at all deficient in stylishness, or the company too general, St. Leonard's will supply the requirements of the most fastidious and exclusive.

Charles Lamb has given, in his 'Margate Hoy,' a semi-serious account of his impressions of Hastings. His jottings are too precious to be omitted from our sketch-book. "We have been," he says, "dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, dullest at Eastbourne a third, and are at this moment doing dreary penance at Hastings! . . . I love town or country, but this detestable Cinque Port is neither. I hate these scrubbed shoots thrusting out their starved foliage from between horrid fissures of dusty innutritious rocks, which the amateur calls 'verdure to the edge of the sea.' I require woods, and they show me stunted coppices. I cry out for the water-brooks, and pant for fresh streams and inland murmurs. I cannot stand all

day on the naked beach, watching the capricious hues of the sea, shifting like the colours of a dying mullet. I am tired of looking out of the windows of this island prison. I would fain retire into the interior of my cage. While I gaze upon the sea I want to be on it, over it, across it. It binds me in with chains as of iron. . . . . There is no home for me here. There is no sense of home at Hastings. It is a place of fugitive resort, an heterogeneous assemblage of sea-mews and stock-brokers, Amphitrites of the town, and Misses that coquet with the ocean. If it were what it was in its primitive shape, and what it ought to have remained—a fair honest fishing town, and no more—it were something; with a few straggling fishermen's huts scattered about, artless as its cliffs, and with their materials filched from them, it were something. . . . . I am sure that no town-bred or inland-born subjects can feel their true and natural nourishment at these sea places. Nature, where she does not mean us for mariners and vagabonds, bids us stay at home. The salt foam seems to nourish a spleen. I am not half so good-natured, as by the milder waters of my natural river. I would exchange these sea-gulls for swans, and send a swallow for ever about the banks of Thamesis."

The writer of a Hastings Guide, in quoting this pleasant abuse, very naturally suggests that "Charles Lamb must have been in rather a querulous mood when he wrote thus of poor Hastings." But he did not mean it to be read literally. This good-humoured style of exaggeration is one of the peculiarities of his manner, and to his inimitable mastery of it is owing a good part of the charm of his "Essays." If he had been writing seriously it would be easy to convict him of error. There would be no difficulty in showing something far better than "stunted coppices" in the immediate vicinity of Hastings, and Elia was not wont to be quite unlocomotive.

Hastings' physicians have written a good deal about the climate of the town. They find that it is suitable for almost every complaint, and agrees with almost every constitution. This singular adaptability, however, requires explanation. Hastings, in fact, has many climates. Under the cliff, and in some sheltered spots, it is, even in winter, mild as Madeira: while from that there is a regular gradation, till we arrive at places where, even in the height of summer, the sight of Wenham ice would induce a fit of shivering. From our own experience we can vouch that, in some localities, the temperature often reaches the melting point, and have little doubt as to the remainder of the proposition. We therefore counsel our readers who may contemplate a brief sojourn at Hastings, not to make a hasty selection of their dwelling-place, but to consider the matter carefully, and take suitable advice. We have no doubt in our own mind that Elia was settled in the wrong degree.

We have spoken of St. Leonard's as a suburb of Hastings. It is so in fact; but it chooses rather to consider itself as a distinct "town." It is quite a creature of our own day. Mr. Burton, the architect of a large part of the buildings about the Regent's Park, commenced the formation of a new town here in 1828. His plan was conceived on a bold scale, and was very fairly carried into execution. A noble esplanade extends for more than half a mile along the beach. A handsome range of buildings, called the Marina, some 500 feet in extent, stretches along the sea-front of the town, with a covered colonnade of the same length. Other terraces and scattered villas, bearing in character a considerable resemblance to those in the Regent's Park, were also erected, together with a church, assembly-rooms, bath-houses, and hotels of large size and the most complete arrangements. There are also pleasure-grounds and other contrivances for the amusement or comfort of visitors. St. Leonard's has been able to boast of a large array of noble and distinguished visitors from its earliest infancy. Her present Majesty heads the list, she having, when Princess Victoria, resided with

her mother, in 1834, at the western end of the Marina. The Queen Dowager's is also among the names it delights to remember. The house in which she lived is now called Adelaide House. And, last year, St. Leonard's was for a while the residence of the *ci-devant* King of the French, Louis Philippe. Among its literary visitants, Campbell has perhaps the first place, he having left a permanent record of his residence here in the "Lines on the View from St. Leonard's."

St. Leonard's was originally a mile and a half distant from Hastings; but the old town has stretched out its arms to its youthful progeny. The Grand Parade was the first step towards uniting them; and now other places have sprung up, and they are fairly joined together. The esplanade now reaches, with hardly an interruption, from the Marine Parade at Hastings to the Marina at St. Leonard's, and forms probably the finest walk of the kind in the kingdom. In the population returns, the population of St. Leonard's is included with that of Hastings: the total number of inhabitants in 1841 was 11,607. The borough of Hastings sends, as it has done from the reign of Edward II., two members to Parliament.

We have probably said enough of the picturesque details of Hastings; but let us, as we are returning to it from St. Leonard's, pause for a moment to look at it as a whole. The good town is generally, and perhaps correctly, said to be seen to most advantage from this spot. The lofty and handsome range of Pelham Crescent, the church of St. Mary-at-Cliff, and other modern buildings, occupy a prominent place in the picture, and wear an imposing air as they stand contrasted with the meaner houses at their base, and are backed by the noble cliff which rises far above, and which has been carved away to afford room for them. The houses of the older part of the town running irregularly up the higher grounds, and opposing to each other every variety of size, and shape, and colour, prevent anything like formality, which the preponderance of the newer buildings would otherwise produce; while the gray fragments of the ancient castle, crowning the summit of the lofty cliff, impart an air of dignity to the humbler dwellings beneath. And then, to complete the picture, a large fleet of fishing-smacks and boats, with numerous fishermen moving about them, are seen on the beach; and the ever-varying sea sweeps round the foreground, to give animation to the whole. The view of Hastings from the sea is justly admired. Another excellent view is that from the East Beach. The visitor should stroll thither, when the tide is out, for the sake of the fine view he will obtain of the town from the black rocks just beyond the furthest breakwater. This view, though little known, is a remarkably good one. Seen by the light of the western sun, it is very striking.

Even more worthy of notice than the views of the town we are inclined to think are the fishermen of Hastings. The Hastings fishermen are a class that the visitor should endeavour to become acquainted with. The pilots and fishermen all round our coast are a fine race of men; possessing in common the attributes of bravery, skill, and hardihood, but having in almost every locality their peculiar characteristics. Our Hastings fishermen are behind none in any of the chief excellences of their craft; and they are not wanting in their peculiarities. Their reserve, however, renders them difficult to make anything like familiar acquaintance with; they may be seen about the lower beach and fishmarket all day, mending or tanning their nets, or engaged in some other equally characteristic occupation. One of the liveliest scenes in which they engage is a Dutch auction, as it is called. You see one or more of a boat's crew bring a basket or two of fish ashore, and cast its contents heedlessly upon the shingles. Instantly from all quarters come running up the fish-dealers, of both sexes, and generally a few fishermen move forward to witness the sport. These form themselves into a circle, which widens as fresh buyers come. One of the crew to whom the fish belongs

stands out as auctioneer. While he is looking round, one of the women perhaps calls out, "Well, old chap, what do 'e ax for 'em?" At once his answer is ready, and the business immediately commences. In a grave monotonous tone, he cries "Thirty shillings—twenty-nine and sixpence—twenty-nine;" and so he goes on rapidly falling, sixpence at a time, till some one exclaims, "Hap!"—or, "I 'll ha' 'em;" when the auction is over, and the transfer is made. A few rough jests generally vary the entertainment, but the sale is conducted with as much decorum as one at "Garraway's."

The boats employed in the Hastings fishery are of a lighter description than the Brighton craft. The stranger who can stand a little rough sailing should endeavour to go out in one on its fishing trip. He may easily manage it, and will be well pleased with the excursion; that is, of course, supposing him not to be so fastidious as to be above bearing for a while, and even enjoying, the unsophisticated habits of the fishermen—and perhaps some trifling inconveniences on the score of cleanliness. Of regular sailing or row-boats, that are kept for pleasure trips, there are of course plenty at Hastings, and the boatmen are no novices. We suppose few will visit Hastings without indulging in a sail.

We have spoken as if it were to the ocean and the fishermen alone that the beach owed its attractions; this is by no means the case. All along it the land helps to form with one and another section of the bay a succession of charming pictures, such as Stanfield, and Harding, and other of our excellent band of landscape painters have been happy in transferring to the canvas. We have mentioned above, in pointing attention to the fine stretch of sea across which the eye roams unimpeded as we stroll along the several Parades which have been constructed between Hastings and St. Leonard's, the picturesque views that occur when the shore forms part of the prospect; but the continuation of the walk along the beach east of Hastings is even finer. Then the noble Eastbourne Bay is seen in all its extent. In the far distance the long projection of Beachy Head rests on the ocean like a purple cloud. Close at hand the steep dilapidated crag towers up aloft, and huge fragments that have toppled down from the old rock lie scattered about its base. Beyond, something is seen of the town, with the crowd of boats hauled up on the beach below it. On the sea, hoys and light craft move rapidly in-shore, while towards the horizon vessels of larger burden are seen with crowded canvas, bearing, perhaps, the brave and the beautiful to a distant land from which they shall never return. And creeping quietly among the rocks at your feet is a solitary old man, depositing in the shallow water, and among the crevices of the rocks, his little prawn baskets, by means of which he earns a scanty and precarious subsistence.

The cliffs, which, from their worn and shattered forms, have so picturesque an appearance, are of the formation which geologists have named the Hastings sand, the rocks in this locality being the type of the whole formation. They are composed of a soft sand, hardly consolidated enough to be called a stone. In various places the cliffs have been tunnelled to some distance, and where no longer worked the Hastings people have converted them into show-places. These caverns, as they are called, are occasionally lighted up, and strangers are generally accustomed to visit them; but those who have seen the caverns of Yorkshire and Derbyshire had better stay away from these. An excavation, however, in the East Cliff is perhaps worth inspecting. It is a good height up the cliff, and would have nothing in itself to attract notice; but it has been made the abode of a family whose domestic economy is rather singular. The head of the family is an Irishman named Butler, who, about a dozen years ago, chose to fix on this windy elevation for his cabin, and enlarged the existing excavations so as to form a good-sized sitting-room with a sleeping-room beyond. He has a wife,

children, and grandchildren, who live here with him; and the family is further increased by a miscellaneous assemblage of pigs, dogs, rabbits, goats, and squirrels; geese, ducks, turkeys, fowls, Guinea-fowls, pigeons, and a variety of other bipeds and quadrupeds—all dwelling socially and pleasantly together. On our last visit, the old man sat dozing on one side the fire; a matronly-looking hen with a brood of chickens about her was on the other. The wife was earnestly engaged in appeasing the clamours of a hungry pig, and arbitrating between two noisy brats. The daughter was preparing dinner, and holding a friendly conversation with the ducks. Around the room were birds in cages, while others were flying or hopping about at large; and all appeared very well contented with their situation and occupation. The old man, however, grumbles about the times, and lets you know that he has numbered nearly eighty winters, and is past work; but you perceive that the complaint is made with an eye to your purse, and a glance at the living store around somewhat fortifies you against the appeal. The old man no doubt does pretty well here; he has a good many visitors, who of course pay for peeping. His pigs and birds thrive abundantly, and he knows how to sell them to advantage; moreover, he pays but a nominal rent for his cavern. Visitors have given him the name of Crusoe; and he has no objection to be called by it. From the narrow path which he has cut to his cabin door, there are excellent and extensive prospects, which, as well as the cabin and its inmates, often find a place in the portfolios of the sketching visitors. Butler is very proud of this circumstance, and does not fail to tell that "The great London artist, Mr. Landseer," made drawings of himself as well as his family; and that other great artists have done the like. The birds and beasts roam as they please about the parlour and the cliff by day, and make the passages on one side of the house their dormitory at night; and apparently have as little desire as their master to descend from their lofty home. We asked him if they never strayed? "Oh no sure," was his answer, "they never stray—except when the blackguard boys kill or steal them."

Hastings once possessed a harbour; but it was lost during the changes that we have mentioned as having occurred all along this coast. In the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, the pier, at which large vessels used to unlade their goods, was destroyed in a storm; attempts were made at different times to re-construct it, but without success. At low-water some massive pieces of rock called the Pier Rocks, and rows of wooden piles, may be seen opposite the east end of the Parade: they are the vestiges of the last effort made, in 1595, to rebuild the pier.

We have now noticed some of the objects that would be most likely to attract the attention of a stranger in Hastings, and endeavoured to answer the inquiries they would suggest to him: but we have scarcely alluded to the grand association connected with the name of Hastings. We have said nothing of the landing of the Conqueror, or the pregnant events that followed that landing; though almost every spot around recals their memory. It seemed better to defer doing so till we could notice the most important of the localities together; and now, if you please, we will visit them.

This is not the place wherein to speak of what led to these events, or indeed to enter into any lengthened narrative of them—it will be sufficient to mention them briefly, and point out the several places where they occurred. The mighty armament —more formidable than any that had hitherto descended upon the English coast— drew up in Pevensey Bay. The spot chosen for the landing is believed to have been Bulverhythe, a little westward of St. Leonard's. The scene was a memorable one. There, on the 28th of September, 1066—after he had seen all his warriors, and the artificers who accompanied them, safely landed—William leapt ashore. To the mur-

mur that arose as he fell prone on the sand,—"God keep us, this is an ill omen!" the answer of the keen adventurer, as he sprang on his feet, his hands filled with the soil of England, was as prudent as it was ready—"What now! does that astonish you? I have taken seisin of this land with my hands, and, by the Splendour of God! as far as it extends it is ours!" One feels that this was the man to inspire confidence and to lead such an army to victory.

Tradition professes to be able to point out the very spot where this incident occurred At a place not far from it, bearing the unpoetical designation of the "Old Woman's Tap," used to be shown a flat piece of rock, overhanging a small pool, which the same authority had named the "Conqueror's Table;" affirming that on it he dined immediately after landing. This stone has been removed from its original situation, and now stands near the entrance of the St. Leonard's Subscription Gardens.

William remained a short while near his landing-place, to recruit his army; and then, having taken measures to secure the more important positions in the immediate vicinity, he directed his march to Hastings, where he caused the wooden castles or forts he had brought with him to be set up. There have been some differences of opinion as to the site on which he encamped; but the popular notion is, that it was on the East Hill, just above Hastings, where there are still traceable the vestiges of a large encampment. Campbell has embalmed the general opinion, in his "Lines on the Camp-Hill, near Hastings."

There remains but one other spot to which we have to follow the Conqueror. On hearing of the landing of the Norman host, Harold at once collected together all the troops he could, and hastened towards the Sussex coast. On his march he met the spies he had despatched to reconnoitre the camp of the enemy, and warned by them of the vastness of the army he had to encounter, he halted at Senlac, about seven miles short of Hastings; and having chosen a favourable position, he strengthened it by entrenchments and palisades, and waited the approach of his foe. After a day spent in useless negotiations, William advanced his army, and took up a position on the heights opposite to those occupied by the English King. On the morrow, the 14th of October, the two armies met in the valley above which they had encamped. It falls not within our province to describe the terrible encounter. The result is well known. The English soldiers, though they had to struggle against so many discouraging circumstances,—as the weight of vastly superior numbers, ruled too by superior discipline, and guided by high military genius, the vague terrors of religious denunciations, and finally the death of their King and other chief commanders,—yet fought so as to draw even from their vaunting foes, little likely to overrate Saxon bravery, exclamations of admiration. A few such victories and the Conqueror had been undone. The field of battle is not easily traceable now. It stretches for the most part along the Hastings road southwards of the town of Battle; but the Abbey of Battle, according to the chroniclers, occupies part of the site, and there is good reason to believe marks the spot where the English King fell.

William had in all his proceedings carried an ostentatious display of religious zeal, and now in fulfilment of a vow he had made, he announced his intention to erect and endow a magnificent monastery on the scene of his mighty triumph. Two years afterwards the foundations of the edifice were commenced; the Abbey being dedicated to St. Martin, and the name of the place changed from Senlac to BATTLE (or Bataille), in memory of the grand event it was designed to commemorate.

A general view of Battle Abbey in its present state may be best obtained by passing the old wall, and continuing on the Hastings road for about half a mile. A little valley will then have been crossed, and from the eminence on the south-east the

modern building, with its feeble imitations of antiquity, and its few antiquarian realities, is offered pretty distinctly to the pedestrian's eye. What is perhaps better than such a view, he may, from this spot, survey this remarkable battle-field, and understand its general character. The rights of property cannot shut him out from this satisfaction.

The present Abbey of Battle is not the building which William commenced. No portion of that remains. The ruins that still exist are all of some centuries later date. The finest part of it is that which may be seen without any infringement upon the exclusive regulations of its proprietor,—we mean the gate-house by the London-road. This is of the Perpendicular style of the fifteenth or early part of the sixteenth century, and is a very excellent specimen of that style. It is generally considered to be one of the finest gate-houses belonging to a religious establishment that remain in England. The town of Battle contains several old houses, and the church will reward the antiquarian student.—

Let us now ramble together to two or three of the places within a short distance of Hastings, which we spoke of as deserving a visit. One of the most popular is FAIRLIGHT GLEN and the LOVER'S SEAT. We will stroll thither. The tide is out, and we may go by the East Beach. This is by far the better way to go: we can return by the fields. This is Ecclesbourne Glen; and it is a pretty walk up it to the Strawberry Gardens and Fish-ponds; a once favourite summer resort of Hastings folk, but not now open to the public. Some people prefer to mount the cliffs here, and continue along the summit to Fairlight. That way is very pleasant, and there are good sea-views: the house, by the way, on the left, is one to which Canning used occasionally to escape from the strife of St. Stephen's. We will keep to the beach: the mouth of the Glen is but about a mile further. Here it is; and yonder is the station of the Preventive Service; a capital point for a "look-out."

At the end of Fairlight glen is the object for which most visitors ascend it—the Dropping Well—where the little streamlet trickles over a rock into a black hollow, overshadowed by the rich foliage that depends from every side—a cool, quiet spot as you would wish to find on a summer's noon. Just by the Dropping Well is a magnificent beech-tree that must put to shame every one who affects to scorn the Hastings trees.

A short distance above the Dropping Well is the *Lover's Seat*, where, as a native bard has it,

> "Where youth, from sympathy, a visit pay,
> And age to pass the tedious hour away."

And here is the seat—an oaken bench placed in a nook near the summit of a high cliff, and yielding a noble view over the ocean; on a fine day you may see, it is said, the French coast from it; but our ken does not reach so far. But why Lover's Seat? There is what the Guide Book calls "a melancholy and romantic tale" appended to it. It is, in brief, that a pair who found the course of true love not run smooth, appointed this for their place of meeting. The gentleman had the command of a revenue-cutter stationed off the coast, and the fair one used to come hither (where, having some skill in carpentry, she had fixed this seat—"What will not love the tenderest prompt to do?") and give notice of her presence by waving her handkerchief. When her lover saw the happy signal, he launched his boat, rowed ashore, and soon mounted the steep cliff:—that was the romance. These meetings led in time, says our guide, to a union in Hollington church:—which, we suppose, was the catastrophe. "The original Lover's Seat," says one of our authorities, "the bench placed there by the lady herself, has been long since demolished by the hackings and cuttings of enthusiastic visitants: the present one is well notched

by eager aspirants after immortality, and garnished with initials"—we suppose of tearful sympathizers. We are bound to add that the 'Guide' assures us this "romantic and melancholy" story, however strange, "is not a fiction;" but, on the contrary, vows that the daughter of the loving pair is still living in the neighbourhood, and has a large family.

The cliffs by the station are worth visiting; so, for other reasons, is the church of Fairlight, erected a year or two since. The best way back to Hastings is round by Fairlight Down, the top of which, by the windmill, affords the richest and most extensive view in all these parts. The summit of the Down is about 600 feet above the sea, and the prospect embraces a circle of some fifteen miles in every direction, over a country of the most varied and interesting character. The view from East Hill is a splendid one; but this very far surpasses it, both in extent and beauty. The walk to Hastings from Fairlight Down, by the fields and road, is short and pleasant.

Another short and equally celebrated walk from Hastings is to *Old Roar* and Hollington. Old Roar is two or three miles from the town by a pleasant path across fields and through hop-gardens. It lies in a sort of dell, a short distance from Roar Farm, close by which is a blasted oak of bolder and more picturesque form than Rosa ever painted. Old Roar gained its name from the "tremendous noise made by a large body of water tumbling over a perpendicular rock forty feet high, which might be heard half a mile off." It makes no such roar now. There is not, indeed, a murmur loud enough to drown the softest whisper of your gentle companion. It has, in fact, so degenerated, that now very seldom any water at all falls over; but there remains the rock—though forty feet seems good reckoning for it—and the place is a very sequestered and pretty one, and quite worth seeing. A hundred yards higher is Glen Roar, a smaller edition of Old Roar. The books talk about the difficulty of ascending the Glen to these places, which is nonsense; there is no difficulty about it, and the only danger is of getting scratched by the brambles. You may cross over from Old Roar to *Hollington* by some field paths. The distance is about a couple of miles. The lion of Hollington is the church, a humble rustic pile, chiefly remarkable as being placed in the midst of a wood, far away from any human habitation. Why it was built there it is not easy to tell. The tradition is, that when a church was begun in the neighbouring village, the evil one, jealous of the encroachment on a spot which he had marked as his own, every night undid what the workmen had accomplished in the course of the day. Priests were summoned to lay the fiend, and they had prepared to commence their potent conjurements, when a voice was heard offering to desist from opposition if the building were erected on the spot *he* should indicate. The offer was accepted. The church was raised, and then sprung up all around it a thick wood, concealing it from the general gaze. The church was a very pretty, rural, weather-beaten little edifice, quite a pleasure to look at in its verdant enclosure; but it has lately suffered whitewashing, and new tiling, and other churchwarden's beautifyings. The views from the heights about Hollington are very beautiful—charming reaches of down alternating with masses of rich foliage, with here and there a fine old farm-house or old-fashioned Sussex cottage, and everywhere the ocean filling up the breaks in the distance. The pleasantest way back is by Filsham to St. Leonard's. Hollington divides popularity with Lover's Seat among Hastings' pic-nic parties; but Lover's Seat is the chosen retreat of Hastings' novel-readers.

WINCHELSEA AND RYE.

THE branch connecting Hastings with the South Eastern Railway leaves the main line as we mentioned at Ashford. The two most important and the only interesting places on this line between Hastings and Ashford, are Winchelsea and Rye. To these therefore we shall devote the remainder of our space. WINCHELSEA is eight miles from Hastings. The history of the town is remarkable. Originally, Winchelsea stood about two miles east of the present town, on a spot now covered by the sea. In its early history, Winchelsea seems to have been united with Rye. It was given along with it to the monks of Féeamp, and redeemed from them at the same time. They were united to the Cinque Ports together, and were both incorporated by the title of "Ancient Towns." Old Winchelsea must have been a flourishing place, and indeed seems to have stood at the head of the Cinque-Port towns; for in 1229, some fifty years before the rise of the new town, it was required to furnish ten ships out of the fifty-seven provided by the Cinque Ports. The old town began to suffer from the assaults of the sea in the early part of the thirteenth century. The most destructive influx of the sea occurred during a terrible storm in 1250. It is graphically described by Holinshed, who concludes thus:—

"At Winchelsea, besides other hurt that was done in bridges, mills, breaks, and banks, there were three hundred houses, and some churches, drowned with the high rising of the water course."

But the town had now, also, to encounter the enmity of the monarch. The Cinque Ports' navy had espoused the cause of the barons, and Winchelsea had especially distinguished itself by its zeal for Montfort. Historians, also, lay to its charge an equal addiction to piracy, for which the unsettled times gave too much license. Be that as it may, on the death of Montfort, Prince Edward turned his attention to the coast, and, as we are told, "punishing divers of the inhabitants within the Cinque Ports, and putting them in fear, received divers of them to the king his father's peace. The inhabitants of Winchelsea, only, made countenance to resist him, but Prince Edward with valiant assaults entered the town, in which entry much guilty blood was spilt; but yet the multitude, by commandment of Prince Edward, was spared. And thus having won the town, he commanded that, from henceforth, they should abstain from piracies, which they had before-time greatly used." This happened in 1266. Six years later, a Royal grant was issued, authorising the purchase of a piece of rising ground, against whose southern base the sea beat, for the purpose of building a new town, which should possess all the privileges of the old. The King built walls around it, and houses were "metely builded;" but the inhabitants lingered about their old home till 1287, when it was wholly submerged.

The new town was laid out on a regular plan. It occupied a wide area, and the houses were not crowded together. The streets were wide, and at right angles to each other. There were eight principal streets, and the houses were in thirty-nine squares or quarters. The entrances to the town were by four embattled gate-houses; a magnificent church was placed in the centre of a large square; provision was made for an extended commerce. The new town soon grew to be a flourishing one, and became, in a little time, one of the principal ports for embarkation to the Continent. It was taken by the French, and also by the Spaniards, but the mischief they caused was transient. When Elizabeth passed through the town, in 1573, she was so delighted with its active prosperity as to style it "Little London"—a title every

inhabitant likes to repeat to the present day. But its prosperity was already undermined. A sand bank had been steadily forming to the westward of it, and the sea was now beginning gradually to retire. We need not follow its history further. It is now a village, with seven hundred inhabitants, and separated from the sea by nearly two miles of sandy flat. The lines of its streets may be traced along the green fields. Three of the gates are yet standing, but only one of them adjoins the town. Another is a shapeless ruin, down to which a few houses straggle; while the third is a mile distant from any houses!

But of all the decayed old towns we have seen along the coast, Winchelsea is the best worth visiting. It owns itself a wreck, and does not try to get rid of the ruins, and put on an appearance of smartness. The wide space which the town originally covered helps now not a little to increase the reverend air it carries as a ruin. You wander about its outskirts among pleasant by-ways, and are startled to come upon some fragment of a chapel or an old house, when you thought yourself a long way beyond the limits of the town. And the more important remains are much above the ordinary grade. The church—there were anciently two—is yet in the centre of the great square, which remains unencroached on, though only partly surrounded by houses, and serves as a scale by which to judge of the size of the town. The church is partly ruinous; only the chancel, which is used as the present parish church, remaining entire. But a considerable portion of the walls are standing, clad in a venerable mantle of ivy. Originally, the church must have been very large, and extremely handsome. It is of the transition period from the Early English to the Decorated style. In its semi-ruinous state it is a noble fragment—more impressive, perhaps, than when perfect; and as a ruin, one of the most magnificent we know of in any of these southern counties. The interior shows many signs of former grandeur. There are several fine monuments,—three are of Knights Templars, one of them, which is within the modern vestry, being in an unusually perfect condition. There is also a monument of an abbess, that deserves notice. It is said that, beneath the wide-spreading ash-tree which stands against the west side of the churchyard wall, John Wesley preached his last open-air sermon. Another very beautiful ruin is that of the Chapel of the Virgin, which formerly belonged to a monastery of Grey Friars. It now stands outside the town, within what is called the Friary Park—and can only be seen on Mondays. It is exquisite of its kind, and should be seen, if possible. Of the three gates which remain, the most perfect is the Land-gate, through which you pass on your way from Rye. It is a picturesque old pile, having a wide gateway, between massive round towers. Looking through it from the inside, the town of Rye is seen seated on its hill, as though a picture, set in a heavy antique frame. The effect is very curious. Strand-gate, which is, as we said, a mere shapeless mass of stone, does not appear to have ever been of much consequence; but New-gate, about a mile along the Ieklesham road, has been much finer. It is now quite ruinous, but it stands in a lovely spot, half buried among trees, and leading into a lane, the high banks of which are, in the spring, literally covered with primroses. There are many other old buildings, or vestiges of old buildings, to be seen, but we cannot speak of them now. The reader who feels desirous of further information about the ancient or present condition of this curious old town, will do well to consult Mr. Cooper's "History of Winchelsea" recently published.

Rye is seated on a hill about two miles beyond Winchelsea. Rye would be a noticeable place wherever it might be; but standing where it does, just at the termination of the long flat, Romney marsh, it finds many a one who sees it, ready to unite with the townsmen in styling it "romantic." Once it must have been eminently so.

"The spot on which the town of Rye stands was originally an insulated rock, surrounded on all sides, and at all times, by the waters of the ocean, and unapproachable except by the aid of ships or boats." (Holloway, "Hist. of Rye.") Its position now is very different. The rock, of course, still stands where it did, though somewhat diminished in size, and the town is yet on its summit and along its slopes—but the sea is two miles distant from it, and ships of small size can alone approach it, and only by means of a singularly tortuous and inconvenient channel. Yet even for this channel the town is indebted to a river which, during the first centuries of Rye's existence, flowed to the sea by a course that left Rye far away to the southward. The Rother, which now flows at the base of the hill on which Rye is built, and by its æstuary forms the haven, till the reign of Edward I. entered the sea at Romney, and formed Romney Harbour.

Rye was in existence at the time of Edward the Confessor, for he gave it and Winchelsea to the monks of Fécamp, in Normandy, to whom it belonged till it was redeemed by Henry III., in 1246. It appears to have been added to the Cinque Ports, under the title of an "Ancient Town," as early as the reign of Henry II. Like the other towns along the coast, it suffered heavily from its proximity to the shores of France. A petition addressed to Richard II., in 1378, entreats his Majesty "to have consideration of the poor town of Rye, inasmuch as it has been several times taken" by the foe; and in consequence "is unable further to repair the walls, wherefore the town is on the sea-side open to enemies." And they remind the King of the double peril to which they are liable—for "at the last taking of the town, when the enemy had returned to France," the authorities of Rye were hanged and quartered for not having made a better defence! Wherefore, the present authorities, not exactly relishing the prospect before them, "pray your Most High Lordship for God's sake, and as an act of charity," to grant them power to levy and apply certain fines for the purpose of building up the said ruinous walls. As we do not hear of any more mayors or barons suffering suspension, we may hope that they not only repaired their walls, but made a better defence behind them; for certainly the town was taken and plundered two or three times afterwards. But all these, and the ravages of pestilence, from which it also several times suffered, we pass over.

From the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries its prosperity fluctuated considerably: in the sixteenth it began to show symptoms of declension from the loss of its harbour. "It is very difficult," Mr. Holloway observes, "not to say impossible, to point to the precise period when the sea first began to retire from the parts adjacent to the town of Rye." We need not follow the stages of its decay. So late as "the reign of Charles, a sixty-four-gun ship could ride in safety in the harbour, while now it will admit no vessel of more than 200 tons burden." In 1750, a shingle bar having formed at the mouth of the harbour, and nearly blocked it up, an attempt was made to cut a new channel to the sea. The work was continued till 1778, when, the authorities becoming convinced that it was a failure, it was abandoned and the old harbour again reverted to, and made navigable at high water. Recently considerable alterations have been made in it: an embankment has been formed where the water used to spread out, and the channel has been made considerably narrower. We do not know whether it has answered the intention of the contrivers; but one of the consequences of thus confining the current has been, that just where the back-water meets the tide-stream at the point above the coast-guard ship, a sand-bar is rapidly forming; and, unless some measures be taken to remove it, will soon seriously impede the already troublesome navigation. At low water the harbour is nearly dry.

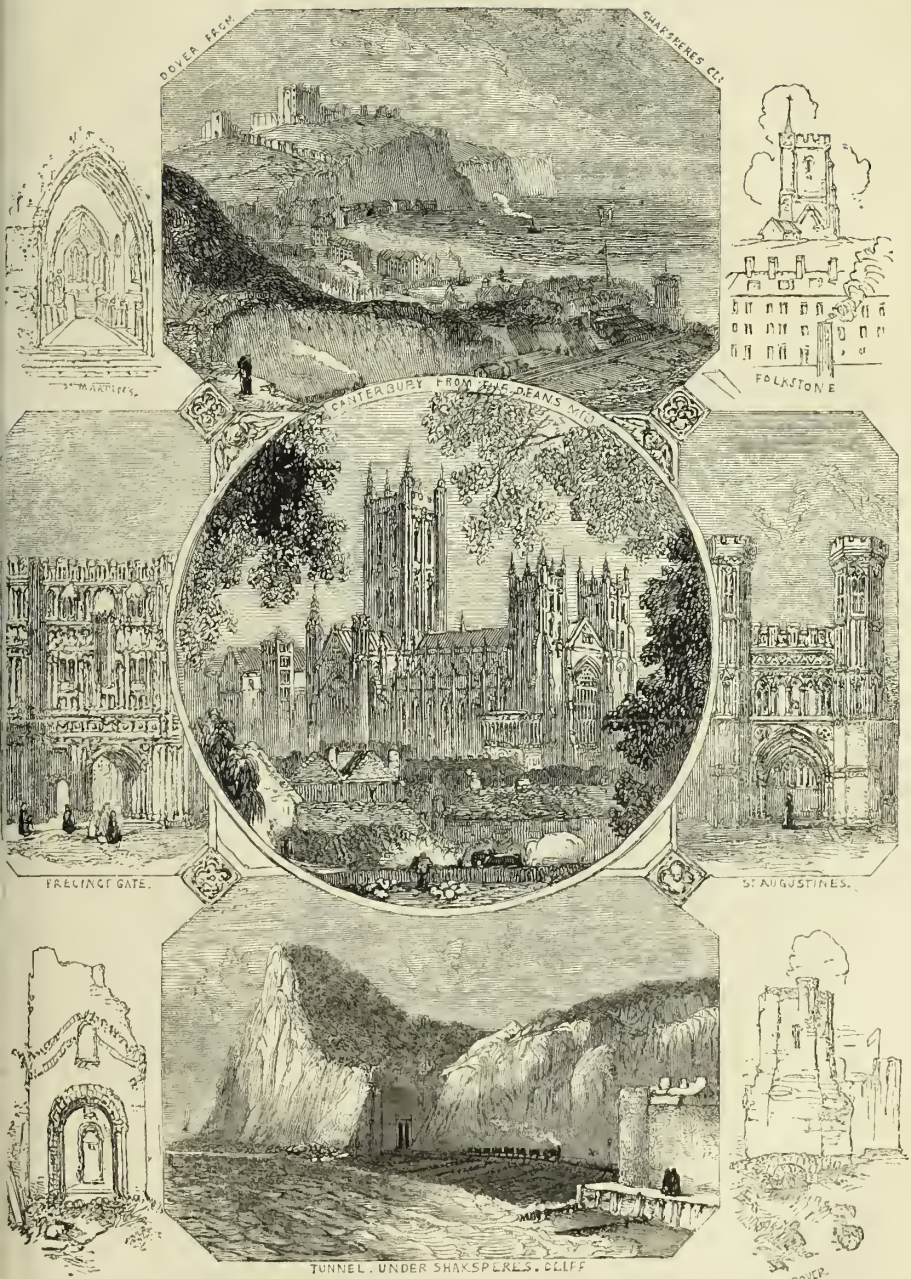
The town has a good deal of trade yet; and when the railway is opened to it,

the inhabitants hope there will be more. Ship-building is carried on to some extent, and the building places (they cannot be called ship-yards) present a very busy aspect. But the chief trade arises from its being the place for the export of the agricultural produce of this part of Kent and Sussex (near the junction of which counties it stands), and for the import of coal and Dutch goods.

Internally, Rye has much of the look of an old town. But while retaining something of antiquity in its appearance, it has not failed to put on also something of a modern air, and the mixture renders it pleasing and cheerful. The principal streets are clean and well-paved, and the shops are well-stocked, and have a business-like character. The streets and passages that run down the steep side of the hill towards the harbour are, some of them, as inodorous as they are inconvenient. At the end of the High-street there is a broad piece of pavement, fenced in with an iron railing, which forms a sort of parade on the brow of the hill, and surprises the stranger who strolls up the street by suddenly opening to him a wide and pleasant prospect: Lydd steeple is plainly visible. There are some old architectural remains about Rye. Of the civil architecture, Ypres' Tower, built in the reign of Stephen, by William Ypres, Earl of Kent, is the most ancient. It was originally intended for the defence of the town, at the south-east angle of which it is placed: it is now used as a jail. Of the three gates which served as the entrances to the town, only one—the Land-gate, which leads to the London road—remains. It is large and picturesque. The gateway stands between two round towers, forty-seven feet high and twenty-five feet in diameter. When perfect, it had all the usual defensive appliances, and must have been a strong as well as formidable-looking structure. It is now in a rather bad state. There are several old houses about the town, but it must suffice to merely mention them. The church is ancient and very large, by far the largest in these parts—and also in about the worst condition. It has undergone almost every variety of defacement that churchwarden's taste and churchwarden's economy could inflict upon it—and the townsmen wonder that strangers do not admire it. But there is a grand eastern window, and there are some other windows and parts, which will be discovered by those who care for such things, that have escaped without material injury. Of the buildings belonging to the religious establishments that once existed in Rye, but few remains are left. The principal relic is the Chapel of the Friars Eremites of St. Augustine, situated on Conduit Hill. There are some points of interest about it, but it is too much blocked in to be fairly seen, and if it could be seen, it is too much altered to be worth looking at. It is now a cheesemonger's warehouse. There is a rather curious fragment by the churchyard, which Mr. Holloway thinks he has ascertained to be a house belonging to the Carmelite Friars.

The other stations on the Hastings and Ashford Railway will be all at villages —very pleasant and picturesque many of them, but not of enough consequence to need distinct notices.

	From Brighton	Stations.	From Hastings	
Stanmer, 1½ miles	4¼	.. Falmer ..	28½	Village on the hill through which the railway is carried by a tunnel.
Lewes. Castle, Priory. Site of Battle of Lewes, 1 mile. Mount Harry, 2 miles N.W. from Lewes	8	Lewes. Branch on left, to main line, at Hayward's Heath. Branch on right, to Newhaven.	24½	Mount Caburn, 2 miles S.E. from Lewes. A Roman encampment. Extensive and beautiful prospect.
Glynde. A pretty village, lying at the foot of Mount Caburn. Ringmer, 1½ miles. Picturesque old village, often mentioned in Gilbert White's "Selborne" ..	11	.. Glynde ..	21½	Firle Place, seat of Lord Gage. Church in the park; contains some fine monuments to Gage family. Firle Beacon, 2 miles; 820 feet high. A very fine prospect.
Arlington, 2 miles	15¾	.. Berwick ..	17	Berwick, 1 mile. Alfriston, curious little old town. Fine Cruciform Church. Old houses. Remains of market cross in centre of street.
Wilmington Wood, 2 miles ..	19½	.. Polegate ..	13	Wilmington, 2 miles. Remains of Priory. Curious gigantic figure cut on side of a chalk hill, somewhat like that at Cerne Abbas, Dorsetshire.
Branch on left, 3 miles to Hailsham:—a neat, quiet little country market-town	..	..	..	Branch on right to Eastbourne:—a pleasant watering place. Consists of three distinct portions—Eastbourne, Southbourne, and Sea Houses. Beachy Head.
Pevensey Castle, ½ a mile Hurstmonceux, 6 miles ..	23¼	West Ham and Pevensey.	9½	Eastbourne Bay. Martello Towers.
Village, 1½ miles on left ..	29¾	.. Bexhill ..	3	
	32¾	HASTINGS. New Station in course of erection on the Government ground in centre of the borough.		



KNIGHTS EXCURSION COMPANION.

NO. III. DOVER AND CANTERBURY.

CANTERBURY.

The Saxon Cantuaria, or City of the Men of Kent, is one of the most interesting and most ancient of English cities. In the words of an old native historian, "It is seated in a pleasant valley, about a mile wide, between hills of a moderate height and easy ascent, with springs rising from them; besides which, the river Stour runs through it, whose streams, by often dividing and meeting again, water it the more plentifully, and forming islands of various sizes, in one of which, formerly called Binnewith, the western part of our city stands, make the air good, and the soil rich. Such a situation could hardly want inhabitants, while these parts had any inhabitants at all; nor was any spot more likely to unite numbers in forming a neighbourhood, or a city, than one so well prepared by nature for defence and cultivation."*

It was a city or great town in the time of the ancient Britons. The ancient British name seems to have been Durwhern, signifying a swift river; and the Stour, which runs through and by the city in two branches, was rather a rapid stream. Ancient British weapons made of copper, and commonly called 'celts,' as well as various personal ornaments, are still occasionally found in turning up the soil; and it is probable that the tumulus or mound in the Dane John was of British origin. The Romans latinized the name of the city into Durovernum; and in their time it was a place of considerable importance; it was here that the Roman military roads to Dover and Lympne, their two principal havens on the Kentish coast, united. Very many Roman coins have been discovered; and the flat, hard Roman brick is to be detected in many of the old buildings. Durovernum is marked conspicuously in the Itinerary of Antoninus, which is now nearly 1600 years old.

At the beginning of the Saxon Heptarchy it was the head or chief city of the kingdom of Kent, and the king's residence. The venerable Bede calls it (597) "the chief city of King Ethelbert." Matthew of Westminster styles it "the head of the empire;" and in the close of a charter of Kenulph king of Mercia, dated A.D. 810, it is called "the famous city, which of ancient name was called Durovernia."

King Ethelbert was certainly residing at Canterbury when St. Augustine arrived on his holy mission; and it was in some one of the pleasant green fields, which lie between this city and the Isle of Thanet, and the debarking place at Richborough, that the Gospel was first expounded to this Anglo-Saxon prince. Having embraced Christianity, Ethelbert gave up his palace as a residence for St. Augustine and his successors, and retired himself to Reculver, where he built another palace over the ruins of the Roman Fort, and hard by the twin towers which we now see in descending the æstuary of the Thames. The palace in Canterbury became a splendid monastery, and bore the name of St. Augustine. It expanded, in the course of ages,

* 'A Walk in and about the City of Canterbury,' &c., by William Gostling, M.A., a native of the place.

to an immense size; but somewhere within the walls which yet exist, must have stood the palace of King Ethelbert. It would appear, however, that the first Christian church was not erected here, but in the suburb of St. Martin's.

Canterbury was much frequented by pilgrims many ages before the death and canonization of Thomas à Becket. The place was venerable as the fountain-head of Christianity in England; and it had its saints, martyrs, and miracle-working relics, in the Saxon times. The body of Saint Mildred, the second lady abbess of Minster, who died in the odour of sanctity, was given by King Canute to the monks of Christ Church; a chapel and a shrine were devoted to this royal Saxon saint; and the lame, the halt, and the blind flocked to it, as ages afterwards to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, in the hope of recovering the use of their limbs and sight; and the afflicted, and the conscience-stricken, and the devout of all classes swelled these pilgrimages in the days of the Heptarchy, and subsequently. In the Saxon Chronicle, *sub anno* 1011, it is told how the Danes "between the nativity of St. Mary (Sept. 8) and St. Michael's Mass (Sept. 29) besieged Canterbury, and got it through treachery; because it was betrayed by Elfmar, whose life the Archbishop Elphage had before saved. And there they took the Archbishop Elphage and Elfward, the king's steward, and the Abbess Leofruna and Bishop Godwin. But Abbot Elfmar they let go away. And then there within they took all the men in orders, and other men and women; it is not to be told by any man how many there were. And they remained within the city afterwards as long as they wished. And when they had thoroughly spoiled the city, then went they to their ships and carried the archbishop with them, and they kept him with them until they martyred him." Alphage was soon afterwards canonized, and his name is still retained in the English calendar. Yet notwithstanding this rough treatment, at the date of the Norman conquest the city was in a thriving condition; and it occupies an important place in the Domesday-book.

The city was walled in; and among the most picturesque of the fragments of ancient times are large portions of these walls. With one short break, these walls, covered for the most part with ivy and with flowers, and rising some twenty-five feet above the level of the road, run from the Dane John to North-gate, skirting the Cathedral Precincts. The city was for many ages divided into the wards of Westgate, Newingate, Northgate, Worthgate, Burgate, and Ridingate; each taking its name from a gate which gave entrance into the city; but by the Municipal Corporations Reform Act it has been divided into three wards only, Westgate, Dane John, and Northgate. Except Westgate, all these gates have disappeared. Burgate was levelled with the soil in our own days, by men who had no veneration for antiquity. In the year 1703, all the gates were standing. In the castle-yard there stood a most perfect Roman arch, built with Roman bricks, and supposed to have been the original Worthgate; it was barbarously destroyed in the latter part of the last century. Many portions of the old walls, which ran between these gates, still show patches of ancient Roman brick-work. In addition to the great gates, there were several posterns, some opening on the river, and some on the open country. Until a comparatively recent period, Canterbury could boast of the finest old walls, and the most complete, that existed anywhere in England. At irregular distances there were a great many turrets or small watch-towers, which are now, like the greater part of the walls, all decayed and in ruins. The great Westgate, which has been left, and which the improved taste of the nation would not now suffer to be destroyed, was built by Archbishop Sudbury during the reign of the unhappy Richard II.

in the room of a very ancient one which had become ruinous. It is a striking and picturesque object, standing between two lofty and spacious round towers, and being embattled, portcullised, and machicolated. Near to the Ridingate, which was destroyed in 1782, stood the church of St. Edmund, King and Martyr, "now so clean gone, that the least vestigium of it appears not." It had begun to decline as early as A.D. 1349. "Over this Ridingate," says Somner, "was sometime, and that in the memory of many yet living, a bridge lying upon the under-props or buttresses yet standing on either side the gate, by which, when it stood, a man might have continued his walk from the lesser to the greater Donge Hill, and *a contra;* but it is decayed and gone." But in 1791, "a spacious arch was thrown over its remaining piers, forming a bridge by which the communication from the little to the great Donge Hill was restored. This was done at the sole cost of James Simmons, Esq., alderman and banker of the city, to which he proved in many ways a benefactor." This gentleman spent liberally, and with good taste, the money which he had made by industry. Before becoming a banker, he had been a miller, and he was also a printer, and the editor of the *Kentish Gazette*. Mr. Simmons planted and laid out that delightful promenade the Donjon, or, as it is commonly called, the Dane John. Since we first saw the spot, the beautiful lime-trees have grown and flourished amazingly, and numerous flowering shrubs and foreign trees have been added. We scarcely know a pleasanter walk, or one, considering its extent, so varied. The tumulus or mound within this enclosure, is a most interesting object, carrying the mind back to the very earliest periods of our history, or to the regions of tradition when history was not. No doubt it may have been enlarged and applied both to offensive and defensive purposes; as well by the Saxons as by the Danes; and a Donjon, or keep, may have been built upon it by the Normans, although no traces of such a work are now to be found. The popular name, Dane John, may be but a corruption of Donjon; or the Danes, during their sieges and attacks, may have made this pleasant mound the scene of some of their barbarous exploits. But let the etymology be what it will, the Dane John, in the warm and joyous summer time, is a charming place, and carefully and beautifully kept. We have flowers growing on all sides of us, and a cool and shady promenade under the lime-trees, which meet over head, and form a long alcove. It is skirted on the southern side by the ancient walls; and a smooth terrace, 15 feet wide, and 1840 feet long, is formed on the top of the rampart within the wall, which has been repaired and raised into a parapet, and which passes in its course four of the old watch-towers. These towers are very picturesque; the areas of them are planted with trees and flowering shrubs, and defended by palisades; and at each of them there are commodious seats, whence the eye can embrace nearly the whole of the verdant enclosure. The mound springs up from a beautiful lawn to the height of about fifty feet; serpentine walks lead to its summit, which is crowned by a spiral monument, recording that "this field and hill were improved, and these terraces, walks, and plantations made, in the year 1790, for the sole use of the public, at the sole expense of James Simmons, Esq." From the summit you may obtain a fine panoramic view of the city and suburbs, the river Stour, and the pleasant valley through which it winds.

The ancient castle still shows its great keep on the south-west part of the city, at the end of Castle-street. The earliest mention of it is in the Domesday-book; but there is little doubt that part of it was very old before that survey was made by William the Conqueror. Such of its walls as remain are truly Cyclopean. There are gasworks close by, and a part of the machinery of this establishment has been built

into the very ruins. The interior also serves as the centre of some water-works, by which the water of the Stour is forced into the city; and a reservoir projects beyond the old and immensely thick walls of the keep.

As well within the town as without, the Stour affords some most picturesque views. As you cross the branch by King's Bridge, in ascending from Saint Peter's to the High-street and towards the Cathedral, the view on your left hand along the river, with old houses rising on each side of it perpendicularly from the bank and close to the water's edge, you have a picture at once quaint, foreign-looking, and picturesque—you might fancy yourself in some old town of Holland or of Belgium. But the best inside town view of the Stour is to be obtained from the Blackfriars, looking upwards to the tower of All Saints' Church, and over the old arches of the antique bridge which spans the narrow stream, and affords communication between King-street and St. Peter's.

No English city can show anything like the same number of ancient unaltered churches as Canterbury. You meet them whichever way you turn. On arriving by the London-road, the church of St. Dunstan meets you in the suburb; and on crossing the threshold of the city, to the right hand of old Westgate, and almost touching it, you have the still more ancient church of the Holy Cross. St. Dunstan's, which stands on gently rising ground, belonged to the Convent of St. Gregory in Canterbury. Its most marked architectural feature is a semicircular tower adjoining the western square tower. The church has suffered much from the barbarism of the last century; but it was four or five years back much improved by the incumbent, the Rev. B. B. Bunce, who removed most of the whitewash daubing which spoiled the interior. And here we may say that, generally, the clergy of the present day have shown, and are showing, a laudable desire to make up for the want of taste and want of liberality of their predecessors. What is now the vestry-room was once a little chapel, founded by one Henry, the king's chaplain, in 1330. There are two altar-tombs of Bethersden marble, and these belonged to the family of the Ropers, who, in the time of Henry IV. founded the chapel where they are placed; and below your feet, in the family vault of the Ropers, still lies the head of Sir Thomas More. That great man's beloved daughter Margaret, it will be remembered, married one of the Ropers, who afterwards wrote that well-known account of the sayings and doings of the great and honest Chancellor of Henry VIII. which is one of the most delightful pieces of biography to be found in any language, or of any period. It had been upon record that the head of More had been placed here, "with great devotion," by his daughter Margaret Roper; but people had almost forgotten the fact, when, in the year 1835, the chancel of the church being newly paved, this Roper vault was opened, and several persons descending into it, there saw a head which had evidently been severed from the body. It was in a niche in the wall, in a leaden box, something of the shape of a bee-hive, open in the front, and with an iron grating before it. Thus reported a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which work (in the number for May, 1837) may be found the proofs which identify this skull with the once brilliant wit-flashing head of Sir Thomas More. Close by, in St. Dunstan's-street, there yet stands the old gateway of the house of the Roper family. The old Chancellor must ofttimes have gone through it; for, if not a resident, he was surely a frequent visitor at Canterbury, as his affection for his daughter was boundless. As late as the year 1842, there stood a very fine old timber house, in a yard or close called "Dancing-School Yard," in the centre of the city of Canterbury, which was traditionally called Sir Thomas More's house. For many years it had been the warehouse of some wool-staplers. The proprietor, a man of Ramsgate, and no true man of Kent, knocked it down in 1842. Whether it were Sir Thomas More's house or not, it was a quaint and

curious and most interesting building, and it ought not to have been destroyed. The gateway of the Roper mansion in St. Dunstan's-street is very picturesque.

All the old churches have interesting relics; but we cannot describe more than a few of them. As you ascend the High-street, towards the Dane John, you have on your left hand the old Norman-looking church of St. George, spoiled, however, by a wooden spire. In the north aisle, there is a portion of a round massive column of the early Norman sort; and there is an octagonal font, supported by eight small shafts and a large central one, which is evidently of great age. Saint Margaret's Church stands in Saint Margaret's-street, which runs off the High-street to the right, nearly opposite to Mercery-lane and the grand entrance gate into the Cathedral Precincts. The original east end of this church has been sliced off at an acute angle, in order to make room for the street. The interior has been spoiled and barbarized. The brass monuments are all gone; but there are one or two monuments of a more recent date which merit attention. St. Mary Bredin's Church is a small structure, with a small wooden tower; it is rough cast on the outside, and the old decorated windows have been spoiled. It was built by William, the son of Harno, the son of Vitalis, one of the adventurers who came over with William the Conqueror. It stands in Rose-lane, leading from High-street. In Burgate-street there are two small ancient churches, standing on the same side of the way, and within 150 yards of each other. The first of these two churches is St. Mary Magdalene's, which has a square tower, built in the year 1503; the body of the church dates from the earliest Norman time. It has a fine old Norman font, octangular, and supported by a centre column. Saint Paul's Church stands near to St. Ethelburg's Gate, a part of the vast monastery of St. Augustine, and one of the finest of our old remains. The church is believed to have been built in the reign of Henry III. St. Peter's Church, at the corner of St. Peter's-lane, is poor and small; but its walls are of great thickness, it has curious square columns, a decorated window over the altar, and an old square font.

But by far the most interesting of all these ancient churches, and indisputably the most ancient of them all, is St. Martin's, which stands isolated on a beautiful sloping hill, in a suburb of the city, and at the distance of about half a mile from the Cathedral. It is supposed to have been first built by some Christians of the Roman army about A. D. 187. The quantity of Roman bricks which may be detected in many parts of the structure, would indicate that it was originally a Roman building, or one built with Roman materials adapted for other purposes. The walls of the chancel are almost entirely of Roman brick. Here Queen Bertha, the wife of King Ethelbert, had an oratory, and here St. Augustine preached at his first coming to Canterbury. The venerable Bede describes a church dedicated to the honour of St. Martin, in terms which leave little doubt that this was the identical church. After relating the favourable reception which King Ethelbert gave to the Christian missionaries, Bede goes on to say, "He gave them a dwelling-place in the city of Canterbury, which was the metropolis of all his dominions, and pursuant to his promise, besides allowing them their diet, permitted them to preach. It is reported, that as they drew near to the city, after their manner, with the Holy Cross, and the image of the great King, our Lord Jesus Christ, they, in concert, sung this litany or prayer: 'We beseech thee, O Lord, in all thy mercy, that thy anger and wrath be turned away from this city, and from thy holy house, because we have sinned. Hallelujah.' . . . . . There was on the east side, near the city, a church dedicated to the honour of St. Martin, formerly built whilst the Romans were still in the island, wherein the queen, who, as has been said before, was a Christian, used to pray. In this they at first

began to meet to sing, to pray, to say mass, to preach, and to baptize, till the king being converted to the faith, they had leave granted them more freely to preach, and build or repair churches in all places. . . . . Nor was it long before he gave his teachers a settled place in the metropolis of Canterbury, with the necessary possessions in several sorts."

According both to chronicle and tradition, the good Christian Queen Bertha was buried in the church. On one side of the chancel there is a recess in the wall, arched over head, and having within it an old stone coffin, or sarcophagus, of the simplest make. This has been for many ages pointed out as the tomb of the good Bertha; and we see no substantial reason for doubting that it may have been so. The structure of the church is primitively simple: it is a small oblong building, consisting of a chancel and nave, with no columns, with a plain pointed roof, and a low square tower, beautifully overgrown on the outside with ivy. It is indeed the very *beau idéal* of a painter's country church. The font is certainly one of the first that was made in England: it has no stand, but rests on the ground; it is about three feet in height, and capacious within; the sculptures upon it are a sort of ornamental interlacings in low relief. It closely resembles the font delineated by the old illuminators in representing the baptism of King Ethelbert, and it is believed to have been the very font in which that first of our Christian kings was baptized. There is better ground for believing it to be so than for disbelieving the fact; and the belief is a far pleasanter thing than the unbelief. The interior of this church was a few years ago restored by the taste and munificence of the Hon. Daniel Finch, and is now the most perfect and beautiful image of an antique oratory that can be seen anywhere. The churchyard, with which great pains have also been taken, is beautiful and poetical, having several fine old yew trees and rich green sward, gently sloping to the plain. Some trees which intercepted the prospect have been cut away, and now there is a magnificent view from the church porch, and from nearly every part of the churchyard, of the glorious towers of Canterbury Cathedral, and of a good portion of the picturesque city. That every thing should be complete, as in the olden time, Mr. Finch had a lich-gate erected at the entrance into the churchyard: it is built of fine solid oak, and may stand for centuries.

Old St. Mildred's Church, with its flints and Roman bricks, its leaning gables and its perpendicular windows, and its cool avenues of lime-trees, would merit description; and so would several other of the smaller churches, if we had space and time for it. But the lover of ecclesiastical antiquities, in visiting Canterbury, will find out all these places.

Besides the magnificent monastery of St. Augustine, of which much remains, and of which a good deal must be said presently, there are in Canterbury and its vicinity the remains of several monastic establishments, and of cells, hermitages, and lone chapels. The Gray Friars, who settled in Canterbury, in A. D. 1220, had their dwelling in the south-western part of the city, southward from St. Peter's-street, where among the meads and garden grounds are to be seen some walls and ruined arches which once belonged to their house. Their church has been so entirely destroyed, that the site of it can only be conjectured. Weever, the historian of old monuments, has preserved the names of many men of note who were buried within it. The Black Friars, who settled in Canterbury in the year 1217, being the first of King Henry III.'s reign, had their convent, or priory, on the opposite or north side of St. Peter-street. Of this building a good deal yet remains; but it has been formed into houses and tenements, and part of the hall is now occupied as a Baptist meeting-house, and another portion has been turned into a Unitarian chapel.

Some of the low arrow-headed arches continue to be picturesque, in spite of all that has been done to spoil them and their adjuncts. Formerly the priory had three beautiful gates, but these have entirely disappeared. The nunnery of St. Sepulchre, some ruins of which are still visible, stood in the eastern suburb of the city, about a quarter of a mile from the ancient Ridingate, and almost upon the ancient Roman road, called Watling-street. It was founded by Archbishop Anselm, about the year 1100. In the ground behind these ruins several Roman sepulchral urns have been dug up, which seems to indicate that the spot had been used as a burying-place before the introduction of Christianity. In this nunnery Elizabeth Barton, the far-famed Holy Maid of Kent, who so sorely disquieted King Henry VIII. by her visions and prophecies, and who was executed at Tyburn for treason, together with several of her accomplices, was a veiled nun and votaress.

The hospitals and almshouses were very numerous, and of very old foundation. Archbishop Langfranc founded two: St. John's hospital, for diseased men and women, near Northgate, in A. D. 1084; and the Hospital of St. Nicholas, at Harbledown, on the London-road, about a mile from the Westgate, in or about the same year. At St. John's, the ruins which exist show it to have been an extensive and fine edifice. The semicircular-headed doorway of the chapel is preserved; and there are two or three small old arches. The old spits, from eight to ten feet long, may still be handled in the kitchen. St. Nicholas, at Harbledown, stands upon a most lovely spot of ground, elevated, wooded, and affording some delightful prospects. It was intended by its founder for a lazar-house, or a place of reception for such persons as suffered from the horrible and then common malady, the leprosy. The old chapel, though much neglected within, remains entire, and has suffered little or no alteration since the end of the eleventh century, when it was built. With its ivy and its wild wallflowers, its cool gray stone, and its rents and seams, it is eminently picturesque. From it you look right down into a chasm through which the old London road passes, and has passed for many ages. Erasmus, in his *Peregrinatio Religionis*, written about the year 1510, mentions this hollow road, and the hospital above it.

"*Og.* In the road to London, not far from Canterbury, is a way, extremely hollow, as well as narrow, and also steep, the bank being on each side so craggy that there is no escaping; nor can it by any means be avoided. On the left side of the road is an almshouse of some old men, one of whom runs out as soon as they perceive a horseman approaching, and after sprinkling him with holy water, offers him the upper leather of a shoe, bound with brass, in which a piece of glass is set like a gem. This is kissed and money given him. *Me.* I had rather have an almshouse of old men on such a road than a troop of sturdy robbers. *Og.* Gratian [the learned Dr. John Colet, dean of St. Paul's, &c.] rode on my left hand, nearer to the almshouse, and so he was sprinkled with the water; to this he submitted; but when the shoe was held out for him to kiss it, he asked what it meant. And on being told it was the shoe of St. Thomas à Becket, he was sore provoked. . . . . I took compassion on the old man, and gave him some money, by way of consolation." The shoe of the saint and martyr has long since disappeared. The hospital has an old maple pole, with a medallion fastened to the bottom, representing Guy Earl of Warwick killing the dragon. The medal has also an inscription in Gothic and scarcely legible characters. The original buildings of the hospital are gone, and those which remain are falling fast to ruin:—not from their antiquity, but from having been slightly built. They are low, and stand in a row, or in rows, like our modern almshouses; and almshouses they now are, and have been for some centuries. By the statutes of Archbishop Jackson, who was the restorer of this establishment, lodging, and fuel,

and a certain annual sum of money, were to be given to thirty poor honest men, and to thirty poor women. The number has gradually been decreased; there are not now more than fifteen men and fifteen women lodged here, and of money these have received very little. All the ground about Harbledown is hallowed by legends and traditions. There is a well of mineral water, called through long ages the Well of the Black Prince; the tradition being that that warlike Prince in his declining health sought a cure by drinking that water. The well is ancient and primitive, lying under the green hill-side.

The hospital of St. Lawrence, which was founded towards the middle of the twelfth century, stood a little to the east of the nunnery of St. Sepulchre's. It was the asylum for the sick brothers of the great monastery of St. Augustine, and was opened to their distressed relatives. A part of one of its walls is still erect, with a rude sculpture, representing St. Lawrence on his gridiron.

The Bridewell, or poor priests' hospital, stands in Lamb-lane, not far from the south side of the High-street. It was first founded about the year 1240, by Simon Langton, archdeacon of Canterbury, and brother to the great archbishop of that name. This hospital, intended as a place of succour and relief for poor priests—"chaplains, curates, and other like unbeneficed clerks"—escaped the general dissolution, and remained unsuppressed down to the time of Queen Elizabeth, when it was turned into a workhouse. It has since served both as a prison and a poorhouse, and it is now the city workhouse. The buildings have been sadly altered. Maynard's or Mayner's Hospital is of ancient foundation, but the present buildings are not very old. They stand in a lane leading from Castle-street to that quiet and picturesque street called Stour-street. The Spittle was founded about the time of Henry II. by a citizen of Canterbury, who was so wealthy that he was styled Mayner le Riche. Its object was the support of four brothers and four sisters, single persons, of the age of fifty and upwards. It now affords a tolerably comfortable almshouse. Adjoining Mayner's Spittle was another similar institution, founded by one Leonard Cotton. We pass over several more modern charities. 'A Spittle' for the poor stood without Northgate, founded by Sir John Boys, who died in 1612, and has a monument in the Cathedral.

The priory of St. Gregory was another foundation of Archbishop Langfranc: it was intended for infirm men and women, and regular canons of the order of St. Augustine had charge of it. It is supposed to be the first house of regular canons in this kingdom. The establishment is mentioned in Domesday-book. Its site was between Northgate-street and the new Military-road, and is now almost covered with modern buildings. A small part of the priory is, however, still to be traced. Of the house of the Knights Templars, which stood under the town wall, in a place called Water Lock-lane, which led by Northgate church down to the river, near the Abbott's mill, nothing remains. The Black Prince's chantry, which stood near to the eleemosynary of the monastery of Christ Church, has been equally obliterated.

But passing to the vast monastery of St. Augustine, we find tall and massive towers, beautiful gateways, and immense masses of wall, yet standing, and now likely to stand for at least as many years as they have hitherto stood. These splendid remains, and the modern works now almost completed within them, might occupy the tourist the whole of a long summer's day. The site of St. Augustine is at the south-east angle of the city, without the walls, but very near to them. Its earliest traditional history is, that the spot was designed by King Ethelbert as a royal cemetery, and was thus selected, according to the law of the twelve tables, which prohibited the burying or burning of corpses within the walls of the cities and towns. By very ancient custom, the sepulchres of the dead were placed by the sides of the

highways, of which there are examples without number in the neighbourhood of Canterbury. Accordingly, the cemetery here was on the straight road from Burgate to Richborough. The monks turned that road aside to Longport, in order to secure that burying-place within their own enclosure. The monastery which St. Augustine began to build with the assistance of Ethelbert, very soon after the conversion of that Saxon king, was probably not very spacious; "it was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul." In the year 978, when it had been enlarged, St. Dunstan dedicated it afresh, not only to St. Peter and St. Paul, but also to its founder, Augustine, who had been canonized since the first building was erected. From this period the monastery has always been called by the name of St. Augustine. The monastery was gradually increased by the piety and munificence of successive kings and nobles: all progress made in architecture, in sculpture, in painting, or in glass staining, was applied here; so that the place grew even more in beauty than in size. King Athelstane granted to the Abbot of St. Augustine the licence to have a mint for coining money. This privilege was enjoyed by the house until the year 1161, when Abbot Sylvester died, and the monastery was seized by King Stephen, who was hard pressed for money wherewith to maintain the war against the Empress Maud. The privilege was never restored afterwards. By the Pope's licence, the Lord Abbot used a mitre and sandals like a bishop. Before King Stephen laid his hands upon the revenues of the house, the monastery had suffered much from the Danes. In the year 1168, the greater part of the church of the monastery was burnt, and there perished in the flames, together with altars and shrines of saints, very many ancient charters and codicils. The extent of ground covered by the various buildings of the monastery, and enclosed as its precincts, was immense. So splendid was the place, that at the dissolution Henry VIII. appropriated it as a royal palace. In Queen Mary's time the monastery was granted to Cardinal Pole for his life. In 1573, Queen Elizabeth, making a royal progress, kept her court here. She attended divine service at the Cathedral every Sunday, during her stay at Canterbury, and was magnificently entertained, with all her attendants and a great concourse of other company, by Archbishop Parker, on her birth-day, which she kept at the archiepiscopal palace. The site of the monastery was afterwards granted to Henry Lord Cobham. On the attainder of that nobleman in 1603, it was granted by James I. to Robert Cecil, Lord Essenden (afterwards Earl of Salisbury). From the possession of Cecil it passed to that of Thomas Lord Wootton of Marley. Here King Charles I. consummated his marriage with the Princess Henrietta of France, on the 13th of June, 1625; he had met the princess at Dover, and had brought her to Canterbury that day. Mary, the dowager of Lord Wootton, resided in part of the monastery during the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament; and at the restoration Charles II. lodged here while on his way from Dover to London. A square facing one of the remaining gateways of the monastery is still called Lady Wootton's Green. It is no longer possible to trace the wide circuit of the walls of the monastery. In several places they have been knocked down in order to admit the view of tasteless modern buildings; in other places they have been cleared away to make room for houses, for the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, and for the county jail. This ruthless devastation was perpetrated within these seventy years, and great part of it within the last five-and-twenty years. In Gostling's time the walls which enclosed the whole precincts, were standing. The west wall, which was the principal front, remains tolerably complete, to the extent of some three hundred feet, or from the great gate at the northern end, to the cemetery gate at the east. Far behind these two splendid gates there stood St. Ethelbert's Tower, the pride of the edifice, and the loftiest and most ancient remaining part of it. A portion of this magnificent tower had fallen, or

had been brought down by the violence of man; but high and broad masses remained, and would have remained for many a century, if they had been left to themselves or to the gentle dealings of the elements. Rent and riven, partly covered with ivy, and crowned and festooned with wallflowers, it was one of the most picturesque and most striking of ruins. Gostling tells us, that in his time a barbarous trial was made "whether pulling down Ethelbert's Tower, towards building a seat in the neighbourhood, would answer the expense." It did not; "neither, perhaps, did the digging up some stone coffins of the monks for that purpose; for that was also laid aside." But although St. Ethelbert's Tower had a happy escape from the barbarians of old Gostling's days, it had none from the tasteless imbecility and the groundless fears of the Canterbury Goths of our own day. Some wiseacres took it into their heads that the tower might fall, and, in its fall, crush the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, which had been built not far from its base—others coveted the fine old stone. They set to work in a hurry to knock it all down. So far was it from falling, that they found this work one of extreme difficulty. An immense battering-ram was employed for several days before the tower could be brought to the ground. When the deed was done, the generality of the good folks of Canterbury felt a useless regret. The stone which composed this fine tower, was partly made use of to repair the plinths and shafts of Canterbury Cathedral, and was found to be as sound as when it was first squared by the mason. There are extant engravings and etchings which convey a good notion of the architecture of the tower. The gate at the southern extremity of the western range is called St. Ethelbert's Gate, and was built by Thomas Ickham, a monk and sacrist of the monastery: it is tolerably well preserved. The northern or principal gate was, until restored, a most picturesque ruin, though sadly degraded in the uses to which it was applied.

Vandalism had a long reign within these holy walls of St. Augustine. Six years ago the Guests' Hall was occupied by a brewery, and a dependent public-house and bowling-green. The great room over the archway of this principal gate, contained the large vat for cooling liquor, and had before been used as a cock-pit. One ancient room, disfigured by modern windows, was a tap-room: they played at fives against one of the venerable walls of the edifice; and in the summer months the sounds of skittle-playing, quoits, and singing—if singing it might be called—were never silent: but the scene is now changed. The remains of the abbey were sold by public auction, in 1844, for £2100. The purchaser was Mr. Henry Beresford Hope, member for Maidstone, and the tasteful son of a tasteful father (the late Thomas Hope, of Deepdene, author of "Anastasius," &c.,) who speedily began to restore the great gateway, and to build within the walls a College for the Education of Missionaries of the Church of England. Brewery and public-house, fives'-courts and skittle-grounds, were swept away to places more fitting for them. The college is now complete. The buildings are admirable in style, and in their close adaptation to the remains of the ancient edifice. To copy servilely, in modern works, the architects of the monkish ages, is no very creditable exercise of ingenuity; but here a faithful copy was called for, in order that that which is new might harmonise with the old. When time shall have mellowed and softened these new works, this harmony will be nearly perfect. Great praise is due to the taste and liberality of Mr. Hope, who has spent an enormous sum on the college and the restorations; and to the skill of Mr. Butterfield, the architect. The great gate now looks as it must have done in the period of its splendour. The quadrangle, into which you enter on passing through the gate, is exceedingly fine; as are the chapel, the hall, the library, and all other parts of the college, which on the whole bears a close resemblance to an ancient Benedictine monastery of Italy. There are

cloisters, eminently picturesque; and up stairs there is a narrow and very long corridor, paved with encaustic tiles, and lined and roofed throughout with solid oak. The apartments for the students are small, simple, primitive; but if they are to do the duties for which they are appointed, in remote heathen countries, the nurture of those young men ought not to be too delicate. The greatest attention has been paid to the details of the buildings. In the chapel, in the hall, the sculptured ornaments, whether in stone or in wood, have been admirably executed; and they might stand a comparison with the works of the best times. The windows of the chapel are filled with stained glass, and it is paved with encaustic tiles. The hall presents nearly its original appearance; many of the old rafters were used in the construction of the present roof. On the south of the chapel are the warden's lodge and rooms for the fellows of the college. On the north side of the quadrangle are the rooms and dormitories, which are calculated to accommodate about forty-five students. The library, a spacious room, eighty feet by forty feet, is built on the foundations of the ancient refectory of the abbey. The library contains already about eight thousand volumes. Beneath the library is a fine crypt used as a workshop, in which the students are taught carpentering, carving, and other branches of manual industry. The college was incorporated by royal charter, June 28th, 1848. The course of study extends over three years. The annual collegiate charge for the education and maintenance of each student is £35. Several fellowships have been founded by private individuals and by committees of public societies, in order to promote the objects of the college. The Archbishop of Canterbury is visitor. The Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London have also a voice in the direction. There are sixteen students under training at the college this present session (1850). Altogether, this college and these restorations, give a new character to this part of Canterbury, and a new charm and attraction to the whole city. From the restored gateway is obtained a most noble view of the walls and turrets of the city, and of the towers and spires of the Cathedral, and one never to be forgotten. Rarely have two such magnificent establishments as the Cathedral and Christ Church Monastery, and St. Augustine's Monastery, stood so close to each other. It is, as it were, but a step from this restored gateway to the porch of the Cathedral. That step we now take.

Nothing upon earth is more picturesque, or more solemn and imposing, than the exterior of our Cathedral! Huge are its dimensions—of many different ages, and of various styles, is its architecture; yet there is some magic in these old Gothic piles—differences become like similarities, and every part is in harmony and keeping with all the rest. The sober gray colouring, with here and there a darker hue which reigns throughout, is the very colour a painter would have chosen for such an object—is the best tint that the eye can rest upon. The great tower called Bell Harry Tower, is one of the most chaste and beautiful specimens of the pointed style of architecture in England. The two towers at the west end are full of grandeur and beauty. Part of this stupendous edifice was built by St. Augustine shortly after his arrival, upon ground which was said to have been occupied by some Christians of the Roman army. This edifice suffered from Danish fires. Archbishop Egelnoth, who presided from 1020 to 1038, repaired the mischief which the Danes had done, being aided by the royal munificence of Canute. But about the year 1067, in the time of Archbishop Stigan, the church was again injured by fire; and nothing appears to have been done towards its repair until after the year 1070, when Archbishop Lanfranc, with architects and masons from Normandy, began to rebuild and enlarge it. Then, too, rose into magnificence the archbishop's palace and the monastery. Archbishop Anselm, who succeeded Lanfranc, made great improvements, and designed far more than he lived to finish; he was aided by Prior Ernulph, and by that prior's successor,

Conrad, two men of eminent taste in architecture, whose names are preserved in different parts of the Cathedral. The choir is called "The glorious choir of Conrad." In 1174, in the fourth year after the murder of Thomas à Becket within its walls, the Cathedral again suffered greatly by fire. Except in the great tower, nearly all the wood-work, with everything that was combustible, was consumed; but this left the solid walls and columns erect, though scorched and blackened. Thomas à Becket, however, was now canonized, and a new and unprecedented impulse was given to the spirit of pilgrimage. Pilgrims of the highest ranks crowded to visit the scene of the martyrdom, and did not quit it without leaving their oblations. In 1177, Philip, Count of Flanders, came hither to meet King Henry II. In June, 1178, King Henry, on his return from Normandy, paid another visit to the Cathedral; and, in the next month, William, Archbishop of Rheims, came over from France with a great retinue, to pay his vows to St. Thomas at Canterbury, where the king met and received him honourably. In the course of the following year, Louis VII. King of France, came to Canterbury with Henry II. and a great train of nobility of both nations, and were received by the archbishop and his com-provincials, the prior, and all the monks, with great honour and unspeakable joy. "The oblations of gold and silver, made by the French, were incredible. The French king came in manner and habit of a pilgrim; was conducted to the tomb of St. Thomas in solemn procession, where he offered his cup of gold, and a royal precious stone, with a yearly rent of one hundred muids of wine for ever to the convent, confirming the grant by royal charter, under his seal, delivered in form." By the help of such munificent benefactors, the monks of Christ Church soon found themselves enabled, not only to repair all the damage Lanfranc's church had suffered, but also to make it far more glorious than ever. A vast deal of this work was done within eight years after the fire. William of Sens appears to have been the chief architect. In the ninth year from the fire, the monks were brought to a stand-still for want of money. But soon a fresh tide flowed in, and brought so much more money than was necessary for the repairs they were employed upon, that they set about a grander design, which was, to pull down the east end of Lanfranc's church, with a small chapel of the Holy Trinity adjoining, to erect a most magnificent one instead of it, and to add to that another building in honour of the new object of their devotion—St. Thomas the Martyr. While they were thus employed, votaries continued to bring their oblations in abundance; and St. Thomas had visitors who soon put the monks in a state to erect a chapel for the reception of his relics. The ceremonial of removing the body of the saint was performed on the 7th of July, 1220, with the greatest solemnities; the pope's legate, the Archbishops of Canterbury and Rheims, with very many bishops and abbots carrying the coffin on their shoulders, and placing it in his shrine. King Henry III. was present, and the archbishop, Stephen Langton, was so profuse on the occasion, as to leave a debt on the see which his fourth successor could hardly discharge. During the two following centuries devotees to the saint increased daily, pilgrimages became more frequent and numerous, and gifts and offerings came in so fast, that his shrine grew as famous for its riches as for its holiness. Erasmus, who visited it about 1510, says, "Gold was the meanest thing to be seen there; all shone and glittered with the rarest and most precious jewels of an extraordinary bigness; some were larger than the egg of a goose." "This chapel, at the east end of the chapel of the Holy Trinity, was called 'à Becket's Crown.' The monks were still employed in adding glory and beauty to it, when Henry VIII. put a stop at once to the works and the oblations, seized on the treasures and estates of the monastery, and provided for the members of it as he pleased. The history of the building of the Cathedral fills a large volume, but the

history of its decline is soon told. These seizures of Henry VIII. left not money enough to keep the vast buildings in proper repair: fresh spoliations were perpetrated in the days of Edward VI. by the protector Somerset and his rapacious crew; during the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament, the barbarous puritans smashed nearly all the beautiful old stained glass, destroyed much of the sculpture and carving, turned the nave of the church into stabling for their horses, and quartered themselves in the transepts and chapels.

In the days of Queen Anne and the two first Georges, repairs were ordered; they were executed in execrable taste; and it is only within the last quarter of a century, that these works have been done as they ought to be; the recent repairs and restorations have been very extensive, and they have been executed in excellent taste. No cursory view can give the visitor an adequate notion of this immense and complicated building, of this world of masonry, and it is impossible for us to attempt here any thing like a detailed description. It may be sufficient to say that the choir is one of the most spacious in the kingdom, being nearly 200 feet in length, from the west door to the altar, and 38 feet in breadth between the two side doors. The extreme length of the whole building, from east to west, is 514 feet, and the extreme breadth 71 feet. The height of the great tower is 235 feet. The interior is almost exhaustless in its objects of historical interest. In the northern portion of the western transept a spot is pointed out as that on which à Becket was assassinated. Of the precious shrine of the martyr, the only trace that now remains, is afforded by the pavement around the spot where it stood, which is worn down by the knees of the crowds of worshippers that, during more than three centuries, offered here their oblations and their prayers. Of the painted glass which remains, the great west window is the most remarkable. Instead of the old wooden chair or throne of the archbishop, a new and very handsome one of stone has been lately erected. Tombs and monuments abound. Here lies Edward the Black Prince; here Henry IV.; here Archbishop Langton, the great promoter of the struggle which ended in the obtaining at Runnymede of Magna Charta; and numerous other monuments, interesting in themselves or through the character of those whom they record, are strewed thickly about. Under your feet there is the crypt or under-croft, a subterraneous church, the largest in England, the most curious in its construction, and the most solemn and picturesque in its effects. Its erection is commonly ascribed to Archbishop Lanfranc; but we agree in opinion with those who believe the greater part, if not the whole of it, to be of considerably greater antiquity. This crypt has numerous chapels, and in one of these, which is rather difficult of access, are some perfect remains of paintings on walls, not in fresco, but in surface painting.

Outside of the cathedral church there is another world of masonry. The space enclosed within the Precincts of Christ Church is of vast extent, and contains many edifices more or less modernized or barbarized. Two gateways give access from the town into these Precincts. One called the Precinct Gate—a "very goodly, strong, and beautiful structure, and of excellent artifice," according to Somner, opens upon the ancient avenue from the High-street, called Mercery-lane. This lane is traditionally said to have been the usual resort of the numerous pilgrims, who were wont to throng from all parts of the world to Canterbury. Thus Chaucer sings:—

"And specially from every shire's end
Of Engle-land to Canterbury they wend,
The holy blissful martyr for to seek
That them hath holpen when that they were sick."

In this lane several of the adjacent tenements seem anciently to have form only one house, or large inn. But the same appearances present themselves also in other parts of the city; and, doubtless, there were large inns elsewhere as well as in this short lane, which, if it had been entirely devoted to that purpose, certainly could not have nearly lodged the whole crowd of pious strangers which in those days Canterbury usually contained. Mercery-lane, however, may probably have anciently been the favourite and most honourable place of resort for this description of visitors, as being the avenue leading to the Cathedral and its holy precinct.

We have thus hastily run over some of the more important objects and circumstances which give a peculiar interest to the city of Canterbury. This interest cannot be adequately called forth by any description, and must be very imperfectly excited during a hasty visit. In traversing the streets of Canterbury, we tread ground which has probably been deemed holy and famous since religion, in any form, first set up her temples in our island, or shed a mystic sanctity over hill and grove. There is reason to believe that the first Christian churches were usually, if not always, planted on those sites which superstition had previously consecrated in the hearts of the people. Besides, it can hardly be doubted that Canterbury was a Roman station; and if so, it was most likely a British town before the arrival of the Romans. The position of the place would point it out for a settlement on the first occupation of the country,—situated, especially, as it was, in the district that was probably first seized upon and peopled. The barbarian rites of Druidism, shadowing them with gloom and fear, may therefore have first given distinction to the spots on which now rise the Cathedral and the old Church of St. Martin—monuments of the religion of purity, and peace, and hope. But if the vision of these primitive times is dim and uncertain, there was at least a long subsequent period during which Canterbury stood in celebrity and glory among the foremost of the cities of the earth. If we are, therefore, to take a full view of what Canterbury has been, we must carry our contemplation back over not only her three last centuries of comparative obscurity and decay, but her longer preceding period of renown and splendour.

DOVER.

To an observant foreigner, who lands here on his first visit to England, Dover must appear a curious as it is undoubtedly an interesting place. Its castle, visible almost from the moment of quitting the opposite shore, at first towering aloft in the clouds, and then gradually unfolding the strength of its position and the long range of fortifications connected with it; the town, lying so snugly embayed between the lofty hills, and backed by the beautiful verdure of the valley that ascends behind it—must strike his imagination very forcibly long before he enters the harbour; and the interest with which he is prepared to regard it, is not likely to be weakened as he traverses its plain, busy streets; and, looking back over the narrow channel that divides it from the land he has just left, he reflects on the amazing difference of habit and character that everything he beholds indicates. Whether thoughtful or not, Dover must interest any foreigner. Though the very outpost on the high-road to the Continent, there is nothing Continental in its appearance. Calais, Boulogne, every place on the opposite shore which Englishmen go to in numbers, puts on something of an English dress. But there is no "reciprocity" here. Though the nighest point to France, it is entirely English. The houses are English, the people are English, the business is done in an English manner, and the amusements—or lack of amusements

—are altogether English. Not an idea nor an innovation has been borrowed from "over the water." There is not a fountain, or a column, or a statue, or a picture, or a showy piece of architecture, to be seen in the whole town.

Dover is of high antiquity. It is connected with the very earliest authentic mention of our country,—for there can be little doubt that it was the Height of Dover that bristled with the armed multitude whose appearance almost scared the heart of the mighty Cæsar. From their first possession of the land, Dover (*Dubræ, Portus Dubris,*) was regarded by the Romans as an important station. It yet retains a memorial of their abode here, in the watch-tower, or pharos, that has stood unshaken the storms of sixteen centuries, and may stand as many more. The name of Dover is doubtless derived directly from its Roman title, but there is reason to believe that that was merely the Latin form of its British designation—Dwr, or Dwfyrrha, and that, consequently, it was a British town antecedent to the Roman conquest.

Of its history previous to the Conquest it will be enough to say, that Edward the Confessor marked his sense of its importance by incorporating it as one of his Cinque Ports; and after the Conquest, there is not much to tell of the history of the town apart from that of the castle and harbour, except the passage of royal or eminent persons through it. One or two circumstances may, however, be mentioned.

Dover withstood the Conqueror, and was punished for so doing. But it was seen by him to be too important a stronghold to be suffered to go to decay, and, after he was securely seated on the throne, he did not fail to enlarge and strengthen the castle, and adopt measures for the restoration of the town. From his time it was never neglected by the Sovereign, and, indeed, was regarded as "the key of the kingdom." The port grew into prosperity, until it gradually came to be the chief way of transit to the Continent; and indeed, for a while, must have been the only way for ordinary passengers. In the reign of Edward III. (1339) it was enacted that "All merchants, travellers, and pilgrims, should embark at the port of Dover only." In the reign of Richard II., the price of the passage was fixed at sixpence for a man, and one shilling for a horse, during the summer: and double that sum in winter.

Dover is associated with one of the most humiliating passages in English history. It was here that the craven-hearted John made, in the midst of a large army, his despicable submission to the Pope; and the climax of his abasement—the surrender of his kingdom to the papal nuncio—took place in the church of the Templars. In 1295, a French fleet, which was sent into the narrow seas while the Cinque Ports' navy was cruising on the Scotch coast, after ravaging Hythe, and some other towns along this coast, "sailed straight into Dover, and the admiral, landing with his people, robbed the town and priory." The townsmen fled into the country, and, having raised the country people, who assembled in great numbers, towards evening returned to the town, and falling upon the Frenchmen, who were busy plundering, slew great numbers of them; the rest, with the admiral, escaped to their ships with such pillage as they could carry off. Those, however, "who had gone abroad into the country to fetch preys, and could not come to their ships in time, were slain," says the old chronicler, "every mother's son." Dover was again burnt by the French a few years later. The town does not appear to have suffered afterwards from a repetition of such attacks; the castle was often assailed, as we shall presently notice. The receding of the sea sometimes threatened the ruin of both town and harbour; but means were found to avert the anticipated evil. The destruction, too, of the religious houses caused some distress; but that, also, proved but temporary; and, on the whole, the town may be said to have continued to enjoy a course of steady prosperity. Towards the close of the last, and during the present century, it has received a great impetus. When the fashion of resorting annually to the sea-side sprung up, Dover soon came

to enjoy a large share of popularity; the attention that was directed to it on the threatened invasion of England, and the consequent erection of it into a principal military post, and the large expenditure which arose from the construction of the extensive fortifications that were deemed necessary—the great increase of traffic arising from the introduction of steam-vessels, and the establishment of Dover as the chief packet-station for the Continent, and the opening of a railway communication with the metropolis—all have contributed largely to advance the prosperity of the good town: while the proposed Harbour of Refuge promises, when it is completed, to increase it very much more.

Dover lies at the extremity of a lovely valley, along which a small stream, the Dour, makes its way. The town extends some way up this valley, and also stretches out on each side, as far round the bay as the cliffs will permit. On both sides the hills rise to a great height—those on the north being crowned by the castle, while on the south is the famous Shakspere Cliff. The town, which contains above 18,000 inhabitants, covers a considerable area, of which, however, a good portion is occupied by the harbour. The town itself has no claim whatever to splendour or beauty. There is not a good-looking street in it. The streets have adapted themselves to the irregularities of the surface, and to the peculiarities of form which the hills and the Pent have forced on them, but without in any case achieving even the picturesque in appearance. There are of course—in such a town there cannot fail to be—some, at least, substantial public offices, and good, well-built inns, and handsome shops; but, from not being congregated together, they only produce a scattered, fragmentary effect. Along the beach and under the cliffs, northwards, there are crescents, and parades, and terraces, which have houses in the most assuming style of watering-place architecture—but they are strictly in that style: improvements, however, are talked about.

The Castle would make amends for the absence of picturesqueness or interest in the town, were both much more wanting than they are. It is a wild, rambling-looking place, and it needs something of a military eye to see the connexion of the parts, and to comprehend it as a whole. It is, indeed, a heterogeneous collection of buildings, belonging to very various periods, and erected without much contrivance; but they are therefore the more picturesque in appearance, and, as bound together by the military works of recent date, they do form a very compact and serviceable whole. The space inclosed by the Castle walls is about thirty-five acres; and within that area are structures, the work of every age almost—from that of the Romans down to the present. In looking at these several parts, the most attractive to the antiquary are, unquestionably, the remains of the Tower and the Church—the former an undoubted Roman building, the latter as certainly Saxon. So very few vestiges remain in England of the architecture of either of these peoples, that these have an uncommon value—and, perhaps, the greater from their thus standing in juxtaposition, and allowing of comparison with each other. The Tower is about forty feet high; in form it is an octagon externally, but square in the interior. Opinion is divided as to whether it was erected for a watch-tower or a pharos; but it is very probable that it was intended to serve both purposes. The outward appearance of the building was a good deal changed by its being cased with flint, and otherwise altered, in the reign of Henry V.; but part of this casing has peeled off, and the Roman work is plainly visible. It is constructed of tufa and flint bonded together, at regular intervals, with courses of large flat tiles or bricks—a method of construction peculiar to Roman buildings.

In a few steps we may see the change in the method of building that distinguishes the Saxon artificers. The Roman Tower adjoins the western end of a Church, evidently of very ancient date, and, like the Tower, a ruin. The remains consist of a

nave, chancel, and transepts, with a tower springing from the intersection of the arms of the cross. The workmanship of the oldest parts is very rude; the materials are similar to those employed in the tower; and there is an evident, but unskilful attempt to imitate the Roman style of construction. A good many Roman tiles are employed about the arches and elsewhere; but they are arranged with little regularity, and appear to have formed a part of some building that had either become ruinous, or had been pulled down to make way for the present. Very many parts of the Church are of a later date: some are pretty plainly Norman, but the groundwork of the Church is undoubtedly Saxon, and it is one of the oldest Christian Churches we have left in this country.

The Roman fortifications are still easily traceable; they are of comparatively limited extent, being in the largest part about 400 feet by 140 feet. The Saxons are believed to have extended the works, and made it a place of great strength. It was not, however, strong enough to hold out long against the Conqueror, who showed his estimation of courage in an enemy by hanging the governor of the Castle and his two sons. The fortifications were soon after largely extended, and the whole seems to have been remodelled. Of the buildings of Norman date there are many yet standing, but it is unnecessary to particularize them. The chief is the massive keep, built by Henry II., which stands in the centre of the Norman fortifications, and is the principal building in the Castle, and the most noticeable in a distant view of it. The view from the summit is magnificent. In the War of Castles, as the long struggle between Stephen and Matilda has been called, Dover was not particularly distinguished. It was at first held for the Empress, but was taken by the wife of Stephen. The ignoble deeds of John at Dover have been already mentioned. The Castle and its constable played rather an important part in the occurrences that followed. When the dauphin Louis had been invited to England by the barons, John, with his army, withdrew from Dover, having appointed Hubert de Burgh constable of the Castle. Louis twice laid siege to the Castle without success. After his second failure, De Burgh, in his turn, became the assailant: for, apprised that a French fleet of eighty large and several small vessels was about to put to sea, he immediately summoned the Cinque Ports' navy, and with forty vessels, all that could be hastily collected, he boldly intercepted the Frenchmen, and took and destroyed the whole fleet, with the exception of fifteen vessels which escaped.

Only one other event deserves mention in the history of the Castle—the gallant surprisal of it in 1642:—A Dover merchant named Dawkes, with ten companions, scaled the walls; and before the garrison was aroused, opened the gates to a party of Parliamentarians who were lying in wait outside. An effort was made by a Royalist army to recover the Castle, but without success.

This was the last piece of actual warfare that Dover Castle witnessed: and the building appears not to have been taken much account of for a good many years. The threats of a visit from the Pretender led to the extension of its works in 1745, under the advice and direction of the Duke of Cumberland. Several new batteries were erected in the town as well as in the Castle, but they have all been removed since the completion of the more extensive works of which we are now to speak. When Bonaparte assembled his vast army on the French coast, and made such formidable preparations with the declared purpose of invading England, Pitt, who was then at the head of the Government, ordered a careful survey to be made of the Castle and neighbouring hills; and the entire remodelling of the whole defensive works here, and the construction of an immense series of new fortifications, in accordance with the most improved methods of military engineering, were the consequence of that survey. The works are indeed on a most extensive scale. Batteries of powerful character

were placed in every assailable position, and in every position that could defend the town, or annoy a foe. Extensive outworks stretch far beyond the fortress, and are connected with it by well arranged covered ways. The cliffs are also made to contribute to the means of annoyance as well as of defence; and barracks were hollowed out of the solid rock. The arrangements were so made as that a garrison of between 3000 and 4000 men can be easily accommodated, and supplied with ample stores, within the walls of the Castle.

At the same time, the Heights on the other side of the town, which command the Castle, were also fortified. Barracks were built on the hill above the town, and a passage made to them from it, by a perpendicular shaft, having three distinct sets of stairs within it, of 140 steps each. The entrance to this Grand Shaft, as it is called, is in Snargate-street, and the visitor would do well to ascend it for the sake of the view of the town he will obtain from the hill above. The barracks are large and complete. Above them on the right is a good-sized battery, called the Drop Redoubt. This is connected with a much larger one to the westward, called the Grand Redoubt. Both these are surrounded by deep and wide ditches. Some way to the south-west, and on the highest part of the lofty hill, is the chief of these works, the Citadel, a very complete battery, with all the outworks and appliances of the most approved character. All these extensive fortifications are connected with each other by covered ways and regular lines of communication. The entire area inclosed within the lines is arranged so as to contain a numerous army; and though at such a lofty elevation, an ample supply of water is provided by numerous wells and tanks. The batteries are not now mounted with cannon, nor indeed have the works ever been completed; but if completed and mounted, Dover would be the strongest military position in the country.

The views from these Heights are of wondrous extent, and of a very impressive character—hardly the less impressive, as you look from a battery, from the recollection of the service the place you are standing on is intended to be applied to. The fortifications are not open to the general visitor; but he may, of course, stroll as he pleases about the Heights, outside the lines of circumvallation. If he wish to see something of the nature of a fortification, he can visit the Castle, where under certain regulations the whole of the works may be seen. The views about the Castle are, as we said, both extensive and beautiful. The Castle-hill is 325 feet above the sea; and though the Heights are much loftier, perhaps the views are not much finer. The French coast is often seen with extraordinary distinctness from the Castle.

Of the ecclesiastical edifices that were once numerous in Dover, the relics are few and unimportant. Out of the seven churches that formerly stood in the town, only two are left. St Mary's, by the market-place, is one of them, and is worth inspecting. The tower, with its rows of blank arcades, is a characteristic, though not very handsome, specimen of a Norman tower. It has been restored in a very satisfactory manner. The other old church stands near the 'Steps' which lead by many a wearying turn to the Castle. This also has some Norman features. There is a third church in the town which was erected a few years ago. The churches of Charlton and Hougham-in-Dover, may, from the growing out of the suburbs, be also considered as now belonging to the town. Of the churches that have fallen into desuetude, only a shapeless fragment of one remains; and it is so blocked in by the houses and hovels huddled together by the market-place, that only so much of it as rises above their roofs is visible. The tower of another church remained till 1836.

Of the monasteries and other religious houses, the remains are as few as of the old churches. The most extensive remains are those of the Augustinian Priory of St. Martin. The space inclosed by the priory-wall may be yet easily made out. A farm-

house stands amidst the ruins, and the whole estate is now known as the Priory Farm. The refectory of the monks—a goodly hall 100 feet in length, is converted into a barn. A Gate-house is the only other relic that is at all in a tolerable state of preservation. Hubert de Burgh, the brave defender of Dover Castle, founded a religious hospital at Dover, which he called the "Maison Dieu." He placed it near the entrance of the town, and furnished ample endowment for a certain number of brothers and sisters, whose employment was to consist in the due performance of religious services, and the entertainment of pilgrims and wayfarers, who should claim their hospitality. A part of the church is all that remains; and that, after undergoing many changes, now serves for a jail and a sessions-house. The body of the church is the Town-hall. The vaults below are the prisoners' cells. The tower is made the governor's residence. The lady-chapel serves for a sessions-room.

We must not leave Dover without some notice of its Harbour, and of the proposed Harbour of Refuge. The original haven is believed to have occupied part of the site of the present town. Gradually the sea appears to have receded till it wholly left the valley. We shall not follow the changes made in the harbour; it may suffice to state that, from time to time, very large sums of money have been expended in its maintenance and improvement. The most recent alterations and extensions have made it nearly all, probably, that a tidal harbour is capable of being made in a place so exposed as this, and which can only be maintained by a continual struggle with the elements. But, notwithstanding all its improvements, the harbour is still only a tidal harbour; and, when clear of shingle, only for about five hours on the average is there a depth of ten feet of water at the entrance; consequently it is only to a confined extent that it is available, and for ships but of moderate burden. The number of vessels that enter it is considerable; but very many more would gladly use it, were it possible to do so—especially in foul weather: at such a time, however, the entrance is seldom safe. In 1844, a Government Commission, consisting of naval and military officers and civil engineers, was appointed to consider the subject in all its bearings. In their Report, the Commissioners strongly urge the superior advantages of Dover above every other port from Portland to Harwich: and they recommend "that a harbour be constructed in Dover Bay, with an area of 520 acres, up to low-water mark, or 380 acres without the two-fathoms edge; with an entrance 700 feet wide on the south front, and another of 150 feet at the east end. Entertaining the strong opinion we have expressed, of the necessity of providing, without delay, a sheltered anchorage in Dover Bay, we venture to urge upon your Lordships' attention the advantage of immediately beginning the work by carrying out that portion which is to commence at Cheesman's Head. Whatever may be finally decided upon as to the form and extent of the works in Dover Bay, the pier from Cheesman's Head, run out into seven fathoms water, appears to be indispensable as a commencement, and it will afford both facility and shelter to the works to be subsequently carried on for their completion. This will give sheltered access to the present harbour during south-west gales, and protect it from the entrance of shingle from the westward: it will afford time, also, for observation on the movement of the shingle within the bay, and for further inquiry as to the tendency which harbours of large area on this part of the coast may have to silt up." The expense of the proposed works at Dover is estimated at £2,500,000.

The pier is begun, as suggested, at Cheesman's Head. At present the advance made is not very great, and it will of necessity proceed but slowly. The work can only be carried on in tolerably fair weather at any time; while the difficulties will continually increase as it advances into deep water. The outer wall will have to be built in from seven to eight fathoms (or from forty to fifty feet) of water; and that, too, in an open sea. It has been proposed to build this wall on shore, in iron caissons

of 100 feet length each (or of other lengths, according to circumstances), and then to float out these separate portions, and sink them in the positions they are to occupy; a plan, it is thought, which will enable the work to be carried on much more rapidly, and at a far less expense, than by the use of the diving-bell. But the method of executing this part of the work will be eventually determined by the experience gained in constructing the pier which is being carried out from the shore. The delays and injuries the works will be subjected to by the south-westerly gales, so prevalent on this coast, can only be understood by those who have had frequent opportunities of witnessing these gales. On the 7th of October, 1850, a violent storm occurred, in which the temporary works, machinery, &c., were to a great extent destroyed, but the pier itself sustained little or no injury.

It is intended to form the harbour by a breakwater, which shall run out for rather more than a quarter of a mile from Cheesman's Head—a slightly projecting piece of land near the railway-terminus—and inclose the bay to about half a mile beyond the pier, called Smith's Folly. The greatest width of the harbour, from the beach to the western entrance, will be nearly three-quarters of a mile; the length from east to west will be about a mile and a quarter.

FOLKESTONE.

The coastway from Dover to Folkestone runs along the summit of a range of lofty chalk cliffs. You take the road past the Artillery Barracks, and speedily mount the Shakspere Cliff, whose form the most entire stranger cannot fail at once to recognise as a familiar object,—so multifarious are the representations of it that have been published in every shape, and drawn in every sketch-book and album. Shakspere's lines, are familiar to everybody. The high and bending head of the cliff, however no longer looks fearfully into the confined deep; but then we know that, from the earliest mention of it down to last winter, its altitude has been constantly diminishing, and the outline has been inclining from the sea, owing to the continual falling of large portions from the brow, while the slope of the hill is inland. The seven miles along the cliffs between Dover and Folkestone afford a succession of views of exceeding beauty, and many of much grandeur. As you pass along, the giant works of the South-Eastern Railway—a triumph here of engineering skill—curiously break the uniformity of the cliffs;—now running into the heart of one huge mass, and presently emerging from another—now passing over a viaduct of complex structure, and then along the bottom of a deep cutting. For part of the way there extends a considerable undercliff—like the more celebrated one in the Isle of Wight—which has doubtless been formed by an enormous "slip" from the heights above.

Folkestone itself is an ancient town. It has decayed and revived more than once. Its present comparatively prosperous condition is owing to its having been made by the South-Eastern Railway Company the chief station for their Boulogne steamers, and consequently the principal port for communication with France. The extraordinary increase of the customs'-dues since the establishment of the Custom-house here, will be best shown by the statement of Mr. M'Gregor, Chairman of the South-Eastern Company, at a recent meeting of the Railway Shareholders, that the Custom-house receipts at Folkestone, in 1847, were £4008; in 1848, they had increased to £8218; while in 1849, they actually reached £42,260; and in the first six months of 1850, they amounted to £41,316. The objects of interest in Folkestone are not many; the chief is the church, which is ancient, but not very handsome.

LONDON TO CANTERBURY AND DOVER.

	From London Bridge.	Stations.	From Dover.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
	11	.... Croydon .... (as Brighton line.)	77	
Nutfield, 3 miles. Picturesque village church. ..	19	... Merstham ... Station at end of Tunnel, which is 1820 yards long.	69	Merstham Church has some interesting architectural details. Gatton, 1½ miles, a once notorious rotten borough. Gatton House, a noble mansion, the residence of the Countess of Warwick.
	21	.....Reigate..... (See Brighton Table.)	67	
Bletchingley, 3 miles. An old and partly decayed town: population, 1,400. Contains many fine old houses. Godstone, 2½ miles. A quiet village, lying in the midst of a pleasant country...	27	.... Godstone. ...	61	Horne, 4 miles. Very picturesque old Church. Crowhurst, 2 miles. Crowhurst Place, an interesting old manor-house.
Westerham, 5 miles. The birth-place of General Wolfe and Bishop Hoadley.	32	... Edenbridge ...	56	Town one long straggling street. Hever Castle, 2 miles, the birth-place of Anna Boleyn; now a farm-house: very interesting example of a castellated mansion.
Sevenoaks, 6 miles. Adjoining the town is Knole Park, famous for its beeches. The mansion, a remarkably fine old building, full of objects of interest, is open to the public.	37	... Penshurst ...	51	Penshurst, 2½ miles. Village exceedingly picturesque. Penshurst Castle, birth-place of Philip Sydney. Castle very interesting: Park contains fine trees.
Tunbridge, an old town. Remains of Castle; Grammar School.	41	... Tunbridge ... (Branch on the right to Tunbridge Wells.)	47	
	46	. Paddock Wood . (Branch on left to Maidstone.	42	Brenchley, 2½ miles. Ancient Church; mineral waters.
	51	.....Mardeu	37	
	53	... Staplehurst ...	35	Cranbrook, 5 miles. A neat county town. Ruins of Sissinghurst Castle, 6 miles.

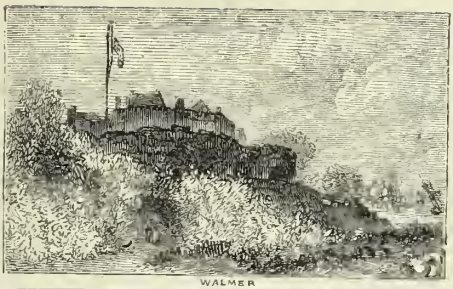
	From London Bridge.	Stations.	From Dover.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
Village on left of the line. Sutton Valence, 4 miles. A picturesque neighbourhood.	56	.... Headcorn	32	Biddenden, 4 miles.
Pluckley, 1½ miles. Charing, 4½ miles. A picturesque place; village contains some good old half-timber houses. ..	62	.... Pluckley	26	Bethersden, 2 miles.
Town on left. Large markets; good Church. A "New Town," consisting chiefly of dwellings of workmen employed by the Railway Company, has sprung up, close by the railway.	67	... . ASHFORD.... Principal Station and Locomotive Works of South-Eastern Company. Branch line on left to Canterbury and Isle of Thanet: on right to Hastings.	21	Chart Magna, 1½ miles.

ASHFORD TO CANTERBURY.

	From London Bridge.	Stations.	From Canterbury.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
Eastwell, 2 miles. ... ... Godmersham Park, 3 miles.	72	..... Wye ..... Line frequently crosses the Stour.	9	Village on right.
Chilham, village on left. Chilham Park and Castle. Feversham, 7 miles.	76	.... Chilham	5	Denge Wood on right of river Stour. Some very good scenery.
	81	. CANTERBURY. .		

ASHFORD TO DOVER.

	From London Bridge.	Stations.	From Dover.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
Postling, 2 miles. ... ... Lyminge, 3 miles.	75	Westernhanger and Hythe.	13	Westernhanger House, a very ancient manor-house, now a farm-house. Saltwood Castle, 2 miles. A picturesque ruin; part a farm-house. Hythe, 3 miles. Very interesting town and neighbourhood. Crypt under Church. Lympne, 2 miles from Hythe, a famous Roman station: interesting remains.
Cliffs. Railway cuttings and works along the coast.	83	... Folkestone ...	5	Harbour; Church.
	88	.....DOVER.....		



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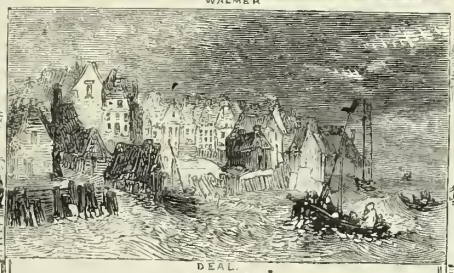

DEAL

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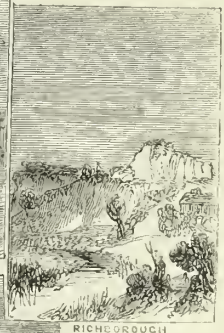
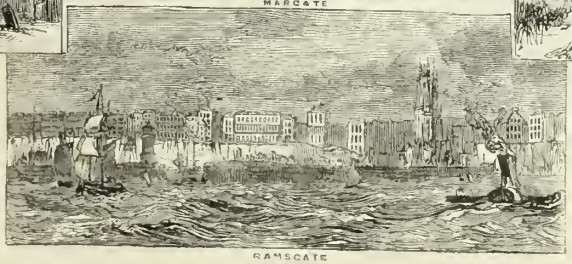


RICHBOROUGH



RAMSGATE

KNIGHTS

EXCURSION

COMPANION.

ISLE OF THANET,
SANDWICH, AND DEAL.

N. IV.

THE ISLE OF THANET.

This old island, lying at the extremity of Kent, and below the point—*Ove nei salsi flutti Il bel Tamigi amareggiando intoppa*—where, in the salt waves the beautiful Thames falls with an embittered stream,*—has been for many generations the favourite summer resort of the Londoners. During the summer, swift and convenient steamboats are daily carrying down hundreds to Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs—all places within the limits of Thanet. The perfect ease and comfort with which these bathing places are reached from the metropolis is one grand recommendation. Now, as well as by the steamers, the isle may be reached by the South-Eastern Railway and its branches, which, carrying the traveller through a most picturesque and interesting country, and by Canterbury and its glorious Cathedral, lands him at Margate or Ramsgate in somewhat less than five, and by express train in three, hours. When favoured by the tide, the steamboat voyage to Margate seldom occupies more than five hours and a half. But to reach Ramsgate by water, if the wind is blowing and the sea at all rough, is rather a formidable voyage for the unpractised landsman. Most Londoners know what is meant by doubling the North Foreland. It is their Cabo Tormentoso.† But what are these terrors, and what this quarter-of-an-hour's discomfort, compared with the prolonged dangers and sufferings of those strange floating arks, the Margate and Ramsgate "hoys," which preceded the elegant and swift steamboats that now run? It once fell to our own lot to be three days and nights cooped up in the crowded and not over-sweet-smelling cabin of a hoy, between London Bridge and Margate. But we have known of other martyrs who were a whole week making the voyage!

It will not be difficult to show that the Londoners have made a good choice of the scenes for their bathing and pastime; and that, besides the facility of approach and the perfect salubrity of the air, the Isle of Thanet offers many other advantages. It is rich in historical associations. There is not, perhaps, in the whole length and breadth of our island one spot that has been the scene of more interesting events. It is the most English (or most *anciently* English) of any part of these realms; for here the Anglo-Saxons first landed from the Continent, and here they made their first fixed settlement. Vortigern, the British king who wanted their aid against the Scots and Picts, made over the isle to them; and here our Anglo-Saxon ancestors had their head-quarters and their homes, ten—or perhaps twenty—years before they spread themselves and achieved the conquest of the rest of Kent. This, too, was the soil first trodden by the missionaries of Christianity; and—yielding only to the claim of St. Martin's Church, Canterbury—the second Christian church ever erected in England

* Ariosto, Orlando Furioso.

† The Cape of Torments—the first name bestowed by the Portuguese navigators on the Cape of Good Hope.

raised its humble head within the limits of this island. From this fair isle, and from the contiguous city of Canterbury, first proceeded the light of the Gospel, which gradually spread throughout the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms. Other associations, though less pleasant, still highly interesting, are by no means wanting. Thanet witnessed the conflicts of the Roman legions and ancient Britons; of the Romanized Britons and the fierce Saxons; and of the Saxons and still fiercer Danes. Traces of these wars are to be detected over nearly the whole surface of the island. Here we have a British embankment, here the outlines of a Roman camp, here remnants of tumuli or mounds which the Britons and Saxons raised over their dead, and which afterwards served as defensive works. The outlines of the island have been changed. That which was a great river (the Stour) has become comparatively a small one; that which was an arm of the sea, flowing in a deep bed and with a copious stream all round from Sandwich Bay and the Roman walls of Richborough to the Roman towers at Reculver and Herne Bay, is now blocked up, and in part marshy and in part solid and well-cultivated land; but the interior of the isle has suffered but few important changes. There the marches of the old armies are to be followed, and their battle-fields easily discovered.

The island is gently undulated nearly all over; there are few trees, and the want of foliage and verdure is a drawback from the beauty of the island; but in some of the glens or hollows the scenery is green, secluded, and charming. The farms are extensive, and give that kind of pleasure which is always conveyed by a sight of the evidences of prosperity. Some of the old farm-houses are exceedingly picturesque, and so are many of the groups of cottages. To one long accustomed to the numerous enclosures, the minute divisions of fields, and the constant intersection of hedge-rows and ditches in much of the country neighbouring on London, there is something novel and exhilarating in the open unenclosed surfaces of Thanet. For a walk, or for a good uninterrupted canter on horse or pony, we scarcely know better ground, either in winter or in summer. The chalk cliffs on the sea-shore offer another delightful walk at all seasons, except when the easterly winds have it all to themselves. Even after the heaviest rains the paths along them are found dry and pleasant. Some good father or abbot of Monkton inscribed at the west end of the church of his monastery:

Insula rotunda Tanatus quam circuit unda,
Fertilis et munda, nulli est in orbe secunda:

Isle Thanet is round, wave and water abound;
It is fertile and fair; the like is nowhere.

The monkish inscription has disappeared under the barbarous brush of some plasterer and whitewasher of the last century; but you may still see the place on the wall where it was; and from the tower of Monkton Church, or the tower of Old Minster, you may survey a good part of the island, and judge for yourself whether the praise of the old Latin rhymester went very far beyond the truth.

Whatever may be the origin of its name—and etymologists and local historians have differed very widely concerning it—the Isle of Thanet, from the first dawn of our history, has been a place of great note. It contains about forty square miles, with a settled population, which, at the Census of 1841, amounted to 31,466, and which has greatly increased since then. If numbers were to be counted during what is called "the height of the season," they would form a startling total. The number of disembarkations from the steamers at Margate alone have exceeded 100,000 in the summer. On the Saturdays during the season it was, before the opening of the

railway, not uncommon to see 800 to 1000 landed there from the different steamers. But these must not all be taken as new arrivals; the male part of the visitors generally go up and down to London for their business, leaving their families on the coast.

Thanet is now separated from the mainland only by the narrow channels of the Stour, one of which, scarcely discernible, runs through the marshes to the æstuary of the Thames at Reculver; and the other, in rather a copious stream, enters the German Ocean at Pegwell Bay, near Richborough Castle and the antiquated town of Sandwich. The Stour has two main branches, distinguished as the Greater and Lesser Stour. The Greater Stour is formed by two streams, which flow along the valley between the North Downs and the green-sand hills in opposite directions; one coming from the north-west near Lenham, the other from the south-east not far from Hythe on the coast; they unite near Ashford, and, turning to the north-east, pass through a depression in the North Downs, and flow by Wye and Canterbury to the neighbourhood of Sarre, in the Isle of Thanet. Here the Stour parts into two branches, one of which falls into the æstuary of the Thames, and the other into Pegwell Bay, as we have mentioned. The Lesser Stour rises near Lyminge, about three miles north from Hythe, and, flowing north by east to Barham, (above which it sometimes becomes dry,) turns north by west, and skirting Barham Downs, flows to Bridge, near Canterbury. Here it makes another bend, and runs north-east into that arm of the Greater Stour which falls into Pegwell Bay. The two arms of the Stour, which insulate Thanet, were once a channel three or four miles over, which received several streams beside the Greater and Lesser Stour. This channel was called the Wantsum. The channel continued to be navigable for ships of tolerable burthen in the reign of King Henry VIII. Fragments of old vessels, old anchors, and the like, have been discovered in what was once the bed of this sea-channel, but which is now pasture-land, or covered with corn-fields. Subsequently to the time of Henry VIII., the waters of the northern branch having been distributed by means of flood-gates over the land, the arm from the Stour to Reculver became too small for navigation, and was for a period quite dry in the neighbourhood of Sarre, so that Thanet became a peninsula rather than an island. A cut from the Stour restored the continuity of the water-course, but this north channel has never since been used for navigation, and is so narrowed and shallowed for the greater part, that in the dry seasons it may be passed without notice as a nameless brook or runnel. The traveller may go through Sarre, or by Reculver, or out of the island from any point thereabout, without perceiving where the isle begins or ends, and, indeed, without knowing, from the evidence of his own sight, that it has been an island at all. It is otherwise on the side of Minster, and towards Richborough, for there the Greater Stour is a considerable stream flowing between Thanet and the rest of Kent, down to the German Ocean. This river is navigable from Pegwell Bay and Sandwich up to Fordwich, about two miles below Canterbury. Both the Greater and Lesser Stour abound in fish, and contain excellent trout; salmon-trout nine pounds weight are taken in the Greater Stour, as well as a peculiar species called the Fordwich trout, which are both larger and of a finer flavour. Without quitting the Isle of Thanet, the angler, at the proper seasons of the year, may enjoy very good sport by following the river from Minster towards its mouth on the sea, or by ascending it in the direction of Stour Mouth and Sarre.

In the time of the Venerable Bede, who lived and wrote in the second half of the seventh century, and first quarter of the eighth, the breadth of the channel which flowed round the island had diminished to three furlongs, and it was usually passable at two places only, namely, at Sarre and Stonar, the last being an old Saxon town, not far from Richborough, of which town scarcely a trace is now left. It must have

stood very near the spot, close by the high road to Sandwich, where visitors now take the ferry-boat to get to Richborough Castle. Yet was this Stonar a place of fame in the olden time. Here, or close by, Turkill, the Dane, fought a terrible battle with the English; and, here, at a more recent period, the somewhat lawless mariners and townspeople of Sandwich and the turbulent Thanet islanders had many a conflict.

The ferries across the Wantsum appear to have been at a very early time managed by the monastic bodies who rose so rapidly in this part of Kent, and who afterwards did so much in reclaiming the land, and protecting, it by strong embankments, against inundation. In a rude map of the island formerly belonging to the Abbey of St. Augustine, Canterbury, there is a quaint old drawing or illumination which has often been engraved. It represents a pretty large boat with a man sitting in the stern of it; and a lay brother, with a cross on his right arm, and a staff in his right hand, is carrying a monk on his back to the boat. The name of the place marked on the map is Sarre. Bede, who certainly was a traveller, and not always shut up in his cell at Wearmouth, speaks of the fords and of the isle as if he had seen them. "There is," says he, "on the east side of Kent the Isle of Thanet of a considerable bigness, according to the English way of reckoning, consisting of 600 families, which the river Wautsum divides from the continent, which river is about three furlongs broad, and passable over only in two places; and it goes into the sea at both its ends."

Various causes contributed to turn what was originally an arm of the sea into a river, or the bed of two rivers, and then to change the greater part of a broad river into a narrow one. By these causes the port of Richborough came to be lost, the passage round the island by water became impracticable, and Sandwich Haven, long one of our principal ports, got choked with sand. Coincident circumstances, though having no relation to one another except in the accidental order of time, are often mistaken by the ignorant for the cause and effect. The story of the old Sandwich man, who attributed the loss of Sandwich Haven to the erection of Tenterden steeple, has passed into a standing illustration—often doing yeoman's service to newspaper writers and orators. Sir Thomas More's version of the story is familiar to all, but it was first and most quaintly told by old Bishop Latimer in one of his sermons.

In ancient times, ships and fleets of ships proceeding to the Continent, entered this strait by Reculver, and, going round the Isle of Thanet, issued from it at Richborough and Sandwich; and ships and fleets coming from the Continent for London, entered by Sandwich Haven and Richborough, and issued from it at Reculver. The North Foreland, and the heavy seas which often break upon it, were thus avoided. In the year 360, Lupicinus, a Roman commander, and *magister armorum*, or master of the ordnance, coming from Boulogne, took this route by Richborough as the nearest cut and smoothest voyage to the mouth of the Thames. Long after this, in A.D. 1052, Harold's fleet having plundered the eastern coast of Kent, went through these quiet inland waters. But in the long interval of these two recorded voyages, thousands of ships passed through, and the passage was threaded by better men than Lupicinus or the marauding Harold. In the year 600, or thereabout, Saint Augustine and his companions, after traversing Italy, the Alps, Switzerland, and France, embarked at Witsand, near Boulogne, sailed to Richborough, and passing that place landed at or near to Sarre, whence they advanced to the fields and groves near Canterbury, to meet King Ethelbert, to find in him a ready convert, and to lay the broad foundations of the Christian church in these realms.

These are recollections to hallow the old Roman walls of Richborough, and the windings of the Greater Stour, and the hills and plains of all this part of the country, in the eyes of every educated, right-minded Englishman.

The fertility of the soil of the Isle of Thanet was attributed by the monkish writers to the coming of Saint Augustine, the first apostle to the English. They represent it as a land happy in its fecundity—*Felix tellus, Tanet sua fecunditate.* And let not modern scepticism and self-sufficiency tax those old writers with superstition. The Christian missionaries taught our rude ancestors habits of industry, and agriculture, and many useful arts of which they had previously been ignorant; and the successors of Saint Augustine, the Bishops and Abbots of Canterbury, and the Monks of Minster, drained the wet soil, drew strong dikes along the water-courses, and gave to the plough and spade wide tracks of rich alluvial soil, which had theretofore been under water, or unproductive impassable swamps.

One of the charms of the Isle of Thanet is its compactness. Every point within it may be reached by a short ride or walk. A good pedestrian may take a glance at most that is interesting in it in the course of a day. But, so numerous are the objects of interest it contains, that the island may occupy and amuse him for a week or more.

The common guide books will point out the roads and paths, and "hostels" and other places of entertainment; so that on these matters we need say nothing. It signifies little where we begin; but before we notice the modern features of the Isle of Thanet, let us say a few words upon the old Roman stations of RICHBOROUGH and RECULVER.

Ascending the narrow road which passes the cottage at the foot of the bank, we reach some masses of wall which lie below the regular plan. Passing by these fragments we are under the north (strictly north-east) wall—a wondrous work, calculated to impress us with a conviction that the people who built it were not the petty labourers of an hour, who were contented with temporary defences and frail resting-places. Here stand the walls of Richborough, as they have stood for eighteen hundred years, from twenty to thirty feet high, in some places with foundations five feet below the earth, eleven or twelve feet thick at the base, with their outer masonry in many parts as perfect as at the hour when their courses of tiles and stones were first laid in beautiful regularity. The northern wall is five hundred and sixty feet in length. From the eastern end, for more than two-fifths of its whole length, it presents a surface almost wholly unbroken. It exhibits seven courses of stone, each course about four feet thick, and the courses separated each from the other by a double line of red or yellow tiles, each tile being about an inch and a half in thickness. The entrance to the camp through this north wall is very perfect. This was called by the Romans the Porta Principalis, but in after times the Postern-gate. We pass through this entrance, and we are at once in the interior of the Roman Castle. The area within the walls is a field of five acres, much higher in most places than the ground without; and therefore the walls present a far more imposing appearance on their outer side. As we pass along the north wall to its western extremity, it becomes much more broken and dilapidated; large fragments having fallen from the top, which now presents a very irregular line. It is considered that at the north-west and south-west angles there were circular towers. The west wall is very much broken down; and it is held that at the opening was the Decuman-gate (the gate through which ten men could march abreast). The south wall is considerably dilapidated; and from the nature of the ground is at present of much less length than the north wall. Immense cavities present themselves in this wall, in which the farmer deposits his ploughs and harrows, and the wandering gipsy seeks shelter from the driving north-east rain. The wall is in some places completely pierced through; so that here is a long low arch, with fifteen or eighteen feet of solid work, ten feet thick, above it, held up almost entirely by the lateral cohesion.

In the field within the walls of Richborough, there is, at the depth of a few feet, between the soil and rubbish, a solid regular platform, one hundred and forty-four feet in length, and one hundred and four feet in breadth, being a most compact mass of masonry composed of flint stones and strong coarse mortar. Upon this platform is placed a second compact mass of masonry, rising nearly five feet above the lower mass, in the form of a cross, very narrow in the longer part, which extends from the south to the north (or, to speak more correctly, from the south-west to the north-east), but in the shorter transverse of the cross, which is forty-six feet in length, having a breadth of twenty-two feet. Looking at the greater height of the ground within the walls compared with the height without, we are inclined to believe that this platform, which is five feet in depth, was the open basement of some public building in the Roman time. To what purpose it was applied in the Christian period, whether of Rome or of Britain, we think there can be no doubt. Leland, who looked upon it three centuries ago, tells us distinctly, "Within the Castle is a little parish church of Saint Augustine, and an hermitage." When Camden saw the place, nearly a century after Leland, the little parish church was gone. The cross is decidedly of a later age than the platform; the masonry is far less regular and compact.

The Roman remains still existing at Reculver are less interesting than those at Richborough, chiefly because they are of less magnitude, and are more dilapidated. Very close to the ruins of the ancient church, whose spires were once held in such reverence that ships entering the Thames were wont to lower their top-sails as they passed, is an area, now nearly under the plough, and partly a kitchen-garden. It is somewhat elevated above the surrounding fields; and, descending a little distance to the west of the ruined church, we are under the Roman wall, which still stands up on the western and southern sides with its layers of flat stone and concrete, defying the dripping rain and the insidious ivy. The Castle stood upon a natural rising ground, beneath which still flows the thread-like stream of the river Stour, or Wantsum. Although it was once the key of the northern mouth of the great æstuary, it did not overhang the sea on the northern cliff, as the old church-ruin now hangs. When the legions were here encamped, it stood far away from the dashing of the northern tide, which for many generations has been here invading the land with an irresistible power. Century after century has the wave been gnawing at this cliff; and as successive portions have fallen, the bare sides have presented human bones, and coins, and fragments of pottery, and tesselated pavements, which told that man had been here, with his comforts and luxuries around him, long before Ethelbert was laid beneath the floor of the Saxon church, upon whose ruins the sister spires of the Norman rose, themselves to be a ruin, now preserved only as a sea-mark.

MARGATE.

As Margate was a place of some note when Ramsgate as yet was not, or was only a fishing village of the narrowest dimensions; and as ten people land at Margate for one that lands at any other part of the island, we will begin our modern descriptions with Margate.

Like most of the watering-places, Margate is of comparatively recent origin, though not so recent as several of its rivals. At an early period, it ranked among the Cinque Ports, though only as a member subordinate to Dover. When Leland wrote his 'Itinerary,' in the reign of Henry VIII., Margate possessed a pier for ships, but it was "sore decayed." It remained till towards the close of the last century a little humble fishing-town. Hasted, in his 'History of Kent,' which was published in 1799, says, "The town of Margate was till of late years, a poor inconsiderable fishing-town, built for the most part in the valley adjoining the harbour, the houses of which were in general mean and low; one dirty narrow lane, called King-street, having been the principal street of it." But before that time new streets, and even squares, had been erected for the accommodation of the visitors who began to flock to it. Cecil-square, built in 1769, by several gentlemen, at the head of whom was a Mr. Cecil, was the first of this better class of buildings erected. During the present century, the town has extended on both sides and inland; and now contains numerous good streets, terraces, and squares, with many well-built houses; is well lighted with gas, paved, and has an abundant supply of good spring water. The principal dependence of the inhabitants is now, of course, on the visitors; but there is still a rather considerable fishery, chiefly of haddock, skate, soles and other flat fish; there is also a little trade with the Netherlands. At the census of 1841, Margate contained 11,050 inhabitants.

The public buildings of the town are mostly those provided for the amusement or the convenience of visitors. The Assembly Room, Cecil-square, is one of the largest of this kind of edifices in our sea-side watering-places; and it is complete and convenient in its arrangements. Externally, the building is rather handsome, and the portico or colonnade supported by coupled Doric columns, which surrounds it, forms a suitable finish to the pile, and affords a tolerably wide covered promenade. The principal room, which is eighty-seven feet long, and forty-three feet wide, is fitted up in a very ornamental style, and is a really handsome apartment. Billiard-rooms, and coffee-rooms, with the other apartments which are usually found in such buildings, of course, form a part of this. The town possesses a theatre, libraries, several excellent hotels, and the other buildings which, with the various classes of lodging-houses, make up the ordinary features of pleasure towns. The Town Hall, a plain building near the market-place, contains several portraits of persons of local and general celebrity. The Market House appears to be sufficiently commodious for its purpose. The market, which is well supplied, is held on Wednesday and Friday. The Droit-office, situated at the end of the pier, is, with its portico and illuminated clock, rather an ornamental edifice. Of the appearance of the Custom-house and the Post-office there is not much to be said.

For the religious worship of both townsmen and visitors the provision appears to be ample. St. John's, the old Church of Margate, has been sadly battered and barbarized; but it is an edifice of venerable antiquity; it has curious old bells, and a curious old font, and some very curious tombs and antique brasses, with inscriptions imploring our prayers for the dead that lie beneath. The Church, a few years back, underwent considerable repairs; and, like all the repairs that are now undertaken in ecclesiastical buildings, they were conducted with good taste, and in keeping with the original style of the edifice. Trinity Church, built in 1825, is a neat structure in the pointed style, with a tower 135 feet high, towards the erection of which the Trinity Company largely contributed, it being intended to serve the purpose of a sea-mark. Besides the churches there are Roman Catholic, Wesleyan Methodist, Independent, and other chapels. The most characteristic of the charities of the good town is the Royal Sea Bathing Infirmary, at Westbrook, which was founded mainly by the instru-

mentality of Dr. Lettsom, in 1792, in order to enable the sick poor to participate in the advantages of sea-bathing. The benefits of the institution are now extended to more than 200 patients, chiefly from the metropolis and its vicinity. There are also in the town a dispensary, almshouses, and other benevolent institutions.

After the Pier, the principal walks are the Marine-terrace, an excellent promenade 1500 feet long, protected by a sea-wall: and running parallel to it is the Esplanade about a quarter of a mile long. The railway station is in Marine-terrace.

In the "Hoy" days there were public gardens, and public breakfasts, with music, and dancing on well-kept lawns at Dandelion; but Dandelion is now a farm-house (though still deserving of a visit on account of the tower and picturesque gatehouse of its ancient manor-house). The Tivoli Gardens have been obscured by the high chalk viaduct of the railway; nevertheless, there are in the season piping, and dancing, and fireworks, and other amusements, albeit the support given to the proprietor is but poor. It appears that there has been a general decay of custom and attendance at these places. Ranelagh, at the neighbouring village of St. Peter's, though a pretty place, and with good exhibitions, and music, and good appliances for dancing, has had but poor seasons of it lately, though Margate, and Ramsgate, and all the other lodging-places, have been crowded. There is also a racecourse. The other places of resort are numerous in the town and the neighbourhood; and have they not been sung of in heroic verse by Peter Theophilus Turner, Schoolmaster and Poet Laureate of Margate? There is a Bazaar, and there is another Bazaar called (the godfathers of misnomers best know why!) *the Boulevard*, where ladies in white muslin (and measureless bustles) play upon pianos; and gentlemen and ladies try the "wheel of fortune," and shake dice-boxes at raffles. And of these Peter Theophilus chants:—

> "See, to the abode of goddesses we go,
> And proudly pass beneath grand portico;
> By fair Aglaia and Euphros'ne led,
> O'er velvet paths in chaste fantastic tread."

Then there are the Bathing Rooms, where crowds are collected every summer evening, and pianos played upon, and songs sung, while in the morning they abound with loungers, bathers, children, toys, and newspapers. Peter Theophilus Turner has the delicate mind of the true poet. He is afraid that the uninitiated may fancy that people bathe all together in the crowded rooms; and he therefore explains at starting that they do not:—

> "Along the borders of the Western strand,
> In High-street many Bathing-houses stand;
> Though thus they 're named, they are not strictly so:
> They 're only places where the bathers go
> To wait their turns of plunging in the sea,
> Which here they do with strictest decency."

The Clifton Baths are among the delights and wonders of Margate. They are cut out of the chalk cliff, and are really curious. There are winding passages, subterranean chambers, terraces, newspapers, of course spy-glasses, and an organ upon which everybody may play.

The Fort, near these Clifton Baths, has been converted into a very pleasant and open promenade. Beneath are the Pier and the Jetty. The Pier, which affords another excellent promenade—with a band in the evenings—is 901 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 26 feet high. It was constructed from the designs of Rennie, at an expense of upwards of £100,000. At the end of the pier is a lighthouse, built from

the design of Mr. Edmunds. From it is obtained a noble sea-view. The Jetty is still longer than the Pier. It also serves as a promenade, and a cool one and a pleasant one it is, except that to walk along it is like walking over a very long cold gridiron. According to the state of the tide at the time of the arrival of the steamers, either the Pier-head or the Jetty-head is crowded.

Behind the town, in the part called the "Dane," is a curious grotto cut out in the chalk, and prettily and fancifully covered with shells. It long passed for an antique; but it now appears that, although the Cave was old, the shell-work was done by an ingenious artisan of Margate, who some years ago went to America.

Such are a few of the lions of the place. But other amusements are not wanting. Italian organ-boys, image-boys, fortune-telling gipsies, bears and monkeys, a camel, hurdigurdies, conjurors, tumblers, fish-hawkers, shrimp-sellers, criers of fruit and vegetables, match-venders, sellers of corn-plaster, and the town bellman, keep the Fort—the choicest part of all Margate—alive and ringing, from eight o'clock in the morning till nine at night. And this busy and noisy time lasts all through June, July, August, and September. We have omitted many of the performers; but of one of those we have enumerated we must say a few words. And this is the Bellman—the famous Margate Bellman—in his blue coat, gilt buttons, red collar, gold lace, and gold laced hat—the noble Margate Bellman! rough and weather-beaten, and who always looks tipsy, without ever having been known to be so. Many are the years we have known him, and his bell, and his jokes. A friend, a humourist, a man of wit, who could find fun everywhere and in everything, but who, woe the while! is gone where there is no more laughing—used to say that were there no other public amusements in Margate, the public Bellman would be enough. He is a poet, our Bellman, and has often been the cause of poetry in others. He announces tea and cakes, tea-gardens, and skittle-grounds, in rhyme; he bids you to Tivoli or St. Peter's, in verse; he has rhymes for auctions and lost pocket-handkerchiefs, and a standing rhyming joke for a lady's lost bustle; he tells you of the departures and arrivals of steamers in rhyme; and he will sell you, for fourpence, the history of his life and adventures written in verse.

As for the natives they are nearly all lodging-house keepers, or letters of lodgings, or bedrooms. They work very hard during the season, and seem to care about doing very little during the other eight months of the year. About the middle of September the boats, and eke the trains, come down almost empty, and go back full, and this reflux of population to London soon leaves Margate as quiet as town can be. Then the matrons of the place count their gains, and take their ease and pleasure. The husbands—who take things easily during the toils of summer—are not very profitable during the long winter months, unless they are sailors, or fishermen, or boatmen:—there is not much that others can turn their hand to. Industry is at a low ebb at Margate—manufactures there are none; only a few ropes are spun, and a few fishing-nets are made. But even the most steady and industrious of the sailors get but precarious earnings during the winter months. As matters are, the sailors and boatmen have nothing to count upon during so many months, but the inshore fishing (often very unproductive), and "hovelling." We believe there was formerly a distinction between the various sorts of occupation; but "hovelling" now means carrying off provisions to a vessel, or aiding any vessel that may need assistance, or carrying off anchors, or looking after the fragments or cargo of such vessels as may be wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, &c. Many poor fellows are obliged to give up the fishing altogether, and to depend wholly upon hovelling and their summer savings. They thrive most when the winter is stormy. At times they get good salvage—dividing as much as £50, or £100, or even £150, and more, among six, eight, or ten. When extraor-

dinarily fortunate, a man may get as much as £50 for helping to save a ship from wreck. But these gains are very precarious: many are constantly on the look-out for ships; and generally the first boat that reaches the distressed ship gets all the prize. A considerable number of the best of these hovellers have lately, however, associated together, upon the principle that whatever is gained by any boat or party of them shall be thrown into a common stock, and then divided, share and share alike. This renders the gains of the calling somewhat more steady. The Admiralty droits, the dues of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, &c., materially diminish the profits obtained by the recovery of wrecked property.

During the winter, and whenever the weather is stormy or threatening, telescopes are employed to much better purpose than by the summer visitants. The pier-head is constantly lined by a few fellows in dreadnought coats, looking seaward with their glasses; a sharp look-out is kept from the Fort, and from other points: every part of the wide expanse of water—and at Margate you have very nearly the whole arc of the circle—is constantly swept by glasses; vigilant night watches are kept; and at any sight or sound of distress at sea, boats are launched and manned, and then away out to sea, however rough it may be, or however hard or from whatsoever quarter the wind may blow. Not a winter but these good fellows save some lives. By a strange misarrangement, there are rewards for saving goods, but none for rescuing mariners or passengers from their watery grave. This ought to be altered in the proper quarter; and Foreign Consuls ought to be enabled by their respective governments to act with rather more liberality than they are accustomed to do towards sailors, who have risked their lives in saving the lives of strangers.

It may be supposed that the winter amusements of Margate are few enough. The best of them is to be found in a smart walk on the Pier, and a long "yarn" from these mariners and hovellers. They have good tales to tell, and some of them can tell them well. Besides shipwrecks and founderings, and swampings and drownings close to the beach, their stories, and still more their traditions, embrace the adventures and hap-hazards of smuggling. When the Magistrates of the place thought it no disgrace to join in this illicit traffic; when nearly every man in the Isle of Thanet, from Reculver to Pegwell Bay and the Richborough mouth of the Stour, would, without scruple, speculate in smuggled goods, or purchase them for his own consumption, the trade was carried on most extensively and without any dishonour. That time is not very remote; but it may be said to have passed. Little, we believe very little, remains of smuggling, except the stories which are told about it.

Of the salubrity of Margate we must speak highly. We think it by far the healthiest place in the Isle of Thanet—we think the Fort one of the healthiest spots in England. Though so much exposed to the wind, it is during the winter some degrees warmer than any place in the neighbourhood of London. In the summer there are some complaints which it may not suit; but, generally speaking, the sick seem to recover their health there in a surprising manner.

About 2½ miles from Margate is the North Foreland, a promontory so called to distinguish it from another promontory called the "South Foreland," between Deal and Dover. It was well known to the Roman seaman under the name of Cantium Promontorium. The lighthouse which has long stood on this point, is not a very picturesque or striking object; but the dangerous neighbourhood of the Goodwin Sands, which lie off the promontory, renders it one of the most useful of our lighthouses. The sea views along the summit of the North Foreland Cliff are remarkably fine.

RAMSGATE.

As a watering-place Ramsgate is reckoned somewhat more select in its class of visitors than Margate. Margate visitors are almost exclusively citizens—Ramsgate boasts its peers and peeresses. But it is not so exclusively a watering-place. It has a considerable fishery; a very extensive local trade; and the harbour is much used, especially in stormy weather.

Ramsgate lies about 4½ miles south from Margate: from London it is 71 miles by road, and 97 miles by the railway. Its population in 1841 was 10,909, and it has since probably increased much more, relatively, than Margate. The port ranks among the Cinque Ports as a member of the liberty of Sandwich. Its history is quite unimportant. Its rise into reputation as a bathing-town is comparatively recent. It was a place of some trade in the reign of Elizabeth. Its trading consequence, however, dates almost entirely from the construction of the harbour.

The old part of Ramsgate is situated in one of those natural depressions (called in the Isle of Thanet "gates" or "stairs") in the chalk, which open upon the sea. This part of the town is low, compared with the higher parts on each side of it. The streets in the old part of the town are narrow and indifferently built. The newer part of Ramsgate, from its elevated site on the cliffs, commands an extensive sea-view, and consists of several streets well paved and lighted with gas. Many of the houses are very handsome; some are arranged in streets, terraces, or crescents, while others are detached villas. A considerable number of houses have been built within the last few years. There are, as at Margate, bathing-rooms, assembly-rooms, boarding and lodging houses, libraries, bazaars, &c. There was also a theatre, but lacking patronage it was a year or two back converted into a temperance hall. A new church, a chapel of ease, and several dissenting meeting-houses, provide for the religious worship of the inhabitants, and add to the architectural appearance of the town.

But the principal object in Ramsgate is unquestionably the harbour. It is formed by an eastern and a western pier, and is indeed a stupendous work. The east pier is nearly 3000 feet long, the west pier is 1500 feet long; they are both twenty-six feet wide. The entrance to the harbour is 240 feet wide. As a harbour of refuge it has been found of great value. As many as four hundred vessels have found shelter in it at once. The piers form admirable promenades, and afford splendid sea prospects. The Goodwin Sands are visible from them, and the Channel almost always displays a goodly number of vessels sailing to and fro. A lighthouse stands at the head of the west pier; a small fort is fixed at the head of the east pier. About twelve years back, a patent slip was constructed for building and repairing ships; it is 480 feet long and 60 feet wide, and will take vessels of 500 tons burden. The construction of the harbour gave a great impetus to the trade of Ramsgate; the coasting trade is now considerable, much coal is imported; and ship-building, with rope-making and dependent branches of industry, is largely carried on. The opening of the railway promised to add to the commerce of Ramsgate, by rendering it a chief station for steamers to Ostend and other Continental ports; but this promise has hardly been kept. Markets are held in the town on Wednesdays and Saturdays; and they are not only supplied by the farmers of Thanet, but vessels come over to attend them from the French coast.

Some of the public buildings are handsome edifices, but none require any particular

notice. St. George's Church, erected in 1827, is a rather ambitious pile. It will seat 2000 persons; the tower is above 130 feet high. St. Lawrence's is of Norman date—almost as ancient as Minster Church—the mother church, to which it was once but a chapel. It is nearly 600 years since the Archbishop of Canterbury made St. Lawrence's a parochial church. The various denominations appear to flourish here: there are chapels for Wesleyan and Primitive Methodists, General and Particular Baptists, Independents, Unitarians, and Jews. The obelisk near the pier commemorates the embarkation here of George IV. for Hanover. Formerly there was a curious framework of timber, including a very strange flight of wooden stairs, which was called "Jacob's ladder," and which led from the cliffs down to the sea beach. But this has been for some years superseded by a substantial flight of stone steps, of which the Ramsgaters are not a little proud. This flight of stairs, being sharp and steep, affords excellent exercise. Three runs up and down before breakfast are considered a specific in the way of appetite. There is also a green esplanade running along the cliffs, which is neatly and trimly kept. Indeed, there is abundant exercising-ground for the visitor on every side. One of the pleasantest walks, and the most frequent, is to PEGWELL BAY, which has for many generations enjoyed an unrivalled reputation for fresh shrimps, potted shrimps, and shrimp sauce. There is a pretty old village overhanging the bay, and lately a stately row of marine villas has been built above this village. In the village itself there is a superlatively good house of entertainment, where we may eat our fresh shrimps and our brown bread and butter, and quaff good mild Ramsgate ale, look over the sea, and watch, on the far-extending shoals of the bay, the patient operations of the shrimp-catchers—thus studying the philosophy of shrimp-catching whilst we are eating the shrimps that have just been caught. If it were only for the shrimps and brown bread and butter, every man of taste ought to go to Pegwell Bay, at least once a week, during his sojourn in our Isle of Thanet. But there are other charms about the place: the views are open and fine; towards sunset on a fine summer or autumn evening the aspect of Pegwell Bay is delightful. We have seen those broad sands and shoal waters reflecting all the tints of the rainbow, and looking, not like sand and salt sea water, but like a broad strip of fairy-land, paved with burnished gold and precious stones. This is a sight not to be lost. There are, too, round about here, as in other parts of Thanet, many old places of note, as Manston-Court, Ellington, Upper-Court, Nether-Court, &c., which, in the olden times, were the residences of knightly families, whose name and memory have long since passed away.

BROADSTAIRS being a very small place, has but few visitors. There is little for the tourist to see; and to enjoy the place one must be a summer visitor, regardless of display, and not hunting after what is called pleasure. Here, however, are slight vestiges of a couple of curious pieces of antiquity. York Gate is the relic of an old fort which formerly defended the little town; and near it are some remains of a chapel very famous in its day as the chapel of 'Our Lady of Bradestow,' who was in such estimation with sailors, that vessels as they passed the chapel used to lower their sails in her honour. Broadstairs has a handsome chapel of ease, and a dissenting chapel or two. It has also good hotels and lodging-houses. The spot itself is charming. With some occupation, and with pursuits requiring quiet, one may pass a right pleasant time there. The little green esplanade above the cliffs, with its neat row of houses—the hills that slope away from the shore—the miniature port with its rough quay, and small coasters and fishing-boats—and the glorious open sea, afford delight to the eye. Away from the cliffs and behind the town are some little green enclosures, flanked on one side by small clean-looking

houses that look delightfully cool and quiet—almost like the inner courts of some Benedictine convent in Italy.

About midway—going coastwise—between Broadstairs and Margate is KINGSGATE, daintily situated on another small bay or inlet. But Kingsgate is a place where we only refresh ourselves at the pleasant inn on the green hill, or where we only pic-nic in the cool grottos below; or lounge for an hour on the edge of the cliff, to look at that ivy-covered building on the opposite side of the inlet; for there are no lodging-houses here—nothing but the preventive service station, a small cottage or two, the 'Castle' yonder, and one or two gentlemen's houses behind us.

Loiterer! be not romantic in the wrong place, nor fancy that our 'Castle' is a relic of the feudal ages, nor conjure up knights in mailed armour to look over its battlements. What you see is but a modern antique. Those round flint towers, and those battlements, were all built by a not very popular nobleman, in the time of George III. But though a mere 'sham' there is beauty about this Kingsgate 'Castle.' It rises from a beautiful green slope, and the ivy of fifty years' growth has decorated its walls and towers, and made them picturesque.

When we want to enjoy the real antique, and to go back for a few hours to the best period of the monastic times, we walk across our little island to Minster and Monkton; and when we want to go back to the Roman period, we stretch along the isle either to Richborough or to Reculver.

MINSTER is a delightful village, with many old cottages and houses, gable-ended and picturesque, and with new houses, smug, formal, and unpicturesque, like nearly all the houses that are built now-a-days in country places. Here we stand on ground the first that was trodden by Christian feet. Here we are in the midst of monkish legends and traditions—some of them the most *naïve*, the most primitively simple that are to be found in Chronicle or Hagiology. Time, which spares nothing, and that fanaticism which would not spare even what was ancient, and venerable, and beautiful, and connected with the earliest periods of our history as a Christian people, have not spared that fine old church before you. Its tower is dilapidated, its old steeple gone; nearly all the stone mullions are gone; vile modern windows are put up in the body of the church; on the exterior not one of the many antique images which decorated it in the olden time, remains. But if we enter the church of Minster—once the church of a splendid and most wealthy monastery—we shall find matter whereupon to congratulate the good taste of our later days. The chancel has been beautifully and perfectly restored; its walls have been scraped clear of the plaster and accumulated whitewashings which Vandalism had put upon them; its round-headed long windows have been restored to their pristine condition; its open carved oak seats have been repaired, and completed where they had been broken away and carried off for fire-wood—the beauty of holiness reigns again in this chancel; other repairs and restorations have been effected in the body of the church; and the whole is kept in a truly exemplary state of neatness and cleanliness.

This is generally believed to be the oldest Christian church in England, with the exception only of Saint Martin's, Canterbury. Thorne, the monkish chronicler, a native of this parish, and a monk of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, tells us that a monastery was founded here Anno Domino 670; and he gives a legend explanatory of the occasion, which smacks of the very oldest time. There are many other legends attached to Minster; but we have not space to go into these visions of the past. The Danes were terrible enemies to the church and to the holy nuns. The father of King Canute burned it down, and scattered the poor virgins, and seized upon their lands, about the year 1027. But King Canute himself becoming a devout Christian, and

making a pilgrimage to the Church of St. Peter's, at Rome, tarried for a season among the monks of St. Augustine's, at Canterbury; and there vowed a vow, that if, by the grace of God, and the assistance of Saint Augustine, he should be brought back again in safety into his own kingdom, he would give the body of the blessed Saint Mildred to these excellent Canterbury monks, and would grant unto them the lands which in the first days of the felicity of the Church had appertained to the godly house of Minster. And Canute came back safe, and kept his vow like a Christian king. It was found that the barbarous Danes had not been able to burn the stone work of the church—the two chapels of Saint Mary, and Saint Peter, and Saint Paul, remained almost entire.

The farms about Minster are large and fine. The parish had once the reputation of having more large farms than any other parish in Kent. Most of the land is exceedingly fertile. We have seen corn-fields, almost within the shadow of Minster Church, equal to any that are to be found in England. The best of this land was reclaimed from the watery waste, and secured by the monks. You may walk along the broad embankments, and the 'balks' and 'lynches' which they made long before the Norman Conquest. Some of them still retain their old names, as the 'Abbot's Wall,' and the like. The country hereabout abounds in trees, and in very pleasant orchards, productive of fine fruit.

From Old Minster to *Old Monkton* is a delightful walk of about a mile and a half, across rich corn-fields and through shady lanes. Branching off from the road, and descending towards the Stour and the marshes, there are two of the prettiest lanes that can be seen anywhere, being alcoved with tall trees that meet above and form a continuous arch over-head, green, cool, and delicious in the warmest day. The church of Monkton, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, is another most ancient Christian edifice. It was once much larger than it now is; and a splendid Priory, of which you may find some slight traces in the picturesque farmhouse and farmyard close by, was united to it by arcades and cloisters. Here, too, we have a few funeral monuments and other relics of the monastic ages. The place was called Monkton or Monkstown, because it belonged to the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury. It is now but a small village; but in ancient times it was far more considerable, having a weekly market and a yearly fair.

The village of St. Nicholas, as it is now called, or 'St. Nicholas-at-Wade,' as it was called in the olden time, has also a fine old church, which was once a chapel to the more magnificent structure at Reculver. Birchington shows another curious old church; and St. Peter's boasts of another. All these places are interesting, and there are others hardly less so; but it is time that we crossed the Stour, as we have two or three spots outside Thanet to visit, which will require some time to examine, even cursorily.

SANDWICH.

A STRANGER to the old towns along the south coast, will not fail to look about him with some surprise as he paces the streets of Sandwich. You enter it from Thanet by a rude gatehouse, to which you pass over a drawbridge. There are few symptoms of traffic as you approach the town; but some half-dozen vessels of moderate burden are seen on each side as you cross the bridge, and it is taken for granted that within the town there will be the bustle usual in a seaport. Instead of this, however, there is a lifeless quiet, more marked than in many a country village of the smallest size and

most sequestered situation. Unless on a market morning (which occurs once in a fortnight) you may walk from end to end of the long dreary High-street, and scarcely meet an individual; and if you meet one, he is sauntering listlessly along, as though there were nothing in the world for him to be doing.

Still, Sandwich is hardly a place that a stranger would pass an hour in, without wishing to know something more about. The streets are narrow and irregular; the houses generally rude, mean, and low; but then the streets cover a considerable space, the houses many of them are old, and appear to have been of a better grade, and the churches show signs of having belonged to a more important place and a more active population than they now do.

Sandwich has a history worth telling in detail: we have neither time nor space for that, even had we inclination; but a sort of outline of it seems needful, in order that we may understand something of the process of decay in these towns—for a nearly similar history belongs to several along this coast. Sandwich, no doubt, came into existence on the decline of Richborough, the Roman Ritupæ, of which an account has just been given. The name Sandwich, or the Town on the Sands, occurs in early Saxon records. If we turn to the Saxon Chronicle, we shall find frequent mention made of Sandwich. Under 851, is a notice of the first of the many sea-fights that have taken place off here: "King Athelstan and Elchere the Ealdorman, fought on shipboard, and slew a great number of the enemy at Sandwich in Kent, and took nine ships, and put the others to flight." At this time Sandwich was undoubtedly the chief port in this part of the country, and hence it was the frequent object of attack by the Danes. Thus we find it recorded in 1006, that "after Midsummer came the great fleet to Sandwich, and ravaged, burned, and destroyed it." Other descent are mentioned down to 1046, when "Lothen and Irling came with twenty-five ships to Sandwich, and there took unspeakable booty, in men, and in gold, and in silver, so that no man knew how much it all was." It was in Sandwich haven—as the mouth of the Stour from the town to the sea is called—that the royal navy, when one was collected, was wont to assemble.

The importance of Sandwich before the Conquest is evinced by its being one of the original Cinque Ports incorporated by Edward the Confessor. Sandwich, in the first instance, appears to have furnished five ships as its proportion of the fifty-seven provided by the Cinque Ports; in the reign of Edward III. it is said (but perhaps erroneously) to have contributed twenty-two ships; somewhat later, its proportion was ten and three-quarters; in the general charter of Charles II. its contribution is again reduced to five. For some centuries the Cinque Ports' navy seems to have commonly assembled at Sandwich, and we find it mentioned as the usual place where the army embarked for the Continent. The visits of royal or eminent persons, on their way to or from the Continent, were also of frequent occurrence, and sometimes under unusual circumstances. Thus, on the 20th of March, 1194, Richard I. on his return from imprisonment, landed here, and, in token of gratitude for his deliverance, walked on foot from hence to Canterbury. Here, too, it was that Edward the Black Prince landed in 1359 with his royal captives. It was from Sandwich that Thomas à Becket took boat, on his flight from England, in November, 1164; and here he landed on his return, thirteen months afterwards. Nor did the town escape hostile visits. It was burnt in 1217 by Louis, who is said to have landed here with 600 ships. It was also plundered and burnt by the French in the reign of Henry VI.; but, if we may believe old Hall, with little outlay of courage on the part of the assailants, and with small gain from their adventure.

But before this landing Sandwich had lost much of its former consequence. The old haven in which the British navy was accustomed to ride, was gradually filling up

by the accumulation of sand, and the channel no longer permitted the ascent of vessels of large size. It continued to silt up at such a rate that, in the reign of Edward VI. the mayor and jurats, in a supplication which they presented to the king, declare that "the haven at this present is utterly lost and destroyed;" and with the haven, of course much of the commerce of the town was lost also. Attempts have at various times been made to improve or restore the haven, but they were unsuccessful; and there is now no hope of its restoration, except by some physical change. Only vessels of small draught can now get up to Sandwich, and the commerce of the place has accommodated itself to the change.

The town of Sandwich has now as little as any town well can have to attract the stranger. There are many streets; but they are narrow, ill-paved, and dirty. The houses generally are of the most ordinary description, though, of course, here and there one of a rather superior kind is met with. About some of the narrow streets are a few old houses with projecting upper stories; but they have been repaired, and altered, and whitewashed, till all that was good-looking or venerable has been removed or hidden. The natives evince, indeed, small care about such matters; they regard with utter indifference the destruction or mutilation of their antiquities. The old town was walled, and the entrances into it were by four fortified gatehouses. No very long while back they were all standing; now only one of them is left. The churches have been botched and damaged as much as the ingenuity of the inhabitants, or the taste and skill of the churchwardens, would allow. The fine old Norman tower of St. Clement's, for example, has been surmounted with a wooden balustrade. The interior is lumbered up with enormous pews, and plastered over with whitewash and paint, and the old windows have been injured or removed. The other church is in even a worse condition. In short, out of the narrow and crooked streets, and beetling houses, and old churches, and fragments of antiquity, it is not possible to find a spot where you would say, "How antique!" or "How picturesque!"—to say nothing of the pleasing or the beautiful.

There are two or three charitable institutions at Sandwich that deserve notice, and will be found worthy a visit. In the town are the hospitals of St. John and of St. Thomas. St. John's had a "harbinge" for the entertainment of strangers very similar to that which some of our readers may have visited at St. Cross, near Winchester. At St. Thomas's are a few curious remains of the old buildings. But the most interesting is the hospital of St. Bartholomew, a short distance south of the town. It is said to have been founded in 1244. It consists of a curious little hamlet, of small houses, each with its garden attached, collected together in the most confused manner imaginable. The houses are occupied by decayed inhabitants of Sandwich, who have each, besides the house, a small annuity. Over every door is painted the name of the occupant, with the addition of the word 'brother' or 'sister,' as the case may be. In the midst of the little hamlet is a small chapel of very pretty design, and very early date—it being of the early English period, with lancet windows. In the chapel are some interesting monuments. Divine service is only performed in it about once a month. The visitor to Sandwich should stroll out as far St. Bartholomew's, which is really a nice, retired, comfortable-looking little colony.

The Gatehouses, of which we have spoken, and of which we give representations, require just a word of notice. The Bridge Gate is a rude structure, partly wood and partly stone, of comparatively recent construction; but it is a picturesque object as you approach the town, and with the swing-bridge (which is made to open for the passage of vessels) is always noticed and remembered by the visitor. The Fisher Gate, or, as it is more commonly called by the natives, Key Gate, from standing at the end of Key Street, is one of the old Gatehouses: it is built of stone, and is a substantial pile.

It stands opposite what used to be the ferry, and gives a curious idea of the state of the town when this was one of the principal entrances to it, and the narrow street to which it leads was a main thoroughfare. They must have had carts at Sandwich then, if they used carts, not unlike those strange ones still employed in Yarmouth.

THE DOWNS: GOODWIN SANDS.

NOT even the dulness of Sandwich can equal that of the low tract of land the pedestrian has to pass over between it and Deal. The passenger would do well to leave the road, and proceed as quickly as may be to the sea-side. Till we get close to the shore, nothing can surpass the dreariness, especially seaward, where a long range of low, bare, sand hillocks rise just high enough to shut out the view of the sea. A dismaller walk, in proportion to its length, a pedestrian would not wish for on a wet day. By way of cheering him, perhaps he may notice a monument that stands by one of the footpaths, in the shape of a gravestone, with an inscription recording the murder of some luckless wight on this spot. But if the sand-hills be passed or ascended, there breaks upon the eye a prospect that cannot fail to stir the heart. Directly before us, and on each hand, stretch the famous Downs, crowded, perhaps, with hundreds of ships of every size and country, riding securely at anchor, or floating along with full-spread sails. Wordsworth, it may be, had these Downs in his memory when he wrote his well-known sonnet; at any rate, the opening lines perfectly describe the prospect:—

"With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it show'd;
Some lying fast at anchor in the road;
Some veering up and down, one knew not why."

The DOWNS are a roadstead, some eight miles long, and five or six broad, lying right in the highway of British commerce. They are formed by the Goodwin Sands, between which and the Kentish coast they lie. The coast helps to shelter them on the west and north-west; while, from north-east to south-east, the Goodwin Sands form a natural breakwater; and thus is formed a tolerably secure haven, and safe anchorage, in all ordinary weathers. Four or five hundred vessels may often be seen riding here. The area of the Downs is about 7000 acres. The Goodwin Sands are about ten miles long, of very irregular form, and varying considerably in width; in some parts being four miles across, in others, not more than one. Their distance from the shore varies from three to seven miles. There is a tradition that they are the remains of an island, called Lomea, which belonged to Goodwin, Earl of Kent, and was destroyed by the sea in 1097. Scientific writers have generally discredited this tradition, but Sir Charles Lyell seems disposed to attach some value to it.

While the Goodwin Sands are of such value, as forming the Downs, they are themselves extremely dangerous, "from the great extent of shoal water they present, and from the indraught upon them by currents across them." As they are partly uncovered every tide, it naturally came to be considered, whether some method could not be devised to render them less dangerous to navigation. Many plans have been suggested; the probabilities of success, however, in any instance, are so doubtful, and the difficulties and costliness of the work would be so great, as to overbalance any reasons that may be urged in its favour.

Besides the Goodwin Sands, there is another large sand-bank which lies between their northern extremity and the shore. This bank, which is called the Brake, is

about five miles in length, with a depth upon it, at low water, of from three to twelve feet. Between this bank and the shore is an anchorage of about 1000 acres area, called the Small Downs, which is sheltered by the Brake in the same way as the Great Downs are by the Goodwin Sands. The Small Downs "are the general anchorage of the smaller class of merchant vessels having occasion to bring up in the Downs, thus leaving the Great Downs more clear for ships of larger draught of water." It has been recommended to convert these Small Downs into a Harbour of Refuge, and a plan was prepaired by Sir John Rennie for doing so, by means of "a solid work along the spine of the Brake, to be brought up two feet above the high-water mark." The cost of this was estimated at above three millions and a quarter. Captain Veteh also drew up a proposal for effecting a like end at a less cost, by means similar to those he proposed for converting the Goodwin into a dry bank. But in addition to other obvious objections, a careful survey of the Brake has suggested a most extraordinary one, namely, that the Brake—a body of above five miles in length—is itself in motion; that it has, in fact, moved bodily towards the shore, about 600 yards in forty-five years!—*Commissioners' Report.*

It is worthy of notice that, with all this change of position, the Brake does not appear to have materially altered in shape. The result of its shifting has been to increase the width of the Gull Stream, as the passage between it and the Goodwin Sands is named, by above a third of a mile; and by the increase of width, its safety is, of course, increased also. The Goodwin Sands also appear to have moved, though in a far less degree than the Brake.

SANDOWN CASTLE.

About a mile before reaching Deal is Sandown Castle, one of several fortresses erected along the coast about 1539, by Henry VIII., when he believed it to be the intention of "divers great princes and potentates of Christendom to invade the realm of England, and utterly to destroy the whole nation of the same." The form of the Castle will be understood from the engraving. It consists of a large central round tower, and four round bastions with port-holes; and on the sea side it is strengthened with an additional battery. Originally it was surrounded by a moat, but the sea now washes one side of it. The entrance is by a drawbridge. The walls are of stone, and from eleven feet to twenty feet thick. It is a grim-looking pile, and would, no doubt, be still formidable, though of course not a kind of building that military engineers would be likely now to erect. The guns cover a wide range crossing those of Deal Castle on the one hand, and No. 2 battery, near Sandwich, on the other. It still mounts some guns, and stores are kept in it. The sea is here gaining on the shore, and now washes the walls of the Castle; the moat has only been destroyed within a few years, and there are said to be people yet living in Deal who remember when a good-sized slip of land—"with a haystack on it"—stood between the moat and the sea. Probably, had a groin or two been carried out a few years back, the Castle would have been safe from the danger which now threatens it. Sandown Castle has not had to sustain any hostile attacks; and the only scrap of interest in its history is, that it was the place chosen for the prison of the brave Colonel Hutchinson, whose memory has been so charmingly transmitted to posterity by his lion-hearted wife. His close confinement in this wretched place soon destroyed his health; and in five months from his first coming here, he died, "after eleven months' harsh and strict imprisonment—without crime or accusation."

DEAL.

When Leland wrote his 'Itinerary' in the reign of Henry VIII. Deal was but "a little fishing-village, half a mile from the shore of the sea." Now it is a good-sized town, running close along the shore. The Deal of which Leland speaks, however, is what is now called Upper Deal, while the present town has grown into existence since his time. It has arisen in a great measure to supply the wants of the seamen belonging to the ships passing up and down the Channel, or riding in the Downs. And it is in appearance just the place that might be expected from its origin—a rough-looking, irregular, sailor-like place; full of narrow streets, with shops of which those appropriated to that multifarious class of strange articles styled "slops," to marine stores, and to other less mentionable articles which are among the requirements of sailors, form the larger and most noticeable proportion. It is, in short, a sort of Wapping,—though neither so noisy, nor so dirty, nor so unfragrant. On the whole Deal is, at least in the better parts, a clean, quiet town; and as there is an excellent beach, it is not wonderful that it is a great deal resorted to for sea-bathing—especially as it is in good repute for moderate charges:—which is more than could once be affirmed of it, if we may judge from Mrs. Hutchinson's indignant exclamation against "the cut-throat town of Deal."

Deal was annexed to the Cinque Ports, as a member of Sandwich, in the thirteenth century; and though now a place of much greater importance, still ranks as one of its members. It is a borough, governed by a mayor and corporation, and in 1841, contained 6688 inhabitants. The town stretches along a considerable space, and has about the outskirts some good houses: and withal has a pleasant social celebrity. Deal Castle, which stands at the south end of the town, was erected by Henry VIII. at the same time as Sandown Castle, and is of a similar construction. It is, however, kept in a far better state of repair; while from the Governor's house,—a rather smart modern pile,—and some other buildings having been added to it, it has a very different and much more peaceful appearance. Not far from the Castle is the naval storeyard. At the Walmer end of the town is a naval and military hospital; and somewhat further a large barracks. Deal has no harbour, nor is one necessary. There is a good pier—to the head of which the stranger should stroll out if he wishes to enjoy a delicious sea-blow; and a glorious view—the wide ocean alive with numberless sails, in never ceasing passage up and down the Channel, and varied with hundreds of ships riding at ease in the Downs. The northern end of the town—the quarter especially sacred to boatmen and pilots—wears a very picturesque air from the pier, especially if the visitor be fortunate enough to see it in a good stiff westerly breeze—as one and another of the hardy crews is trying to beat up towards it.

Beyond all others, Deal boatmen are famed for skill and daring. In weather that a petrel would shrink from, they will put off without hesitation, if a vessel is thought to be in need of pilotage or assistance. And seldom does it happen that they do not succeed in rendering the help that is needed—if human exertion be available. The boatmen, whether fishermen or pilots, or the sort of race compounded of both, are a fine, stalwart, broad-shouldered set; bluff-built, and well weather-beaten; not over-refined in manners, nor choice in language, but with much real good-nature as well as bravery under the rough coating. The fishermen in their tight craft, make long voyages, in pursuit of their especial calling; but they are not fishermen merely—though now their employments are all kept pretty well to the windward of the law. In former days they were in high fame as smugglers; and they no doubt well de-

served their fame—it would not have been easy to find their equals. Their propensity is said to have been, to a great degree, connived at by the authorities, as a sort of acknowledgment of their services to the navy; but that is no longer the case, and smuggling is here, as elsewhere along the coast, nearly put an end to. Of course, it is not quite stopped, nor while Deal boatmen remain what they are, is it likely to be; but it is now chiefly practised by way of varying a little the even tenor of ordinary life. The Deal boats are all Deal built; for the town is almost as celebrated for its boats as for its men, and boat-building forms a considerable item in its manufacturing industry. They float on a rough sea like a cork, and are worthy of the gallant crews who man them.

Perhaps the Deal pilots should hardly have been placed along with the fishermen; for while they are as brave and skilful, they are by no means so unrefined. They are a select body, being members of the Fellowship of Pilots, which is regulated by Act of Parliament. By the last Act, the number of "Branch Pilots," as they are called, is in these parts limited to fifty-six at Deal, and as many at Dover. They are divided into Upper and Lower-Book classes, and have a Warden at their head, whom they elect from the Upper Book. It is worth while to add that they have a fund, out of which the widows of any of their number receive an annuity of £12 per annum—a very useful provision; for, as will be supposed, a premature death is but too frequently their lot.

WALMER CASTLE.

Continuing our ramble, we soon come upon Walmer Castle, another of the fortresses erected by Henry, in 1539. Originally it resembled Sandown, and the other castles built at the same time; but having become the official residence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, it has been greatly altered. As will be seen by the engraving, a considerable addition has been made to it, in the shape of a dwelling-house, which, however substantial it may appear, ill accords with the defensive character of the fort.

The wardenship of the Cinque Ports being an office which is considered to appertain to the premier during whose ministry it may become vacant, has, of course, been held by some of the most eminent of English statesmen. The Duke of Wellington is the present Warden,—William Pitt was among his predecessors. To the taste of these several occupants the Castle owes much of its present appearance, as each in his turn has altered or added to some of its parts. The cheerful look it now has, from the luxuriant screen of trees which surrounds it, is, we believe, owing chiefly to the Duke, who has also had the garden, in which he is said to take a good deal of interest, brought into its present admirable state.

Except while the Duke is resident in it, the interior is permitted to be seen. The general arrangements are similar to those in the other castles; but with the very great difference of everything having been done to lessen the inconvenience, and increase the comfort. The alterations that have been made during the wardenship of his Grace, have converted a very gloomy awkward abode into a tolerably cheerful and pleasant one. To one who is not used to a military lodging, it does not even now seem very splendid. The rooms are mostly small, and of no very symmetrical forms; and they are connected by long, narrow, and circuitous passages. The furniture, too, is singularly plain, and the walls are merely decorated with a very few prints. The whole presents so striking a contrast to other ducal castles which he may have

examined, and even to what he has heard, or perhaps seen, of *the* Duke's London house, that the visitor is often as much disappointed as surprised. And yet he looks around him with no ordinary interest, when he recollects that the noblest and loveliest in the land have delighted to congregate here around the Great Captain.

But in this respect it is, of course, "the Duke's room" that is turned to with the most curiosity. This *sanctum* is a room of but moderate size, without ornament, and very plainly and scantily furnished, but neat, accurate, and orderly in arrangement; altogether bearing very much the appearance of the single room of a military secretary in garrison. On the right is an ordinary iron camp-bedstead, with a single horsehair mattress upon it; and thereon, whatever be the season, without curtains or any paraphernalia about it, the "Iron Duke" rests when at Walmer. Over the bedstead is a small collection of books, which is seen, on a rapid glance, to have been selected for use; the best English writers of Anne's "Augustan age," both in poetry and prose—a few recent histories and biographies—some French memoirs—with military reports, official publications, and parliamentary papers, form the little library. In the centre of the room is a mahogany table, well ink-stained, at which, for two or three hours in the day, the master of the room takes his place, and plies his pen. Near it is a more portable one, so contrived as to be used for reading or writing on while in bed. These, with two or three chairs, comprise the contents of the room, and are sufficiently characteristic of its owner. The window looks out upon the sea, and a door opens upon the ramparts, upon which (until his illness two or three years back) the Duke never failed to be every morning by six o' clock, and there, for an hour or more, take his morning walk. The view from the ramparts, by the way, is a most magnificent one; from the position of the Castle, the prospect is unbroken, both south and north; while, directly in front it is only bounded by the French coast. The visitor who has thought the Duke's room characteristic, will probably, in going along the passages, be reminded, by a direction very uncommon in a private residence, of the unmistakeable plainness of style of the Duke's notes:—on every door that does not merely open into a chamber, is a printed direction, in very large letters, "Shut this door;" and he will not be surprised to learn on inquiry that it is put up by the Duke's express orders.

We are not in the habit of jotting down memoranda or recollections of the people whose houses we visit, or administering to idle curiosity about an eminent individual; but as what we have noticed is patent to any one who chooses to visit Walmer Castle, we thought ourselves at liberty to notice the only thing for which any one would care to visit the Castle. We cannot be accused of any violation of confidence; and at any rate, what we have noticed is, we hope, harmless.

The village of Walmer is a pleasant one, and an hour or two may be very pleasantly spent in its exploration. The church has some points of architectural interest, about the parish are traces of an encampment which has occupied the attention of antiquaries; and the walks around are agreeable and diversified. There are some good houses in Walmer, and altogether it seems a thriving place.

It is generally said that it was at Deal, or between Deal and Sandwich, that Cæsar landed B.C. 55, and again the following year. On the whole, we are inclined to believe it was rather at Walmer, or between Walmer and Deal. We learn from the 'Gallic War' (iv. 23.) that his ships first came to anchor off the British coast, at a place where the sea was so bound in by steep mountains, that a dart might be flung from them upon the shore. All the heights being crowded with armed natives, Cæsar deemed this by no means a suitable place for disembarking; he therefore, after waiting some hours for the remainder of his ships to arrive, weighed anchor, and

proceeded about seven miles farther, till he came to an open and level beach, where he stationed his ships and prepared to land. There seems to be little doubt that the first place Cæsar stayed at was either Dover, or somewhere close by it. It is generally admitted, since Horsley's time, that he then proceeded in a northerly direction. Now, in that direction Walmer is the first place suitable for landing that would present itself to him; and it is unlikely that he would proceed farther than was necessary, for it was the ninth hour (three o'clock) of an autumn afternoon when he weighed anchor, and he had to land a large body of heavily armed men, who would be compelled to make their way through the waves, encumbered as they were, from the sides of ships, which, as he expressly mentions, were so large that they could not be brought into shallow water, and that, too, on an unknown shore, and in the face of a large hostile army. We may fairly conclude that he would, under such circumstances, disembark as early as possible. Walmer exactly corresponds to Cæsar's description. It has an open level beach, and is *above* seven Roman miles from Dover.

LONDON TO MARGATE.

	From London Bridge.	Stations.	From Margate	
	Miles.		Miles.	
	81	Canterbury: (to Canterbury as in previous Table.)	20	
Herne Bay, 6 miles:—a favourite watering-place. The Reculvers, 3 miles E. from Herne Bay. ..	84	.. Sturry ..	17	Fordwich, ½ mile.
Reculvers, 3½ miles	88	Grove Ferry: (line enters the Isle of Thanet.)	13	Sarre, ½ mile.
Village on left. Fine old Church	93	.. Minster .. (branch on right to Deal.)	8	
Harbour	97	.. Ramsgate ..	4	Broadstairs, 2 miles.
Pier, Jetty, Baths, &c. ..	101	.. MARGATE ..	..	North Foreland, 3 miles.

LONDON TO DEAL.

	From London Bridge.	Stations.	From Deal.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
Town on left. Church: Gatehouses. Richborough (*Rutupæ*), 1 mile .	98	.. Sandwich ..	4	Hospital of St. Bartholomew. Forts by the sea-shore.
Sandown Castle, 1 mile ..	102	.. DEAL ..	..	Town on left. Walmer, 1 mile.

KNIGHTS

COMPANION.

BATH.

In the centre of the principal Bath in this good city there is a statue which never fails to attract the attention, and the bather stands astonished as he reads the following inscription in copper upon it:—

Bladud,
Son of Lud Hudibras,
Eighth King of the Britons from Brute:
A great Philosopher and Mathematician,
Bred at Athens,
And recorded the first discoverer and founder of these Baths,
Eight hundred and sixty-three years before Christ;
That is,
Two thousand five hundred and sixty-two years
To the present year,
One thousand six hundred and ninety-nine.

To this Bladud, son of Hudibras, the natives assign the credit of the foundation of the city of Bath, as well as of the baths. We, however, shall not disinter the tradition, but content ourselves with a glance at the authentic history.

It seems very doubtful whether the hot-springs of Bath were made use of by the Britons; and in all probability no settlement existed here until that made by the Romans under the Emperor Claudius, who conquered and took possession of the neighbouring country about half a century after the birth of Christ. As the station lay wholly in a valley, such a situation must have been chosen by that people for other than military purposes; and there can be no reasonable doubt, addicted as they were to the use of the warm-bath, that the hot-springs were the chief attraction of the spot. These they collected, and erected over them buildings which even the Bath of the present day cannot rival. An excavation made in 1755, near the Abbey, exposed to view a series of Roman baths of the most perfect and magnificent description. The following account of them, given in the "History of Somersetshire," will show how far beyond us were the Romans in the construction of such buildings:—

"The walls of these baths were eight feet in height, built of wrought stone, lined with a strong cement of terras: one of them was of a semicircular form, fifteen feet in diameter, with a stone seat round it eighteen inches high, and floored with very smooth flag-stones. The descent into it was by seven steps, and a small channel for conveying the water ran along the bottom, turning at a right angle towards the present King's bath. At a small distance from this was a very large oblong bath, having on three sides a colonnade surrounded with small pilasters, which were probably intended to support a roof. On one side of this bath were two sudatories, nearly square, the floors of which were composed of brick, covered with a strong coat of terras, and supported by pillars of brick, each brick being nine inches square, and

two inches in thickness. The pillars were four feet and a half high, and set about fourteen inches asunder, composing a hypocaust, or vault, for the purpose of retaining the heat necessary for the rooms above. The interior walls of the apartment were set round with tubulated bricks or panels about eighteen inches long, with a small orifice opening inwards, by which the stream of heat was communicated to the apartments. The fireplace from which the heat was conveyed, was composed of a small conical arch at a little distance from the outward wall; and on each side of it, adjoining to the above-mentioned rooms, were two other small sudatories of a circular shape, with several small square baths, and a variety of apartments, which the Romans used preparatory to their entering either the hot-baths or sudatories; such as the *Frigidarium*, where the bathers undressed themselves, which was not heated at all; the *Tepidarium*, which was moderately heated; and the *Eleothesion*, which was a small room, containing oil, ointments, and perfumes. These rooms had a communication with each other, and some of them were paved with flag-stones and others were beautifully tesselated with dies of various colours. A regular set of well-wrought channels conveyed the superfluous water from the baths into the Avon." These sumptuous buildings were upwards of 240 feet in length, and 120 in breadth. Richard of Cirencester, a monk of the fourteenth century, in his '*Itinerarium*,' describes 'Aquæ Solis' as "the seat of a colony, and the perpetual residence of the Romans, who possessed this part of Britain. It was a famous city, situated upon the river Abona, remarkable for its hot-springs, which were formed into baths at a great expense. Apollo and Minerva were the tutelary deities, in whose temples the perpetual fire never fell into ashes, but, as it wasted away, turned into globes of stone."

Once these baths must have witnessed a thousand diversified scenes, as they were the great places of resort of the Roman people. Perhaps the poet here recited his last composition, and the athletes excited the luxurious bather with a thousand feats of strength; and the song and the loud laugh caught the ear of many an old warrior as he anointed himself luxuriously with the precious ointments then in use; and little did the busy crowd beneath its portico imagine that a few centuries would bury it deep in the earth, and that the conqueror who was to come after them would inter their dead over the very spot that once contributed to the vigour of the living. Yet so it was: these baths were found some twenty feet below the present level of the soil, and four feet above them were discovered several stone coffins, evidently Saxon, thus denoting that the place was used by our ancestors as a place of sepulture.

In the immediate neighbourhood of these baths arose the stately porticoes of temples to Minerva and Apollo, and other deities of the Roman worship. Some of these must have been of very imposing size, as portions of Corinthian pillars, measuring nearly three feet in diameter, have been exhumed, and are now preserved in the Literary Institution. Large and massive pieces of pediment have also been rescued from the depths in which they had been buried; while in one instance the pieces have been placed together, and we see before us the façade of some highly-sculptured building.

The Bath, (or Aquæ Solis, as it was then called,) of fifteen centuries ago, must have presented a beautiful appearance. Where the heart of the present city stands, dimly seen through its canopy of smoke, in that distant age the columns of the temples shone white against the dark blue of the surrounding hills, and many a noble-browed pediment seemed to watch majestically over the fortunes of the mighty people who worshipped at their shrines. Here, too, in the morning sun, glittered the beautiful gilt statue of Apollo, or the evening twilight dwelt upon the calm brow of some imaged Minerva. In those days there was little or no coal smoke to obscure the beautiful details of the classic city; and the whole stamped itself almost as sharply

and distinctly upon the surrounding background of hills as did any of the antique towns of Italy herself.

Aquæ Solis remained a place of great resort during the whole period of the Roman occupation; even after their departure, which event took place in the year 400, the half-civilized Britons maintained it with a diminished splendour: and it was not until the coming of those rude workers, our Saxon ancestors—who destroyed but to sow the germ of a more healthy system—that the glory and beauty of the place were levelled to the dust.

All that remains of this once splendid city is now stowed away in the vaults and passages of the Literary Institution, and hardly another English city can produce such a display of local Roman remains as are here deposited. As you pass along them to read the 'Times' of a morning, or to cut open the wet sheets of a 'Quarterly,' your coat brushes against votive altars, wrought by the hands of this antique people. As you wander along the basement rooms of the building your eye catches mouldering fragments, which the learned have placed together upon conjecture, as the child despairingly builds up its puzzle. Upon the tables are scattered about fragments of drinking-vessels, out of which the soldiers of the twentieth legion once pledged each other; and by stepping into the lecture-room, you will see upon the mantel-piece, amid a crowd of modern ornaments, the gilt head of the Apollo Medicus—a fragment of the grand statue of the deity who watched over the city, and who endued the springs with all their healing powers.

To return, however, to the history of the city: after the departure of the Romans, and during the early part of that bloody struggle which took place between the Britons and the Saxons whom they had invited over to their assistance, Aquæ Solis remained in comparative peace. The Saxons, in the year 577, became masters of the city and the neighbouring country, and the Latin name of Aquæ Solis, or the Waters of the Sun, was changed to the homely, but more appropriate, Æt Hátum Bathum, or Hot Baths, or Bathan Byrig, Bath Town, and sometimes Acemanne's Ceaster, which Bosworth (*Ang. Sax. Dict.*) renders Sick Man's City. During the Saxon period there can be no doubt that the hot springs were carefully attended to; as the tepid bath was considered by our ancestors as a necessary of life. The succeeding history of the city, up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, might be turned over without any remarkable loss. A place of no military strength, scarcely any event of importance occurred in it during the wars of succession of our early English kings; and during the great Rebellion it made but a sorry figure, the Royalist commandant giving up the place to the Parliamentarians in the most ignominious manner.

If much prowess was not shown by the commandant of the city, however, the neighbouring hill of Lansdowne has found a place in history, from the bloody battle that was fought upon it on the 5th of July, 1643, between the forces of Sir William Waller, and those of the Prince Maurice and the Earl of Carnarvon, in which both parties claimed the victory. In this action Sir Arthur Hazelrig's *Regiment of Lobsters*, as they were called, from being encased in iron plates, were first brought into service, and completely routed the king's horse: but the Cornish musqueteers, under Sir Bevil Granville, managed to retrieve the day, with the loss of their gallant commander, who was slain in their impetuous charge. To commemorate his loss, a monument was erected to his memory, in 1720, by the Honourable George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, on the very spot upon which he fell.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Bath, in common with Bristol, and many other places in the west of England, was the seat of an extensive woollen trade;

but during the Stuart period these manufactures declined, and the city became by degrees a place of resort for health-seekers.

Pepys visited the city in 1668, and leaves us the following account of it in his 'Diary':—"Having dined very well, 10*s.*, we came before night to the Bath; when I presently stepped out with my landlord, and saw the Baths with people in them. They are not so large as I expected, but yet pleasant; and the town most of stone, and clean, though the streets generally narrow. I home, and being weary, went to bed without supper; the rest supping." Pepys, however, only saw the fair outside of things. Wood, the famous architect, takes us behind the scenes, and shows us domestic Bath up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. "The boards of the dining-rooms," he tells us, "and most other floors in the houses of Bath, were made of a brown colour with *soot and small beer*, to hide the dirt, as well as their own imperfections; and if the walls of any of the rooms were covered with wainscot, it was such as was mean, and never painted. The chimney-pieces, hearths, and slabs, were all of freestone; and these were daily cleaned with a particular kind of whitewash, which, by paying tribute to everything that touched it, soon rendered the brown floors like the starry firmament. . . . With Kidderminster stuff, or at best with chene, the woollen furniture of the principal rooms was made; and such as were of linen, consisted only of corded dimity or coarse fustian; the matrons of the city, their daughters, and their maids, flowering the latter with worsted, during the intervals between the seasons, to give the beds a gaudy look. Add to this, also, the houses of the richest inhabitants of the city were, for the most part, of the meanest architecture, and only two of them could show the modern comforts of sash-windows." The city seems to have stood still at this point for a century at least; for between the years 1592 and 1692, it had only increased by seventeen houses! From such condition as we have described, the city was destined to be raised to the highest degree of magnificence, and to be made the resort of the 'quality' of the land, by the genius of two men—Beau Nash and Wood. These individuals might be said to have supplied the very soul and body of modern Bath: the former by the elegant social life he infused into it; and the latter, by his superb re-construction of its buildings.

To Richard Nash, however, Bath must mainly attribute the rapidity with which it sprang from an insignificant place, into the focus of fashionable life, and the gayest city in the kingdom: his genius for trifles, his taste, and his shrewdness, serving him better than more profound abilities would have done, in erecting a kingdom of his own, and in governing it in so absolute a manner as he did. Nash, after quitting the university, entered the army; but speedily becoming tired of the profession, he turned to the law—that is, he entered his name on the books at the Temple, and spent his time as a man about town; and his genius for gay life, and his love of intrigue, soon led him into the society of the young bloods of the day. Having got tired of the law, as he had of the army, in a lucky hour he retired to Bath, and there found a pathway to fame which he would have never reached by the study of 'Coke upon Littleton.' The condition of the city upon the advent of the Beau, which took place about 1703, was peculiarly favourable to the development of his particular talent. Its accomodations were contemptible: its houses and public places lacked the elegances and amusements which are calculated to attract those who seek for passing pleasure, or are mainly desirous to kill *ennui*. The only place where the amusement of the dance could be enjoyed was upon the bowling-green, where a fiddle and a hautboy formed the whole band: the only promenade was a grove of sycamore trees. Of the varied

appliances of the gaming-table Bath was then innocent; but the chairmen were so rude, that no respectable female durst pass along the street unprotected, in the evening. The Pump-house was without a director; "and," says Goldsmith, in his 'Life of Nash,' "to add to all this, one of the greatest physicians of his age (we believe it was Dr. Radcliffe) conceived a design of ruining the city, by writing against the efficacy of its waters. It was from a resentment of some affront he had received there that he took this resolution; and accordingly published a pamphlet, by which, he said, *he would cast a toad in the spring.*"

Nash, at this auspicious moment for his fortune, arrived at Bath, and made a hit at once by assuring the people that he would charm away the poison, as the venom of the tarantula was charmed—by music. He only asked for a band of performers, to make the Doctor's toad perfectly harmless. His proposition was at once agreed to, and the Pump-room immediately received the benefit, by attracting a full and fashionable company: the spirit of the man so gained their good will, that he was speedily voted Master of the Ceremonies, and soon was recognized as King of Bath.

Nash commenced his reign by repairing the roads of the city,—a strange duty for a master of the ceremonies to discharge, but one which speaks volumes as to the condition of the thoroughfares at the beginning of the last century. The company, which had hitherto been obliged to assemble in a booth to drink tea and chocolate, or to game, were, under his direction, accommodated with a handsome Assembly-room—the first erected in the city: and he set about composing a code of laws for his new subjects. The public balls under his management, were conducted with the greatest decorum. They commenced at six, and concluded at eleven. This rule he maintained so rigidly, that the Princess Amelia once applying to him for one dance more after his authoritative finger had given the signal for the band to withdraw, was refused, with the remark that his laws were like those of Lycurgus, which would admit of no alteration without an utter subversion of all authority. Nash had some difficulty in regulating the dress to be worn at the Assembly; but he went boldly to work, and chid even the most exalted in rank, when they departed from his rules. On one occasion he signified his dislike of the practice of wearing white aprons at the Assembly, by stripping the Duchess of Queensberry of one valued at five hundred guineas, and throwing it at the hinder benches, amongst the ladies' women. He tried in vain, for a long time, to prevent the wearing of swords, on the plea that they tore the ladies' dresses; but, in fact, to put a stop to the numerous duels which arose out of the intrigues of gallants, or disputes at the gaming-table. It was not, however, until an encounter took place, in which one of the combatants was mortally wounded, that he succeeded in abolishing the use of the sword in the city of Bath; henceforward, whenever he heard of a challenge, he instantly had both parties placed under arrest. The gentlemen's boots made the most determined stand against him. The squires were, however, at length shamed out of their boorishness; still at times, a gentleman through ignorance or haste, would appear in the rooms in the forbidden boots; but Nash always made up to him, and bowing with much mock gravity, would tell him *that he had forgotten to bring his horse.*

Beau Nash, like other potentates, had his crown. The old German emperors fumed and fretted under an iron diadem: the king of Bath wore a white hat, which he wished to be taken as an emblem of the purity of his mind! He might be considered to have reached the apogee of his reign between the years 1730-40. Within that time, Bath was honoured with the visits of two royal personages—the Prince of Orange and the Prince of Wales, both of whom he managed to turn to account. Those who have visited Bath have doubtless been struck with the prevalence of obelisks in that city,

the peculiarly mournful form of which seems to give a character to the place. The obelisk in the Orange Grove was erected by Nash, to commemorate the visit of the Prince of Orange to the city for the benefit of his health, in 1734. Nash, who appears to have combined a most ecstatic loyalty with a shrewd eye to the benefit of his little kingdom, was so impressed with the Prince's recovery, that he immediately had this building erected, inscribing a seasonable puff upon it of the virtues of the Bath waters. Again, in 1738, when the Prince of Wales visited Bath, Nash ran up another obelisk in Queen Square, and in order to make it all the more worthy of the personage it was dedicated to, he asked Pope to write its inscription. The poet's answer, declining the honour, is a master-piece of irony.

In his day of pride, Nash might be seen going forth upon a progress to the colony of Tunbridge he had founded, in his post-chariot and six greys, with outriders, footmen, and French horns; and at the side of his equipage his famous running footman, Murphy, who thought nothing of going a message for his master to London in a day. Had not Bath reason to be proud of a king who kept such sumptuous state? It might be asked how Nash managed to support all this extravagance, as he received no remuneration in consideration of his office as Master of the Ceremonies. One word will explain all—*play* filled his overflowing purse. Hazard, lansquenet, and loo, were the milder forms of excitement in which the ladies joined: the sterner sex indulged in more desperate games, and an incredible deal of money was lost to the sharpers, who made the city their head-quarters during the dead metropolitan season. To such a height was gambling carried, that at last the Government interfered, and by Act of Parliament suppressed all the games of chance of the day. Public gaming thus being checked, the whole source of Nash's income was cut off at once. He managed to recover it, however, for a time, but with a total loss of all honour, and a great portion of that consideration with which his Bath subjects had hitherto treated him. He received this fall through entering into a confederation with the keepers of a new game, called 'E.O.' set up on purpose to evade the law.

Nash died in 1761, and for some time no dispute as to the succession arose; but in 1769, a civil war took place, in consequence of two Masters of the Ceremonies being elected. The partisans of the rival monarchs, among whom the ladies were most prominent, actually came to blows in the Pump-room, whose walls witnessed the most extraordinary scenes that perhaps ever took place in a polite assembly. Imagine, good reader, a crowd of fashionables of the present day falling to pulling noses, and tearing caps and dresses! Yet such deeds took place among the 'mode' in Bath, not seventy years ago. And it was not until *the Riot Act had been read three times*, that the fury of the combatants was appeased!

We have before dwelt upon the insignificant appearance of the city at the beginning of the eighteenth century. At that time, it contained but two houses fit to receive any personages of condition; but before its close it was one of the most splendidly-built places in Europe. In the few minutes' breathing time which is allowed at Bath, in the rapid rush from London to the West, the traveller has, from the platform of the railway-station, a splendid view of the city. The foreground he sees filled with spires of churches—the Abbey sitting like a mother in the midst; the background closed in by the Lansdowne hills, up which terrace and crescent climb, until they appear almost to reach the clouds. Amid this splendid scene, however, he singles out one mass of buildings immediately beneath his eye, which stands with an air of great dignity, and seems to carry with it recollections of bygone glory. The North and South Parade, which we allude to, was one of the earliest works of Wood. Its broad and ample terraces, —where now but a few invalids catch the warmth of the sunny South, or breathe

the bracing air of the Downs,—in the time of Nash, and still later, was the resort of all the fashion of the land. Wood commenced these buildings about the year 1730; and soon after Queen-square, with its very marked and noble style of architecture, the Circus, and a crowd of other elegant buildings, which we shall notice hereafter, followed, displacing meaner erections, spreading far out into the then country, and supplying that architectural magnificence which the wealth and fashion now filling the city demanded.

The social condition of Bath, which we have been mainly following, continued pretty much the same as Nash left it, until the end of the last century; from that period, however, to the present time, a marked change has slowly been taking place in it. The public life of the city has gradually subsided, and is now pretty well extinct. The gambling spirit of old times has degenerated into shilling whist at the Wednesday night card-assemblies; and the public balls, those magnificent reunions which in the old time, under Nash, always commenced with a minuet danced by the highest people of 'quality' present, although still well attended, yet shine with diminished lustre. Bath, in fact, from a place of resort for the valetudinarian, and for the pleasure-seeker during the winter season, has become a resident city of some 70,000 inhabitants, in which the domestic life has gradually encroached upon the public life that once distinguished it. Private parties have taken the place, to a considerable extent, of the subscription-balls, and friendly visits between families have emptied the Pump-room of much of that crush of fashion and galaxy of beauty which once trod its floors.

Another reason why the public amusements of the place have fallen off so, of late years, is to be found in the religious spirit which has developed itself. As one passes along the streets and looks into the booksellers' windows, the ascendency of this spirit in the city is manifest by the portraits of young clergymen everywhere meeting the eye, and the multitudes of religious books, with 'third,' or 'fourth,' edition, or the 'tenth,' 'twentieth,' or 'thirtieth' thousand, inscribed upon their title-pages. Many of the publications issued in Bath, when in the heyday of its fame, were lewd and gross in the extreme. We ourselves have seen many volumes which any Holywell-street publisher of the present time would be prosecuted for attempting to vend, so grossly indecent were they: yet in those days they were perused openly by maid, wife, and widow. Without being too pharisaical, the city might compare her present with her past moral condition with much complacency.

The medicinal Baths of this city, so famous in the time of the Romans, appear to have lost almost all their attractions about the middle of the sixteenth century, mainly owing to the breaking-up of the monastery, in the prior and monks of which they were vested. We might almost imagine that these baths had nearly ceased to be known throughout the kingdom, so few did they attract to their healing waters; while Dr. Turner, who wrote a treatise upon the 'Properties of the Baths of England,' in 1562, and which he dedicated to the Duke of Somerset, says, that it was only after visiting the baths of Italy and Germany, "*that I hard tel that there was a natural bathe within your father's dukedome:*" and farther on, he denounces the "nigardish illiberalitie" of the rich men of England, for not bettering and amending them. "I have not hearde," he tells us, "that anye rich man hath spente upon these noble bathes, one grote these twenty years." Yet they certainly were resorted to, for Dr. John Jones, a physician of eminence, published, in 1572, a 'Treatise on the Bathes of Bathe Ayde.' Dr. Turner's reproaches do not seem to have had much effect, for we find that during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the most extraordinary disorder existed in them. The baths, we are told, were like so many bear-gardens, and as for modesty, it was a thing which had no existence in them.

The custom of both sexes bathing together, nearly if not quite in a state of nature, existed even a century before; Bishop Beckyngton having endeavoured, in 1449, to remedy the evil by issuing a mandate forbidding men and women to bathe together without "decent clothing." His efforts, however, did not prove of much effect, for in 1646, we find the scandal grown so great that the corporation was obliged to interfere and enforce the wearing of bathing-clothes.

The filthy condition of the bath was almost as bad as the morals of the bathers. Dr. Jordan, writing in 1631, says, "The baths are bear-gardens, where both sexes bathe promiscuously; while the passers-by pelt them with dead dogs, cats, and pigs." By the rigid enforcement of by-laws the corporation amended the nuisance, and the good effect of their interference was seen in the crowds of people who flocked to the city from different parts of England, both for the purpose of bathing and drinking the waters. Pepys, who visited the city in 1668, and of course pried into the baths, did not think them particularly clean, in consequence of the great resort to them. His gossiping sketch is full of interest:—"13th (June) Saturday, up at four o'clock, being, by appointment, called up to the Cross Bath, where we were carried one after another, myself, and wife, and Betty Turner, Willet, and W. Hewer. And by-and-by, though we designed to have done before company came, much company came; very fine ladies; and the manners pretty enough; only methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. Good conversation among them that are acquainted here and stay together. Strange to see how hot the water is; and in some places, though this is the most temperate bath, the springs are so hot as the feet not able to endure. But strange to see, when women and men here, that live all the season in these waters, cannot but be parboiled, and look like the creatures of the bath! Carried away, wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair, home; and then one after another thus carried, I staying above two hours in the water, home to bed, sweating for an hour; and by-and-by comes music to play to me, extraordinary good as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere: 5*s*."

The bath for a long time was a fashionable amusement for the ladies. A foreign traveller, who visited England towards the end of the last century, speaking of those in this city, says, "In the morning the young lady is brought in a close-chair, dressed in her bathing-clothes, to the Cross Bath. Then the music plays her in the water, and the women who attend her present her with *a little floating-dish like a basin*, into which the lady puts a handkerchief and a nosegay, and of late a snuff-box is added. She then traverses the bath, if a novice, with a guide; if otherwise, by herself; and having amused herself nearly an hour, calls for her chair and returns home." It is only fair, however, to mention that the same custom prevailed in the Continental baths, of both sexes bathing in common.

The *public* baths of the city are four in number—the King's Bath, the Queen's Bath, the Hot Bath, and the Cross Bath. The King's Bath is the largest and most important of them all, and royalty has on many occasions disported in its waters. A remarkable circumstance is related to have occurred in it while Queen Ann, consort of James I., was bathing here. A flame of fire, it is said, like that of a candle, ascended to the top of the water, spread itself into a large circle of light, and then became extinct. This so frightened her Majesty that she immediately departed for the New Bath, close at hand, which ever afterwards went by the name of the Queen's Bath. The dimensions of the King's Bath are 65 feet wide by 40 feet broad, and it contains 364 tuns of water; the heat at the springhead is 116° of Fahrenheit. In the centre of the Bath stands the statue already referred to of the favourite Bladud.

In connection with the King's Bath is a spacious tepid Swimming Bath, designed

by Decimus Burton. The Cross Bath has of late years been converted into a Tepid, Plunging, and Swimming Bath, the price of admission to which brings it within the means of the "great unwashed." The Hot Bath is so named from the heat of its springs, which is so great that it seems almost to scald the skin upon the first immersion. In addition to these public baths (which belong to the Corporation, but are let to two private persons), there are a number of private bathing-establishments, fitted up with every elegance and improvement that the present day has suggested. There are also the Abbey Baths, likewise very commodious, and situated upon the site of the old Roman Thermæ. In 1833, an analysis was made, by the Oxford Professor of Chemistry, of the gas emitted by the waters, and he found that within the twenty-four hours 222 cubic feet were given off, which contained a variable quantity, viz., from 4½ to 13 per cent. of the whole; and the rest consisted of 96 per cent. of nitrogen, and 4 per cent. of oxygen. The temperature of three of the springs is as follows:—Hot Bath 117°, King's Bath 114°, and Cross Bath 109° of Fahrenheit, yielding respectively 128, 20, and 12 gallons a minute. The specific gravity of the water is 1·002. As it flows from the earth it is transparent, but in a short time yields a slight precipitate and loses its transparency. When fresh drawn it has a slight chalybeate taste. The daily quantity of water discharged into these basins is 184,320 gallons. There are private baths attached to the Hot and the King's Bath, admirably arranged and constructed, and capable of having their temperature regulated. According to the analysis of Mr. R. Phillips, a quart of the water contains:—

Carbonic acid	2·4	in.
Sulphate of lime	18·	grains.
Muriate of soda	6·6	„
Sulphate of soda	3·	„
Carbonate of lime	1·6	„
Silica	·4	„
Oxide of iron	·00394	„
	29·60394	
Loss	·39606	
	30·	

A considerable quantity of carbonic acid gas escapes through the water.

The waters are reported to be beneficial in *all* chronic distempers, with the exception of those arising from diseased lungs, or from hæmorrhage and inflammation. Gout, stone, rheumatism, indigestion, palsy, and bilious obstruction and cutaneous diseases are said to be benefited by the use of these springs, whether administered externally or internally. A collection of all the treatises which have been written upon the efficacy of the Bath waters would make a very decent-sized library, as in former times such works were the means by which young physicians introduced themselves to practice.

The high level at which the Great Western Railway passes through the suburbs enables the traveller to take in a very comprehensive view of the city. It lies before him almost like an Ordnance map, a very dirty corner of which he crosses; for however handsome the all-prevalent oolite, or free-stone, is in appearance, in buildings of any pretension to architectural effect, yet, when employed in the meaner buildings of the artisans, it has but a grim aspect. Across a perfect nest of courts and alleys, the traveller is hurried, and he cannot witness the wretched poverty at his feet without sorrowfully contrasting it with the palace-like erections of the Lansdowne Hill-side.

If we approach Bath by way of the old bridge which crosses the Avon, we shall gain a juster knowledge of the city than by any other entrance. This bridge, in old times, was quite sufficient for all the traffic which passed over it; but with railways a new epoch has commenced, and its ancient piers are now made to carry a wooden roadway, overhanging on each side. A little higher up the stream, the railway crosses the river by a skew-bridge, in which Brunel seems to have courted a difficulty merely to vanquish it. As the eye wanders over the complication of iron girders and ponderous beams of which it is composed, it assumes an aspect of daring power, that seems to typify the dauntless spirit of the present age, as contrasted with the old bridge which crosses the river on five cumbersome arches. Southgate-street, which in the old coaching time resounded throughout the day with the rattle of the stages and mails running between London and the West, gives the stranger no idea of the beauty of the modern town. The gable ends of the houses, the country-town-like character of the shops, and the appearance of the inhabitants, presents another world to that which exhibits itself in Milsom-street.

As we proceed along Stall-street, architectural beauties begin to unfold themselves. The Pump-room, the crescent-shaped Piazza which commences Bath-street, the King's Bath, and the Colonnade, through which the beautiful west-front of the Abbey is seen, furnish a number of effects all charming in themselves. At this spot the genius of Bath still seems to linger: the chairmen hang about, reminding one of old times; and the lounger, too, seems to love it. The Pump-room, which was built upon the site of the old one, in 1796, presents, in combination with its two wings, the King's Bath and the Colonnade, a very handsome appearance. Its interior, which is 60 feet long by 56 wide, is very elegant. The band, long famous for its performance of ancient music, still attracts much company on Saturday—the fashionable day of the season. At the bottom of the room, a statue of Nash used to stand, between two busts of Newton and Pope. Lord Chesterfield, who had a keen eye for the ridiculous, let fly an epigram upon the incongruousness of the juxta-position; the last stanza of it is biting enough:

> "The statue placed these busts between
> Gives satire all its strength;
> *Wisdom* and *wit* are *little* seen,
> But folly at *full* length."

This keen shaft had the effect of separating the trio; the poet and the philosopher have been banished, and the Beau now holds an undivided reign, not exactly over the scene of his former triumphs—for that vanished with the old room—but over the spot where the genius of the city still dwells.

The waters issue from the mouth of a marble serpent, situated on one side of the room, where the poor valetudinarians gather to quaff out of glasses tinctured, by the medicinal qualities of the water, a deep yellow colour. During the season, a fee is demanded of strangers who visit the room while the band is playing, but at all other times it is open as a public promenade.

As we leave the Pump-room, our footsteps are naturally led towards the Abbey Church, the richly embellished west front of which the eye wanders over with delight. There was a monastery situated here at a very early date, and a church dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, which was elevated into a bishopric in 1090, and granted to John de Villola, bishop of Wells, for the purpose of enlarging that see; and the two Abbey Churches and dioceses have ever since remained united under the same episcopal head. This building having fallen into decay, the present church was commenced in 1495, by Oliver King, bishop of the diocese, who, it is asserted, was prompted to the

good work by a vision he beheld in his sleep, wherein he saw the Holy Trinity with angels ascending and descending by a ladder, to a fair olive-tree supporting a crown. This dream the prelate construed into a command from Heaven to restore the Cathedral Church; which he immediately set about, but did not live to complete. The building was carried on by Priors Bird and Holway, or Gibbs, and the church was nearly completed when the dissolution of monasteries took place in 1539.

Viewed from beneath the Pump-room Colonnade, and amid the bustle of Stall-street, the bishop's poetical idea of the ascent and descent of angels upon the ladder, sculptured in enduring stone on each side of the great west window, seems to realise some Scripture dream of one's youth. But we fear that our praise must be confined to the effect of the west front, as neither the general design nor the details of the building are very beautiful; while the tracery of the windows and the carved work generally, are ungraceful and inartistic. It was the last abbey built in England, and with it, English ecclesiastical architecture, as a really living style, may be said to have died. Like the religion with which it grew up, it had become so debased, that its destruction was inevitable. Upon the dissolution of the religious houses, the Abbey was entirely stripped, by Henry's Commissioners, of the lead, glass, iron, and timber that it contained, and reduced, in fact, to its naked walls; in which condition it remained until 1606, when it was restored by Bishop Montague, and converted into a parochial church. The citizens pride themselves upon the lightness of the interior of the edifice, which, from its being lit by the enormous number of fifty-two windows, has been styled 'The Lanthorn of England.' The midday glare that meets the eye in the nave, certainly warrants them in giving it this appellation: but they deceive themselves with the idea that this is a beauty. The early architects, whose aim seems to have been to produce that "dim religious light" which gives such solemnity to York and Westminster, would smile or sigh could they witness the manner in which that simple daylight effect is praised, which they used all their marvellous art to modify and subdue. The church is crowded with marble slabs, which almost turn it into a marble-mason's shop.

Nash, who was buried here with great pomp, has a monument with an inscription. Another monument is that of Quin, the actor, which consists of a finely-carved head and bust of the deceased, in marble, with an epitaph by Garrick. Dryden has here one of his beautiful mortuary inscriptions to Mary Frampton, which is quite delightful to read, after the mass of affected and strained lines which everywhere meet the eye. Another interesting monument is that to the memory of Lady Jane Waller, wife of the Parliamentary General. On the tomb lies the effigy of the knight in armour, in a mourning attitude by his wife's side, and two children in the like position. The old sextoness, who shows you the lions of the Abbey, draws your attention to a fracture in the knight's face, which, she informs you, was made by James II., who passing through the church, and happening to espy Waller's obnoxious effigy, drew his sword, and knocked off its nose. But unfortunately for this very pretty tale, Pepys spoils it, for he inspected the Abbey on his visit to Bath in 1668—long enough before James was king; and, as he tells us, "looked over the monuments, when, among others, Dr. Venner, and Pelling, and a lady of Sir W. Waller's; he lying *with his face broken*." Warner, in his History of the city, gives another story respecting James and the Abbey, which is perhaps true. It seems certain that, shortly after his succession to the throne, he visited and made some stay in Bath; and that, among his other attendants, he brought with him his confessor and friend, Father Huddlestone, the Jesuit. As the tale goes, this friar, by James's orders, went to the Abbey, and exhibited on the altar all the paraphernalia of the Romish ritual; and then wrathfully denounced all heretics, at the same time exhorting them to an immediate change from the errors of

Protestantism, to the true faith from which this country had apostatised. Among the number of his listeners was Ken, then bishop of the diocese, and the consistent and firm supporter of the reformed religion. Fired with indignation at this open display of hatred to his faith and to the established religion of the land, the bishop, as soon as Huddlestone had concluded his sermon, mounted a stone pulpit which then stood in the body of the church, and desiring the departing congregation to remain for a little while, he preached an extempore sermon in answer to Huddlestone, exposing his fallacies, and displaying the errors of his church and the absurdity of its ceremonies, in a strain of such fervid eloquence, as astonished his congregation and confounded Huddlestone and the royal bigot. So runs the tale; but it does seem rather strange that a Romish priest should be allowed to play such pranks in a cathedral of the Established Church, and in the very presence of its bishop. There are some monuments by Bacon and Chantrey in the church, but none very striking; and Bishop Montague, who repaired the building, has an imposing tomb in the fashion of James the First's time. Prior Bird's Chapel, the delicate tracery of which has lately been restored, is the architectural gem of the building. The roof of the nave is formed of lath-and-plaster work, and in a style which comes, we suppose, under what is called 'Modern Gothic.' The roof of the choir, however, is as beautiful as that of the nave is vulgar. It is of the same age and style as that of Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster; the clustered pillars spreading out into a fan-like tracery, which covers the roof. The exterior of the building was repaired in 1833, but in a very tasteless and discreditable style.

Returning again into Stall-street, the main artery of the city, a short walk up Union-street brings us into Bond-street—a locality which reminds one of the West end of London, from the elegance of the merchandise in the shops, and the general metropolitan air of the place. This paved court (for it has only a footway for passengers) is but the ante-chamber to what might be justly called the pulse of modern Bath—Milsom-street. This promenade is one of the most elegant and pleasant streets in the kingdom; not so long as Regent-street in the metropolis, or Sackville-street in Dublin, yet just the length to form a pleasant promenade. Its architecture, too, is noble and cheerful, and its shops are crowded with elegant novelties. Milsom-street is, in fact, the fashionable lounge of the city, and in the season the scene it presents more resembles the walk in Kensington Gardens than anything else that we know of. The street being situated upon a slight ascent, a full view of its bright scene is gained from either extremity. The tone of a city can generally be ascertained from the character of its shops: in Milsom-street we see at once that Bath is entirely a place of 'genteel' resort and independent residents. The perfumers, milliners, tailors, printsellers, circulating libraries, &c., which wholly occupy the principal streets, proclaim it a city of easy and elegant life.

From Milsom-street we might either climb the ascent of Belmont and Belvedere (two very fine ranges of houses), until we reach Lansdowne-crescent, which circles the fair forehead of the city, or by turning off to the left along Bennet-street, enter the Circus, which might be called her zone. Choosing the latter way, let us pause for a moment at what might, at the present time even, be considered the chief attraction of Bath—the Assembly-room. This magnificent building was erected by Wood the younger, in 1771, several years after the death of Nash; consequently, none of the associations connected with him and his days are to be sought within its walls. The Assembly-room over which he reigned stood upon the site of the Literary Institution. It was destroyed by fire in 1810. When both buildings were in existence, they were presided over by distinct masters of the ceremonies, and were distinguished by being

called the Upper and Lower Rooms. We question if the metropolis can boast so noble a suite of apartments as the Upper Rooms. The Ball-room is 106 feet long by 42 feet wide, and is finished in the graceful yet solid manner which prevailed towards the latter end of the last century. The Master of the Ceremonies receives the company in an octagon of 48 feet in diameter, and vaulted at a great height. The walls are surrounded with portraits of defunct kings of Bath, among whom Nash, with his white hat, stands conspicuous; but the artistic eye is more attracted by one of Gainsborough's lifelike heads. Gainsborough, it will be remembered, resided for some time in Bath, prior to his settlement in London.

The Octagon-room and another, 70 feet in length by 27 feet in width, are devoted to cards. A guinea is the sum paid for the season Subscription Balls, and five shillings extra to the Card Assembly; while sixpence each is all the charge for tea. Moderate prices these, for admittance to one of the most polite assemblies in the kingdom. 'Nobodies,' however, must not expect to mingle with the 'somebodies' of high life on such easy terms. Certain rules are drawn up, by which all retail traders, articled clerks of the city, theatrical and other public performers, are excluded from its saloons.

The Circus, to which Bennet-street forms an avenue, as its name denotes, is a circular pile of buildings, covering a large space of ground, and erected in the Roman style of architecture; the principal stories having Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian pillars. Leaving the Circus by way of Brook-street, we come at once upon the Royal-crescent, also built by Wood the younger. This is infinitely the most magnificent pile of buildings in Bath; indeed we know of nothing finer in England. Viewed from Brock-street, its grandly-sweeping curve impresses itself once and for ever upon the mind. Few buildings have the advantage of such a site as the Crescent, situated as it is upon a gentle slope, and the ground in front quite open for a considerable distance; the Royal Avenue to the Victoria Park, in fact, forming its very picturesque foreground.

Turn we now into the Royal Avenue—no formal row of trees, or broad gravel walk, as its name seems to imply, but a winding drive through plantations and shrubberies, in the centre of which another obelisk has been erected, called the Victoria Column. This drive, of more than half a mile in extent, opens into the Victoria Park, lately formed out of the Town Common. The plantations have not yet grown up, consequently it has a somewhat naked appearance, which time alone can remedy. The scenery around the Park, however, makes up for the rawness incident to all newly-laid-out grounds: few public promenades can command so fine a prospect, and fewer still such an architectural effect as the Royal-crescent. A colossal head of Jupiter, from the chisel of a self-taught sculptor of Bath, ornaments one portion of the Park. It is upwards of seven feet in height, and is highly esteemed by the citizens as a work of art. We cannot leave the Park without noticing the two Sphinxes over the gateway, the donors of which have had the questionable taste to make the fact known to the world in huge Egyptian letters. There is a Botanical and Horticultural Garden in the Park, in which the floral exhibitions of the city are held.

Returning again to the Abbey Church, and proceeding along High-street, instead of turning off, as we have done, into the more aristocratic portions of the town, we come to the seat of civic dignity, the Guildhall, an exceedingly fine Roman building, in the centre of trading Bath: an architectural screen on either hand forms portions of the market. Bath has, from a very early period, possessed certain municipal privileges; but its government by a mayor and corporation dates from the time of Elizabeth, when, by Royal Charter, Bath was declared a city in itself. The Corporation, before the passing of the Reform Bill, had the privilege of returning to

Parliament the two members for the city: the inhabitants at large having no voice at all in the matter. This extraordinary state of things was one of those cases, like that of Old Sarum, which tended as much as anything to pass this important measure.

In the days before the Municipal Reform Act fell like a blight upon the close corporations of the kingdom, the civic authorities, like their Bristol brethren, were famous for taking care of the 'body corporate' in more ways than one, as the length of their kitchen-range and the size and magnificence of their banqueting-rooms testify. In consequence of the exclusion of the citizens from *the* Assembly-room, they are in the habit of holding their balls in these fine apartments, which certainly rival the others in magnificence, if the company be not altogether so select. Turning off on the right hand, down Bridge-street, we cross the Avon by means of the Pulteney Bridge, which carries on its strong arches a line of houses on either side of the roadway, the river being thus entirely hidden from view. The prospect, as we proceed up Great Pulteney-street, is one of the sights of Bath. It resembles Portland-place, London, in width and architectural effect; but it is a full third longer than that street, and it is terminated by the very handsome Sidney Hotel, which, besides serving its ordinary purposes, forms a noble entrance to the Sidney Gardens—a place of great resort to the citizens of Bath and Bristol. It was, indeed, for a long time the Vauxhall of the two cities, pyrotechnic exhibitions taking place here nearly every week. Having been planted above half a century, the trees have grown up to a stately altitude, and assume all the wild luxuriance of a forest. A thousand beautiful effects meet the eye at every turn, and one cannot help contrasting the charming effect of these gardens with the trim, bare appearance of the Victoria Park. For some time past, however, it has been a melancholy solitude; no gay lamps now hang between the trees; the pathways are deserted, the flower-beds neglected, the arbours rotting; and the whole domain looks forgotten and abandoned, with the exception of two lines of life which traverse it in the shape of the Kennet and Avon Canal, and the Great Western Railway. Handsome terraces skirt and overhang the iron-way, and ornamental bridges span it, whilst the Canal forms quite a piece of ornamental water to the Gardens, adorned as its margin is with weeping-willows.

Returning along Great Pulteney-street, we can hardly help noticing that it stands, as it were, still in the country. At every opening, on either side, we see meadows and pleasure-grounds, and the public walk to Henrietta-street is quite park-like in appearance. This fine street was constructed at the latter end of the last century, and was intended as the main thoroughfare of an entirely new neighbourhood on the east side of the river; but the plan was never carried out, and the 'New Town,' as it is called, consists of the trunk of Great Pulteney-street, and a few streets leading out of it, or lying like great blocks in its immediate vicinity. It remains for some future speculator to fill up the vast original sketch, and to render the New Town the most splendid portion of the city.

If we return to High-street, and proceed on through Northgate-street, we have a full view of St. Michael's Church, which is by far the best of the modern ecclesiastical structures of the city. It is built in the fork, between Broad-street and Walcot-street: an excellent position, as far as effect goes. It was erected in 1836, from a design by Mr. Manners, and is in the early English style. The spire resembles that of Salisbury Cathedral. This, the most beautiful portion of the building, rises to a considerable height, and forms one of the most interesting features of the city, when viewed from the railway. The spire is wrought in the most elaborate manner, and only requires time to soften its present sharpness to make it perfect. The new tower of St. James's Church, 150 feet high, built in the Italian style, and surmounted with an elegant

lanthorn, is another very prominent object, as you enter Stall-street; indeed, it helps to form many graceful combinations from different points of view.

Perhaps the most ambitious-looking of all the modern ecclesiastical erections in Bath is St. Stephen's Church, situated upon the top of Lansdowne Hill. It has been built within the last few years, but its architect scarcely seems to have felt the influence of that revival of the pure Gothic which has lately taken place. Near this church, twelve almshouses have been erected, in the Tudor style of domestic architecture. St. Matthew's Church is a new structure, built to accommodate 1250 persons. St. Saviour's Church, in the Decorated style, was built in 1832. There are in all twenty churches and Episcopal chapels, besides the Abbey Church, in Bath. The Roman Catholic, Independent, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, and other chapels not belonging to the Establishment, are sixteen in number. Several of them are large and handsome buildings.

There are no churches of any very great antiquity in Bath, the Abbey itself not dating earlier than the fifteenth century; but at the top of Holloway, the straggling suburb that climbs the Beechen Cliff, there is a chapel, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, which was founded in the twelfth century, rebuilt in 1495, and repaired and enlarged of late years. The city is, in fact, remarkably wanting in early English remains of any kind. *Bellott's Hospital*, in Beau-street, founded in 1609 by Thomas Bellott, Steward of the Household to Queen Elizabeth, and devoted to the use of poor persons using the medicinal baths and waters of the city, is, perhaps, the most interesting old building in Bath: and its low appearance, and pompously-carved porch, which rises as high as the roof itself, is singular enough, as we look upon it suddenly from out of the great modern thoroughfare of Stall-street. Beside it rises the regular façade of the Bath United Hospital, a handsome classic building, and replete with every modern convenience; but still lacking that old, familiar, sociable look which characterizes its uncouth little neighbour's appearance. Still more interesting specimens of antiquity are the remains of the ancient walls of the city, yet to be seen in the Upper Borough Walls, nearly opposite the General Hospital, and in the Grove at the back of the Market. Its most perfectly-preserved portion is in Boatstall-lane, where the wall is complete even to the battlements: the eye has to carefully trace it out, however, as it is incorporated with the fronts of the houses built upon it.

The Literary and Scientific Institution, built upon the site of the Lower Assembly rooms, is a very commodious and convenient edifice, containing a lecture-room, library, reading-room, and a range of vaults which contain the Roman Antiquities before mentioned. There is also a museum stored with a collection of minerals, and a series of geological specimens, showing the stratification of the entire South Coast of our island. The Conchological Exhibition is also worthy of inspection. But the chief attractions to the stranger are the classical remains of antiquity, which are alone sufficient to draw those who take an interest in such things to Bath, for no Institution in England is so rich as this one in those architectural remains and pieces of sculpture, which are the most perfect tracks left by the Roman colonists of their magnificence, whilst sojourning in this island. As building goes on, and excavations are made, the Collection is continually increasing. The last, and not the least interesting, specimen of Roman remains found, was the entire ground-plan of a villa, exposed, a few miles from Bath, during the construction of the Great Western Railway. A fine specimen of tesselated pavement was removed from it to the Institution, where it now remains, and, together with the other antiquities, is politely shown to strangers by the officers of the establishment.

Among the Charitable Institutions of Bath, the most interesting, and perhaps one of the most useful, is Partis's College, a very handsome pile of Grecian buildings, on

Newbridge Hill, a little way out of the city, and well seen from the railway. Here, by the will of the founder, thirty reduced ladies, ten of whom must be the widows or daughters of clergymen, are provided for. The Bath General Hospital was originated by Beau Nash, in 1738. His position enabled him to command the pockets of a great number of persons, and the sums he collected for this Institution were accordingly great. The Hospital is well endowed, and is regulated by Act of Parliament. No patient can be admitted unless his case has been certified previous to his coming to Bath, to be proper for the trial of the hot waters; and no inhabitant of Bath was admitted into it, till 1835, when this rule was modified to some extent. In 1847, there were 458 patients discharged cured from this hospital. There is another large hospital called the United General Hospital, or Casualty and Dispensary, which affords to the sick poor of the city the advantages of the use of the hot waters, and gives assistance in cases of ordinary illness and casualty. Among the other charitable institutions of the city are the Lepers' Hospital, the Hospital of St. John the Baptist, St. Catherine's Hospital, and the Eastern Dispensary, built in 1845. The United Hospital, which we have already spoken of, contains in itself the old City Dispensary, Infirmary, and Casualty Hospital. There are also several almshouses and charity-schools in the city.

The principal school in Bath is the Free Grammar School, founded by Edward VI., and endowed with part of the lands of the dissolved priory. It was designed for the gratuitous instruction of the children of the townsmen, without distinction of rank. In recent times the number of free scholars has become very small, while that of day scholars and boarders has much increased. The school-house, built by the Corporation about a century ago, is a large and handsome building. A Wesleyan college, called New Kingswood, has been recently built, from designs by Mr. James Wilson; it is in the Tudor style, with school-rooms, chapel, dining-hall, governor's house, and other offices. The parish schools of Walcot St. Swithin's, by the same architect, are built to accommodate 1000 children. National and other schools are numerous in Bath.

The vestry of the Abbey Church contains a small collection of books, and some ancient MSS. The Bath and West of England Society, established several years ago, have recently broken up their establishment for want of sufficient support, and have transferred their library, &c., to the Commercial and Literary Institution, where their meetings are now held. There is an Athenæum at Bath.

The Bath Union Workhouse is situated about a mile and a half south of the city, on Odd Down. The Bath City Jail, situated about a mile west of the city, has all the accommodations provided by the modern prison system. The Town Hall was built in 1780; it contains various apartments suitable for the offices connected with the government of the city. The great room is eighty feet long, forty feet wide, and thirty feet high. It contains portraits of George III. and Queen Charlotte, the great Earl of Chatham, and various other notable personages, and has altogether a really splendid appearance. A commodious market extends in a horse-shoe form behind the town-hall: the entrance being through the wings on either side of the Guildhall. This market is greatly resorted to by the country people of the surrounding district on Saturday afternoons, when it presents a lively and curious scene.

There are few manufactures of importance in this city. Bath was formerly celebrated for its cloth, and at the Restoration no less than sixty broad looms were employed in the parish of St. Michael's; but the cloth trade of the west of England has since been removed to other towns. The paper-mills in the neighbourhood are of some note. The city is well supplied with coal from extensive beds lying a few miles distant. For commercial purposes, Bath has many advantages in its facilities for communication. The river Avon was made navigable to Bristol under an Act of the

10th Anne; and there is a water communication with London by the Kennet and Avon Canal, which joins the Thames at Reading. Besides the main line of the Great Western Railway, which places it in connection with the east and west, the Wilts, Somerset, and Weymouth Railway, now open to Trowbridge and Frome, though not starting from Bath, places it in easy communication with the clothing towns of Somerset and Wilts.

The river which traverses the city in a winding direction, from east to west, has certainly something to complain of in the manner in which it is treated in its passage. The river god, who disports himself in the tolerably clear stream skirted by the Bathwick Meadows, must be grievously disturbed by the unpleasant odours and prospects which meet him on his way through Bath. The sewerage of the town is discharged into the river, which is little better than a canal, for its sluggish stream is impeded at about every other mile of its length, between a spot high above Bath down to Bristol, with lock-gates and weirs. The consequence is, that all the filth which flows into it is merely deposited at the bottom, and there generates noxious gases. We wonder, moreover, why the Bathonians allow the banks on either side of the old bridge, the chief entrance to the city, to be lumbered with such ruinous buildings as skirt the Lower Bristol Road, and the mean cottages to be seen on every hand. The stranger would look for a promenade beside the river of such a city as Bath as a matter of course; but he finds instead every condition unfavourable to health and annoying to the senses.

The river is spanned by a number of bridges, which differ widely in their character. The highest up the stream is a pretty little suspension bridge, at the back of Grosvenor-place; then comes the Bathwick bridge, connecting the London Road with the parish of Walcot, the general appearance of which is solid and ornate. The next we arrive at is the gloomy structure which carries Bridge-street on its broad back. There is something quite dismal in the appearance of this bridge, viewed from the weir in front of the Bathwick mill. The three dark arches, through which scarce any light is seen, and the sombre character of the tall houses which form the back of the Grove, and rise in all the gloomy manner of one of Dante's creations, is contrasted with the long ghost-like white line of foaming water which rushes over the dam, and completes a picture which stamps itself on the mind for ever. After dwelling upon its strangely tragic appearance, the light effect of the North Parade Bridge seems to relieve the mind like a vaudeville after a heavy melodrama. The span of this elegant structure is 108 feet, and its whole effect is pleasing. The two railroad bridges come next, then the old bridge; and lower down the river, towards the village of Twerton, there are two more on the suspension principle. We question if any city in England is spanned by more roadways than Bath. The village of Twerton is well worth a visit, as there still lingers the old manufacture of the place, in the shape of an immense woollen factory, which turns out a vast amount of the still celebrated West of England cloth.

Besides its public walks, Bath has a couple of cemeteries, which attract many visitors, and are of more than usual interest. The Abbey Cemetery was formed by the present rector of Bath, the Hon. and Rev. W. J. Brodrick, at his own expense, for the use of the Abbey parish. The chapel is a picturesque structure, erected in the Norman style, from a design by Mr. Manners, of Bath. The views from the cemetery are of much beauty. It is situated about a mile and a half south-west from the city near Prior Park—a place we shall visit presently. The Lansdowne Cemetery was formed, a year or two back, on the Beckford estate, the site having been given for that purpose by the Duchess of Hamilton. A third cemetery, called Walcot Cemetery, has been formed in Walcot parish.

Beyond the Abbey Park Cemetery, where Coomb Down rises four hundred feet above the vale, Prior Park rears its long and splendid façade. This mansion, once the seat of Ralph Allen, Esquire—the Allworthy of Fielding's novel of 'Tom Jones'—is now erected into a Roman Catholic College. To get to it we must cross the Old Bridge—having in our face the bold acclivity of Beechen Cliff, which rises to several hundred feet in height, and seems to hang with its woody summit directly over the city—and proceed for some little distance along the left bank of the Avon, until we turn up the lovely Vale of Lyncomb. This beautifully wooded valley is studded with villas and handsome residences, and is evidently a favourite spot with those who desire a mild and sheltered situation. At length our footsteps are arrested by a couple of gates, forming the entrance respectively to the New Bath Abbey Cemetery, and to the Catholic College of Prior Park. If we scale the greater height, we shall soon find ourselves in front of the latter building. Prior Park was erected in 1743, by Mr. Allen, who was originally a clerk in the Bath Post-office; but having been enabled to give General Wade some intimation of a waggon-load of arms coming to the town for the use of the Pretender's adherents during the rising of 1715, he was rewarded by the Government, at the recommendation of that officer, with the situation of Postmaster of the city. Whilst in this trust he got the Government to adopt an ingenious plan of his for the multiplication of cross posts, by which the revenue was vastly increased, and the proposer, who farmed the department, was rendered independent.

Between Allen and Pope an intimacy had sprung up, occasioned by Allen's admiration of the letters of the poet, published in 1734. Pope became a frequent visitor to the palatial residence of his friend, and to this day a walk in the neighbourhood is known as 'Pope's Walk.' It was to his worthy host that he paid the fine compliment which has passed into so common a quotation:—

> "Let humble Allen with ingenuous shame
> Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

It was originally written, "Let low-born Allen," but Pope did not exactly please his friend by this allusion to his early life, and, at the suggestion of Warburton, he substituted the phrase as it at present stands. Warburton had been introduced to Allen by Pope, and soon became, probably owing to his ready but somewhat coarse wit, so great a favourite with him, that he gave him his niece in marriage, and ultimately left to him Prior Park, and a large part of his estates. After Allen's death, Warburton took up his residence here, and from this place issued most of his famous works—especially the 'Divine Legation,' a mine of misapplied learning and acute reasoning, and in the notes of rough wit and keen, trenchant sarcasm.

We have not many particulars of Fielding's connection with Prior Park, but there is no doubt that he laid the early scenes of 'Tom Jones' at this place. A description of Mr. Allen's grounds and the distant landscape is given in 'Tom Jones,' which, as one of the old guide books says, "allowing for the introduction of an imaginary sea, distant island, and ruined abbey, is tolerably correct!" Allen, independently of his patronage of men of letters and his abundant benevolence, may be considered as having been a very important agent in the construction of modern Bath. He it was who opened the vast quarries of oolite or freestone upon Coomb Down, from which the splendid city at its side sprang forth. This quarry is well worth a visit in itself. The great oolite formation in which it is worked is 130 feet in thickness, and the blocks taken out of it are sometimes of an enormous size. The roof of the quarry is supported by numerous lofty pillars and arches, through which the subterranean passages extend a

considerable distance. A tram-road, on an inclined plane, conveys the stone to the Avon, whence it is shipped in barges to all parts of the kingdom—its hardness and durability making it a favourite material with builders.

Soon after Warburton's death his widow gave her hand and property to her late husband's chaplain—"one of the Smiths." After several changes of ownership, Prior Park was purchased, in 1829, by Dr. Baines, the Roman Catholic Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District, and converted into a college for the instruction of youth. For this purpose he enlarged the building by adding two very extensive wings to the original fabric, and the whole façade has now a very noble appearance. The gardens were re-modelled by him, and the interior enriched with statues and paintings which he had brought from Italy. A theatre and an observatory were also added to the building; and such was the magnificence to which the whole establishment had attained under Dr. Baines's guidance, that a few years ago the place was the lion of the neighbourhood. A very disastrous fire occurred, however, in 1836, which entirely consumed the interior of the centre, or old portion of the building erected by Allen, and destroyed property to the value of £18,000. This loss, together with the death of Dr. Baines, in 1843, seems to have reduced the fortunes of the place. A new chapel was, however, some time back commenced in the rear of the principal building.

The view from the top of Coomb Down is very extensive. Salisbury Plain stretches across on the left; and, on sunny days, the White Horse, cut on Westbury Hill side, is very distinctly seen. Claverton Down, which rises to an equal height with Coomb Down, is not very far distant, and on it stands Sham Castle, the mere shell of a fortress-like building, erected by Allen to diversify the landscape. The prospect from Sham Castle is of vast extent and exceeding beauty.

We must mount again to the hill-top to seek the retreat of genius. Beckford's Tower, to which we bend our steps, stands north-east of the town, on the brow of Lansdowne Hill; full eight hundred feet above the level of the city. Our way is along Belmont and Belvedere, toiling painfully up the steep till we reach Lansdowne Crescent, one of the highest buildings in the city, and only second to the Royal Crescent in beauty. Mr. Beckford used to occupy two houses here, one of which formed the corner of a wing detached from the main building by a narrow roadway. In order to form a communication between the two, he threw an arch across; and in this Siamese residence lived the great recluse,—a puzzle and a mystery to the good citizens of Bath;—his proud, reserved nature aiding the suspicion in which everything belonging to him was held. His residence was the repository of the rarest works of art; but it was in his tower on the hill that he realized all his Eastern dreams. Here, too, he walled himself up from the rest of the world, and played the great Caliph to perfection. The Lansdowne Tower is so conspicuous an object, that every one who has travelled the Great Western road must have seen its exterior; yet very few of late years gained admittance to its interior, or into the charmed circle of its grounds. When it was first erected, Mr. Beckford allowed persons freely into it; but he afterwards shut it up almost entirely. This singular building is, at the base, constructed like an Italian villa, upon which rises a campanile, and this in its turn is crowned with a kind of Grecian Lanthorn. The interior of the tower was a precious jewel-house,—cabinets of ebony, inlaid with lapis-lazuli, onyx, and agates, vases of verd-antique, pieces of statuary, and costly pictures by famous masters, adorned its walls and chambers: but all, or nearly all, was *petite* and trifling in style. At one time the value of these works of art was not less than £100,000; but an attempt having been made to break into the tower, the more precious portions of its contents were taken to his residence.

The Lanthorn was the favourite room of Mr. Beckford: he had so constructed it that each window formed a frame to some splendid natural landscape; the view from the west opening is especially beautiful. The river Avon winds along the valley like a thread of silver, and in the distance the mountains of Wales rear their purple heads. Mr. Beckford died in 1844, almost suddenly. His remains were deposited in the monument he had constructed for himself, in the Shrubbery, just under the tower, and close to the little tomb he had erected to his dog 'Tiny.' They were afterwards transferred to the Bath Abbey Cemetery. This removal was contrary to his instructions, and, as it proved, to the decree of fate; for upon the property being sold, it fell into the hands of a person who determined to make it a sort of beer-shop and place of public amusement: but Beckford's daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton, could not brook the desecration of the spot she held sacred: the grounds were accordingly re-purchased by her, and presented to the Rector of Walcot as a Cemetery; the first person who was buried there being its late owner, and in the very spot he had chosen for himself. His tomb is formed of red granite, simple and massive in effect. Beckford's 'genius' has been ludicrously overrated;—though unquestionably he wrote very well for a *millionaire;* and his 'Vathek' will probably live—for a while.

The only other direction in which we can look for any literary associations connected with Bath, is to the beautiful suburb of Bathcaston; but those we are afraid are only spurious ones. Sir John and Lady Miller (the lions of the neighbourhood) had, it appears, purchased, while on their tour in Italy (of which Lady Miller published an account), an antique vase found at Fraseati in 1759: this was brought home and placed in their villa at Bathcaston, which was now converted into a temple of Apollo; the lady being the high-priestess and the vase the shrine of the deity. A general invitation was issued to all the sons and daughters of fashion of the neighbouring city every Thursday and Friday. The old Etruscan vase was placed upon a modern altar, and decorated with pink ribbons and myrtle; and as each gentleman or lady passed the venerable relic, an offering was made of some original composition in verse: at first merely of what the French term *bouts rimés*, or rhyming terminations, which had been filled up by the candidates for poetical fame; but afterwards of short poems on particular subjects given out the preceding week. A select Committee of six was named to determine upon the merits of the poems and adjudge the prizes; these retired into an adjoining room and fixed upon the four best productions; which, as Horace Walpole writes, "The successful acknowledge: kneel to Mrs. Calliope [Lady Miller], kiss her fair hand, and are crowned with myrtle." This ridiculous pastime continued for several years. Bath has had plenty other poetasters of the Della Cruscan school: it can at the present moment, however, boast of the residence of a true poet, and one of the most graceful and original prose writers of the age—Walter Savage Landor. In artists also the city has not been wanting. Barker has made himself a name as a landscape and figure painter; and Gainsborough, although not a native of Bath, yet lived many years here, and sketched much from its surrounding scenery. The celebrated Wick Rocks in the neighbourhood formed one of his favourite haunts, and supplied his portfolio with numberless sketches.

The neighbourhood of Bath abounds with beautiful walks and drives; with spots of interest or beauty; and with parks and villages which form each an excellent object for a moderate stroll. Our limits, however, leave us no room to describe any of them; and it is scarcely worth while to mention the names of Bath Hampton, Bath Easton, Charlcombe, Weston, or others that are of equal attraction.

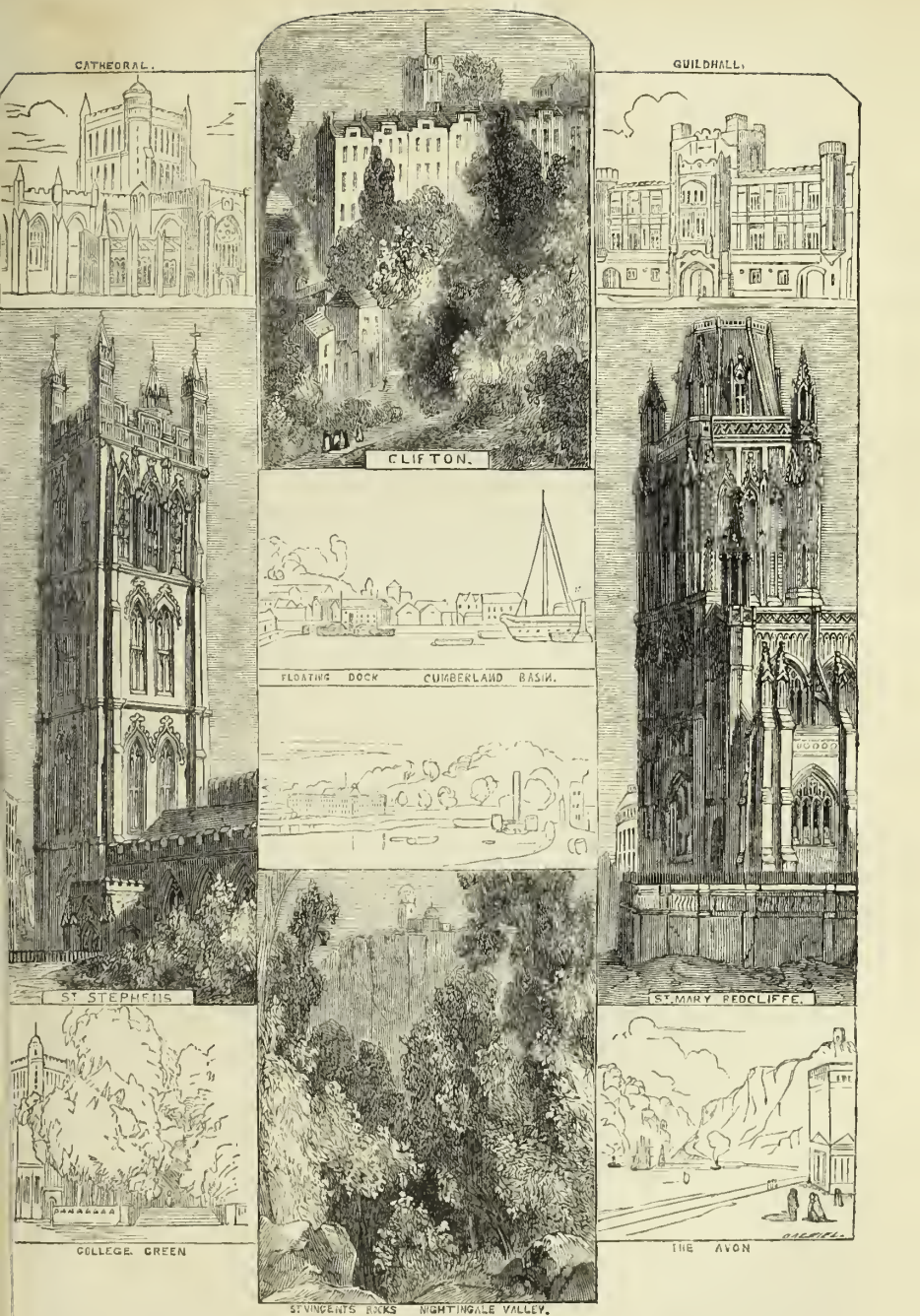
LONDON TO BATH AND BRISTOL.

BY GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

	From Paddington.	Stations.	From Bristol.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
Village on left. Brentford, 2 miles.	5½	.. Ealing. ..	112¾	Castle Bear Hill, 1 mile. Twyford Abbey, 3 miles. Church in the park.
Village on left. County Lunatic Asylum. ..	7¼	.. Hanwell. .. Fine Viaduct over the Brent.	111	Hanwell Park.
	9	.. Southall. ..	109¼	
	13	. West Drayton. .	105¼	Village on right. Very pretty new Church. Uxbridge, 3 miles.
Richings Lodge and Park, 1 mile; the resort of Pope, Shenstone, and other eminent literary men .. Colnbrook, 2 miles .. .. Horton, 3 miles, the residence of Milton, in early life: scenery described in 'L'Allegro.'	16	.. Langley. ..	102¼	Langley Park, 1 mile. Very fine scenery: open to the public. Iver, 2 miles.
Village on the left. Residence of the elder Herschell, the astronomer . .	18	.. Slough. ... Branch on left to Windsor, 3 miles.	100¼	Stoke, 3 miles, the scene of Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.'
Upton, 1 mile .. .. .. Bray, 1 mile	22½	.. Maidenhead... Railway crosses the Thames by a noble brick bridge.	95¾	Maidenhead, a quiet market town of 3315 inhabitants. Taplow, 1 mile. Cliefden House. Scenery very fine along the Thames, and from the heights.
Stanlake Park. Several good mansions in neighbourhood.	30¾	. . . Twyford . . .	87¼	Village on right. Scenery very picturesque.
Town on left. A large and important town of 19,000 inhabitants. Remains of Abbey, Priory, and Castle. Very large new County Jail... ..	35¾	.. Reading .. Branch line to .. Hungerford... Branch line on left to S. W. Railway at Basingstoke.	82½	Caversham, 1 mile. Caversham House. Scenery of the Thames above Reading very beautiful.
Pangbourne—village situated at the confluence of the Pangbrook with the Thames. A good inn; much resorted to by artists and anglers. ..	41¼	.. Pangbourne ..	77	Whitchurch, on the left bank of Thames, united to Pangbourne by a long wooden bridge. The fine old manor houses of Hardwick and Mapledurham, between Whitchurch and Caversham.
Basildon Park, 2 miles. Streatley, on right bank of Thames. The river crossed here by the ancient British way called the Ikenield Street. ..	44¼	.. Goring ..	74	Scenery of Thames of great beauty all along here. Goring Church, curious and picturesque.
On left, the Berkshire Downs.	47½	Wallingford Road	70¾	Wallingford, 3 miles. An old market town. Returns one member to Parliament.

LONDON TO BATH AND BRISTOL.—*Continued.*

	From Paddington.	Stations.	From Bristol.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
Village on left. Church of Decorated style.	53	... Didcot ... Branch on right to Oxford, 10 miles.	65¼	Sutton-Courtney, 1½ mile. Fine old Church, partly Norman: curious font.
Village on left. Numerous early British monuments along the Downs. The celebrated figure of a White Horse, cut on the side of a chalk hill, visible from the railway. ...	56¼	... Steventon ...	62	Drayton, 2 miles.
Wantage, 3 miles, a market town of 1850 inhabitants. Birthplace of Alfred the Great. Church ancient.	60	. Wantage Road .	58¼	West Hanney. Church, partly Norman, contains some ancient monuments.
Uffington, 1 mile. Uffington Castle, a British earthwork; above it the figure of a White Horse	63¾	Faringdon Road	54½	Faringdon, 3593 inhabitants. An old market town in an agricultural district. Ancient Church.
Wilts and Berks Canal runs for many miles on left of railway...	71¼	... Shrivenham ...	47	Village on right. Highworth, 3 miles. 4372 inhabitants.
Town on left. Population, 2172. Chief station and carriage works of the Great Western Railway Company. New Church.	77	... Swindon ... (All trains stay here 10 minutes; branch on right to Cheltenham.)	41¼	Several good seats in neighbourhood. Rodbourn Cheney, 2 miles.
Marlborough Downs on left.	82¾	Wootton Bassett	35½	Town on right. 2990 inhabitants. Fine old Church.
Chippenham, an old borough of 1875 inhabitants. Market House new. Church ancient	93¾	.. Chippenham .. (branch on left to ... Frome.) ...	24½	Hardenhuish, 2 miles.
Bowood, seat of Marquis of Lansdowne, 4 miles...	98¼	.. Corsham ..	20	Town on right. Parish has 3842 inhabitants. Ancient Church. Corsham House contains a good collection of Paintings.
	101¾	.. Box .. (tunnel 1¾ mile ... long.) ...	16½	Quarries of Bath stone (oolite).
	106¾	.. Bath ..	11½	
	108¼	.. Twerton ..	10	
Corston, 2 miles.	111½	.. Saltford ..	6¾	Village on right.
Town on left. Population of parish, 2171. Old Church, with lofty tower.	113½	.. Keynsham ..	5	Bitton, 3 miles.
	118¼	.. Bristol ..		



KNIGHTS

EXCURSION

COMPANION.

BRISTOL.

To give our reader the best idea, in the shortest space of time, of Bristol, past and present, we will ramble with him through the principal streets of the city. We will suppose he has arrived by the Great Western Railway, which is situated at the extremity of Temple-street, and we will lead him towards Clifton; the line of route to which place will afford him a more complete view of the various features of Bristol, than perhaps any other. Of the façade of the station itself, which provides accommodation for the Great Western, Exeter, and Birmingham lines, we can say little more than that its size is great, and its style Tudor.

A sharp bend in the road after we leave the station, brings before us a full perspective of Temple-street, in all its poverty and picturesqueness. It is a street of gable ends; and Queen Elizabeth, could she visit it in its present state, would see comparatively little alteration from the time when she passed through it, three centuries ago. Every here and there some larger than common tenement is seen, leaning down with heavy-hanging brow over the street, and with a profusion of casement, which evidences that the window-taxes were unknown when first they were glazed. In most of these houses, of old, the clicking of the weaver's loom might have been heard, plied by the broad-faced industrious Flemings. When Edward III. prohibited the export of wool from the kingdom, a number of cloth-weavers from Flanders were invited over to England, and many of them, settling in Bristol, made Temple-street their head-quarters, and commenced a manufacture which, for centuries, remained the staple product of the city. The merry music of the loom has long since fled to the pleasant valleys of Gloucestershire, and the less picturesque but more active North; and squalid rags now hang out to dry from rooms that once sent forth the renowned English broadcloth. Still farther back in the perspective of time, this street possessed a history; the religious element pervaded it before it was made busy by the handicraftsman. A little removed from the street lies the Temple Church, with its fine old tower; one of those piles which puzzle one to know whether it is to the builder or to the destroyer we owe most of their beauties. Honeycombed and stained by time, its old forehead looks stately and beautiful, as it catches the evening sun high over the surrounding houses. What attracts attention to it even more than its imposing form, is the manner in which it leans. Temple Church is the Pisan Tower of Bristol: a plummet dropped from its battlements, falls wide of its base three feet nine inches; and, viewed from a distance, the inclination of the tower—which is a very high one—seems even greater. This church at one time, as well as the quarter surrounding it, belonged to the Knights Templars, by whom it was founded in the year 1118. The utmost stretch of fancy can scarcely imagine the time when, instead of the groups of dirty women who now congregate upon the pavement, these soldiers of Christ, habited in

the long, white, flowing robe of their order, bearing on the shoulder the red cross, made the 'flints vocal' with their measured footsteps.

A short walk brings us to Bristol Bridge, erected in 1762, on the foundations of its predecessor; a very curious old structure, covered with houses, and bearing in the middle a 'faire chappel,' dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It was almost the very counterpart of the old London Bridge; and one of Chatterton's finest poems is commemorative of its opening by the monks in grand procession, in the thirteenth century. The present bridge, handsome and wide as it is, scarcely suffices for the circulation of the life-blood of the two great counties which it connects; what then must have been the confusion a hundred years ago, in the time of the former structure, when seventeen feet was all the clear way between the houses for both foot passengers and carriages! On the left of us, as we pass over, the river is crowded with sloops and small coasting vessels, which discharge on the quay-side, known here as the Back. We are now fairly entered upon the old city; and High-street, which is built upon a slight ascent, still preserves somewhat of its ancient character. It is obvious, as we pass up, that the better class of traders are ebbing away fast from its neighbourhood; large shops are to be seen divided into two, each making a desperate struggle for existence. The top of the street is the very centre of ancient Bristol, and here one of the distinguishing features of the city becomes obvious—the multitude of its churches, and the thickness with which they are planted together. At one time there was a church at the corner of each of the four streets which branch off at this place; in the centre stood the High Cross, and within a bowshot arose the spires and towers of six more sacred edifices; so that the view of this part of the city, from the hills which surround it, presented to the spectator a mass of spires. Four of these buildings have since been pulled down; but enough still remain to justify the expression that Bristol is 'a city of churches.' The High Cross, 'beautified' with the effigies of eight kings, benefacters to the city, has long since been removed, to afford room for the increase of traffic. This old cross had often been the scene of blood. Thomas, Lord le Despenser, was beheaded here for the part he took in the rebellion against Henry IV.: and it was the site of a still more tragic occurrence in 1461, when Sir Baldwin Fulford and two other Lancastrians were executed by the orders of Edward IV. The High Cross was, in 1736, removed to College Green; but it remained there only a short time. The tasteful citizens had it taken down, and made a present of it to Sir Richard Colt Hoare, as an ornament for his park at Stourhead, Wilts, where it may still be seen. Last year the citizens came to the resolution to build on College Green a new cross similar to the old one, and the first stone of the structure was laid with great pomp and ceremony:—but their zeal quickly cooled; and, after the foundation was laid, the works were suspended for want of funds. If we loiter by the site of the ancient cross for a moment, the interesting nature of the spot must be our excuse. As we have said, four streets, running north, south, east, and west, meet the view: before us lies Broad-street, its outline broken by picturesque-looking houses, and bounded by its very old church, dedicated to St. John, under which opens one of the ancient gates of the city. Wine-street, with its curious old wooden house, brought in frame from Holland, and set up at the corner of the street in the sixteenth century, and now Stuckey's Bank; and at the right Clare-street (High-street we have already spoken of), down which we turn. The Council House is a chaste building, possessing no peculiarities, either good or bad, which criticism can take hold of. A statue of Justice surmounts its pediment, however, which is beautifully designed, and from the chisel of Baily, a native of Bristol. The Exchange, lying upon the left hand a little farther down, is a handsome structure; and, like most of the public works erected in this city

in the middle of the last century, is an evidence that art was not overlooked by its wealthy and public-spirited projectors. The façade is Roman, very highly ornamented; and that portion of it which forms the merchants' walk, is a spacious open square, surrounded on all sides by arcades. The business transacted here, however, is now confined to the corn-trade: the mass of merchants resort to the Commercial Rooms, on the opposite side of the road. At the back of the Exchange runs the chief market of the city, occupying a great space of ground in a very irregular manner: the supply from the fruitful counties of Somersetshire and Gloucestershire is excellent and abundant. A feature which strikes the stranger as he passes through is the singular costume of the Kingswood market-women.

Returning to Clare-street again, we must not omit to mention, as a sign of Bristol's care even in the middle ages, for literature as well as for commerce, that there anciently stood, beside All Saints' Church, now close upon us, the House of Kalenders, which belonged to a fraternity half laic, half religious, founded here long before the Conquest, and whose duty was to convert Jews, instruct youth, and keep the archives of the city. In this house, as long ago as the middle of the fifteenth century, lectures were delivered twice a week, and a valuable library stood open to the public; so that, as regards Bristol at least, yesterday's Mechanics' Institutes need not fling 'dark ages' contemptuously in the teeth of the past.

Still more churches greet us as we proceed down Clare-street—St. Werburg's, with the west face of its tower washed with the storms of four or five centuries into a bright and most artistic tone, arrests our attention. On a sunny day, when the lights and shades are particularly strong, we question if a more picturesque combination can be afforded in any city than the view of the buildings here congregated. Looking towards the top of the street, St. Werburg's tower, with the bright sun upon it, stands out against the gloom in which the Exchange is buried. Then again the elegant Italian dome of All Saints' repeats the light, and carries the eye on to where the old Dutch-built Bank, with its many galleries and projecting angles, forms a complete picture in itself. Near the bottom of Clare-street we come to what, after St. Mary Redcliffe, might be considered the pride of Bristol, as regards ecclesiastical architecture—the tower of St. Stephen's Church. It is about 130 feet in height; but the delicate tracery, which the eye follows from its base to the beautiful open-work of its pinnacles, makes it look much higher, rising as it does above the gloomy warehouses which surround it on all sides but the one on which it is viewed. Time has added to its effect by washing bright and clear here and there the projecting ornaments, which show against the sable dress with which the smoke has enveloped it. The church is much older than the tower, which was built about 1472, by John Shipward, one of the many merchant-princes Bristol boasted in that early time. It ought to be mentioned, to the honour of the fine old merchants of Bristol, that three of the churches—and these the most costly and splendid—were built at the sole cost of individual merchants: St. Mary Redcliffe, by William Canynges; St. John's, by Walter Frampton; and St. Werburg's, by Walter Derby.

Water, again: well may Andrew de Chesne, who wrote in the time of King Stephen, say of Bristol, that it 'seems to swim in the water, and wholly to be set on the river banks.' It is not the Avon we are now coming to, however; but a canal, cut in the thirteenth century, to afford berths for great ships, which before that time often received damage by grounding on the mud in the river; it was also constructed to turn the course of the Frome, a small tributary to the Avon, which the citizens have been at some pains to hide from view, as not a vestige of it is to be seen, although it meanders through the centre of the town. It is worth while pausing for a moment

on the swing-bridge we are passing over. To the right of us lie moored the picturesque-looking Severn trows, ranged side by side, each one with its bright brown mast, little red flag, and black pall-like tarpaulins, covering the cargo piled high upon the deck, and the bargy, who is always seen there stretched out at length fast asleep. They form a picture which contrasts strangely with the vessels seen on the other side of the bridge, keen little clippers, with masts raking at a very sharp angle. These vessels are mostly Guernsey and Jersey traders, or luggers bringing fruit from Spain and Portugal. Still further down, the great chimneys of the Irish steamers lean over the quay while they discharge their cargoes. And beyond these, towering over a confusion of West Indiamen, with top-sails struck, the light traccry of an American or a Chinaman is painted against the sky, its long pennant floating languidly in the wind. In showery weather, when the sails of the ships are unclewed to dry, and shadows run over them as they belly to the breeze, the scene here is exceedingly picturesque; and, to make the whole perfect, half way down the quay a great sun-dial, raised high upon a pillar, flashes intelligence from its golden face.

At this spot one of the features which tend to render the city so picturesque is observable—the suddenness with which the hills to the north of it dip down into the busy mart of men. Several of the quaint old streets in this quarter of the town seem terminated by sloping banks of verdure, clothed with waving trees, and terraced and dotted with houses. The abruptness with which nature meets and refreshes the eye, wearied with dull ranges of warehouses and dingy streets of brick, reminds one of similar transitions in towns of Switzerland or Savoy, where the perspectives of streets are terminated by wall-like mountain sides, or gigantic peaks. St. Michael's and Spring Hills are those which, in the present instance, lie before us; the former covered with a fringe of trees. As we proceed along St. Augustine's Parade, we note that gradually the plate glass in the windows grows larger, the shop fronts more imposing, and the goods exposed more costly, the people wear more the air of loungers, and trade is evidently shaking off the coarser look of barter. The reason is simple—we are on the high road to Clifton, the genteel sister, who looks down upon hard-working Bristol with the most profound *hauteur*.

College Green might be considered the debateable land between commerce and fashion: here all the characteristic features of the city may be said to meet. As we stand in the centre, surrounded on all sides by avenues of lime-trees of tenderest green, to the left, in complete quiet and deep monastic gloom, lies the Cathedral, looking much as it did five centuries ago; this side of the Green seems quite given up to the solemn spirit of religion, and is the representative, together with the Church of the Gaunts and that of St. Augustine the Less, of the spiritual life of the city. On the other hand is the thoroughfare which leads to Clifton; here trade speaks in the busy throng, which forms a line of ever-moving life. If we turn for a moment, we perceive, through the entrance to the Green, the masts of ships, the flapping sails, and the burning reflections of the setting sun-light, cast by their pitchy hulls upon the water. Thus commerce contributes to the scene. And not alone to the eye speaks this singular concentration in one spot of so many different features of the city. He who muses with closed eyes beneath the cool shadows of the limes, becomes aware of the strange medley of sounds which pour into his ear. Mingled with the busy hum of men and the rush of carriage-wheels comes the 'heave-yo!' of the sailors, as they warp some ship to its berth; or the swift run of the crane-chain, as it drops the cumbrous bale into the gaping hold; and above all, the Te Deum in sudden swells of the organ, and voices of the 'singing boys,' booming through the open doors of the Cathedral.

The associations connected with this Green are of the deepest interest. Here, under

a great oak, St. Augustine held a conference with the bishops of the Anglican church; and here, some centuries later, the preaching friars and priests denounced the 'heresy' which was so soon to overturn their creed. The cemeteries of the Abbey and of the Church of the Gaunts once stood here, and the deposit of human remains has raised the soil several feet above the original level. The mutilated pile which occupies almost the entire south side of College Green, is nearly all that remains of the great and wealthy monastery of St. Augustine, founded in the twelfth century by Robert Fitzhardinge (said to be of the royal family of Denmark), a great merchant of Bristol, and first of the noble family of Berkeley, many succeeding members of which have enriched it from time to time. Very little of the original building is now, however, to be seen, the Abbey having been rebuilt in the fourteenth century. At the dissolution of these houses at the Reformation, Bristol was erected into a bishopric, and this edifice then became the Cathedral of St. Augustine.

The outward appearance of the Cathedral is extremely heavy, and nearly devoid of architectural beauty: the tower, which is low and massive, forms, perhaps, its best feature. The body of the church seems to be made up of huge buttresses, in the construction of which a great many red sandstone blocks were introduced, which have decayed and worn away, during the course of centuries, without adding even the picturesque look which usually ensues when Gothic architecture becomes weather-worn. The floor of the Cathedral is several feet below the level of the Green; we are, accordingly, obliged to enter by a descent of steps. The first feature which strikes the eye in the interior, is the uniform height of the chancel, two side-aisles, cross-aisles, and the portion of the nave yet standing. This gives the feeling of unusual space, and the effect must have been magnificent when the other portion of the nave—which extended 150 feet westward—was in existence. The vaulting is light and elegant, while some of the bosses are extremely grotesque in character. The Lady's Chapel, situated at the north side of the church, is evidently the oldest portion of the building; and, doubtless, formed a part of the original abbey built by Fitzhardinge. Bristol historians seem quite uncertain when, or in what manner, the nave was destroyed; it is surmised, however, that it was pulled down by some of Henry VIII.'s commissioners, before it was decided to convert the abbey into a Cathedral. The interior suffered much damage from the iconoclasts, during the great Rebellion; many fine windows were destroyed, and several of the ancient monuments were, unfortunately, greatly injured; and those which have survived the two revolutions, religious and political, are now slowly succumbing under the hands of heedless keepers. The slovenly yellow-wash brush has been smeared over monuments as well as over walls, columns, and stone pulpit; and cross-legged crusaders—many of whom sleep here their stony sleep—mitred abbots and knights, who once lay in all the splendour of coloured and gilded armour, now alike repose in garments of yellow-wash, put on one over the other, until the original figures beneath them are almost obscured. There is one little chapel in which particular havoc has been committed—the Chapel of the Newtons—containing several altar-tombs, the effigies upon some of which were entirely destroyed by the Puritans. The others, once so quaint with colour and heraldic embellishments, have now been reduced by the Vandals of the place to buff coats and hose of the commonest ochre.

There are very few monuments of modern date worthy of notice in this Cathedral, but of marble mason's grief there is a plentiful supply; indeed, the walls are dotted all over with funereal urns, weeping willows, and the usual patterns kept in stock by the statuaries, the effect of which mars the solemn repose the eye looks for in such a building. There is a monument by Baily, very beautiful in design; and a figure, emble-

matical of Faith, by Chantrey, is noticeable for its purity of expression: but the finest piece of modern sculpture in the Cathedral is the monument to Mrs. Draper—Sterne's Eliza—executed by Bacon. The most interesting of the recent memorials is an excellent marble bust of Southey, by Baily, which occupies a niche in the north aisle. There are several noteworthy monuments to the Berkeley family, especially a fine altar-tomb, with effigies of a full-length knight, one of the earlier members of the family, and his lady upon it. As we pass into the cloisters, through a postern in the south-west corner of the church, we step upon the grave of Edward Bird, the artist. Bird came to Bristol a painter of tea-trays—executed here many famous pictures—died, and was followed to his lonely grave in this spot by four hundred of his friends and admirers.

The cloisters present a melancholy ruin; the west and south sides having long since disappeared. The northern walk is therefore all that remains, and it would probably have shared a like fate with the others, but that the chapter-room opens from it, by means of a rare Anglo-Norman porch. The chapter-room is in a most perfect state of preservation, and presents a fine specimen of the same style of architecture. The dean and chapter, in restoring it some years since, however, raised a wooden floor, about five feet over the ancient pavement, in order to keep out the sepulchral dampness; but much at the expense of the proportions of the room, and completely to the obscuration of the stone benches which surround it. Through the iron palisade we gain a view of the hills and open country, and also of the blackened ruins of the bishop's palace, burnt by the mob in the Reform riots of 1831. The bishop now has an episcopal palace at Stapleton, a few miles from Bristol, as well as in Gloucester; the two sees having, within these few years, been consolidated. As we proceed by way of the cloisters to the College Green, remnants of old Gothic work lie about us on all sides; and as we puzzle over an ancient manuscript, and try to eke out the letters which time has obliterated, so we conjecture of the original proportions of this monastery, by its detached and outlying fragments.

By far the most interesting and elegant of all the remains of the Abbey, however, is the Anglo-Norman archway, the most perfect and beautiful specimen of this early style, perhaps, to be met with in England. The intersecting arches, and the zigzag mouldings, which ornament it, are almost as perfect as the day they were chiselled. Over this gateway is a dwelling-house, in the perpendicular style. It was built in the fifteenth century, and is adorned with canopied niches, in which are the statues of kings, noblemen, and abbots, and one of the Virgin Mary.

We have tarried too long, we fear, in the neighbourhood of these interesting remains; yet we must not leave without drawing attention to the Chapel of the Gaunts, largely endowed, if not built, by some of the early members of the Berkeley family, the knightly effigies of many of whom are here to be seen. This chapel now goes by the name of the Mayor's Chapel, and it was superbly embellished, a few years back, for the use of the chief magistrate and corporation. It is entered over the dust of one of the greatest scoundrels of whom history takes note. Captain Bedloe, the associate of Titus Oates in the 'Rye House Plot' conspiracy, lies buried here, without a sign or word to denote the place of his sepulture.

We are now close upon the confines of Clifton: Park-street, handsomely and regularly built, upon a very steep hill, lies before us; and trade, as we see by the shop-blinds every here and there between the private houses, is gradually scaling the height, and making this once fashionable and quiet neighbourhood a busy thoroughfare. The street is so steep that, as we view it from College Green, it appears almost perpendicular; up it the carriages zigzag, and the people climb, almost in defiance of the laws of gravitation. Arrived at the top, however, with much labour, a new scene

opens upon us; but across the air-drawn barrier which here divides Clifton from Bristol, we are not yet inclined to step.

Returning then to Bristol for a short while, we must not forget to mention, among the great thoroughfares, Wine-street where Robert Southey was born, Castle-street, and Old Market-street, which run eastward, almost in a line, and lead to the old 'Upper Road,' to Bath. Parallel to Wine-street lies one of the most ancient, and certainly the most picturesque of Bristol's thoroughfares—Mary-le-port-street—one part of which is so narrow, and the houses so much overhang, that the sky is visible as a mere ribbon of blue, and the inhabitants can almost shake hands with each other out of their garret windows. Every house here is delightful to the painter's eye, from the great variety of its outline: in many cases, the windows—those handsome protruding structures, so prevalent in Queen Elizabeth's time—extend the whole breadth of the house, and every floor is so built as to overhang the one below it. Here and there the arms of some ancient guild might be seen moulded in the plaster-work, but well nigh obliterated by the annual supply of yellow-wash they receive. It is quite impossible for two carriages to pass each other in some parts of this street; yet we should hope that the good people of Bristol would regret to see it swept away, even for the convenience of having a more serviceable thoroughfare. Wine-street is completely modernized; but in Peter-street we again meet with the gables and huge windows of the olden time. Behind St. Peter's Church is the Mint, so called from its being the house where money was coined after the destruction of the Castle, in which this branch of the king's service was originally carried on. It is now an hospital and the Poor-house of the city, Bristol by a Local Act having the management of its own poor. And here before this fine-looking old mansion they congregate—a wretched-looking crowd—twice a week for relief; yet within a few yards, among paupers' graves, covered with oyster-shells and rubbish, lies one who in his lifetime was still more wretched—Richard Savage, the poet—Johnson's biography of whom forms so remarkable a chapter in the *Lives of the Poets*. Castle-street is built upon the site of the old Castle, destroyed by Cromwell in 1665. Scarcely a vestige remains of this famous fortress, which once formed the military key of the West. Wandering, a year or two back, along Castle Green, curious to see what remnants might yet be found of a stronghold which had endured twelve sieges, and had taken a part in all the great rebellions and civil wars of our history, we were attracted by the soughing of a forge-bellows, and the glow proceeding from the open doorway. Looking in, we beheld the red light illumining a finely groined roof; and, upon making inquiries, we found this blacksmith's shop to be an ancient crypt of the Castle, and the only vestige of that building now in existence.

A fortress stood upon this spot as early as the time of the Saxons, and served as a check to Danish marauders in the neighbourhood; but it owed its importance to Robert Earl of Gloucester, son of Henry I., who had scarcely finished rebuilding the Castle, commenced in 1130, when King Stephen attacked him, but unsuccessfully. Shortly afterwards, however, Stephen entered its walls, but as a prisoner instead of a conqueror; and here he remained some time. A writer who describes this Castle in the reign of that monarch, does not give it a very bright character. He says, 'On one part of the city, where it is more exposed, and liable to be besieged, a large castle rises high, with many banks, strengthened with a wall, bulwarks, tower, and other contrivances to prevent the approach of besiegers; in which they get together such a number of vassals, both horse and foot—or rather, I might say, of robbers and free-booters—that they appear, not only great and terrible to the lookers-on, but truly horrible; and it is scarce to be credited: for, collecting out of different counties and

regions, there is so much the more numerous and freer conflux of them, the more easier under a rich lord and the protection of a very strong Castle, they have leave to commit whatever pleases them best in this rich country.' The citizens showed the estimation they held their gallant protectors in, by building a wall between the Castle and themselves! In later times, however, it freed itself of this charge of being a mere stronghold for freebooters. It was the last place which made any stand for Richard II. when the civil war broke out during his absence in Ireland. During the great Rebellion, Bristol, the second city of the empire, was naturally coveted by the King and the Parliamentarians. 'The Parliament,' says Prynne, 'his Excellency, London, and the whole kingdom, looked upon Bristol as the place of the greatest consequence of any in England, next to London, as the metropolis, key, magazine of the West, which would be all endangered, and the kingdom too, by its loss.' Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes held it for the Commons early in the struggle, but it was carried by Rupert in 1643, at which time King Charles and his two sons entered it in all the pomp of military triumph. Fairfax and Cromwell marched against it two years later, with a powerful army, and soon obtained possession of it.

It was by means of the precipitous defile of Steep-street that the Parliamentary forces entered the city; and the people within their houses, keeping up a bloody fire from their windows as they passed, the troopers grew so exasperated, that they entered, and put every one they found in them to the sword. Cromwell ordered the Castle to be levelled with the ground immediately after it came into his possession; and, with its venerable towers, the military history of Bristol might be said to have ended. The Castle-moat still remains, and shows the extent of ground it once occupied.

St. Philip's and Temple Meads, two districts which lie to the east of the city, and on each side of the river, are almost entirely given up to manufactories; and there is perhaps no place in England which contains such a variety of them in so small a space. As we pass along, one moment a huge glasshouse cone attracts our notice, the fierce glow of the great fires which we see through the open door making black *silhouettes* of the busy workmen who stand before it; the next brings us to where the din of hammers proclaims an iron-foundry; then again 't is some distillery, or a pottery, or alkali works.

Glass may be considered a staple manufacture. This city has been the seat of the trade for many centuries. Immense quantities of bottles are made here, and the flint glass of Bristol is famed throughout England. Soap is also a staple product of the city. As long ago as the thirteenth century, it sold largely of this article to London; while, in the seventeenth century, we find Fuller stating Bristol to be the staple place for gray-soap. The extensive locomotive factory of Messrs. Stothard and Slaughter is situated in St. Philip's, and a peep into their workshops shows us several of these monsters in different stages of progress. Within a short distance lies the Bristol cotton-works, with its noble façade and little village of workmen's houses clustered around it. This factory has attached to it large bleaching-works, and a foundry and engineering establishment, where all the looms and other machinery of the works are made and repaired. Upwards of two thousand persons are here employed, chiefly in the manufacture of a coarse kind of cotton goods calculated for the Levant trade; the whole place is perfect in its arrangements, and the comforts of the workpeople are carefully attended to. The works were seriously injured by a fire in May, 1850; but they have been restored, and are again in full operation. They are situated on a short canal running into the Avon. Still farther up the river, at Crew's Hold and Keynsham, large lead and brass works are carried on. The manufactures of Bristol are by no means confined to this quarter of the city, however. Walking along

some of the greatest thoroughfares, we come now and then upon huge many-storied buildings, emitting at all possible parts little jets of steam. These are the sugar-baking houses. Bristol has a name for refining sugar; and it commands, perhaps, higher prices throughout the markets of the world than the refineries of any other place. About the middle of the last century, however, these establishments were much more numerous than at present, and immense fortunes were made by this manufacture. 'A Bristol sugar-baker' was a stock character of many of the comedies of that day, and was generally put forward as the representative of everything that was rich and vulgar; it need not be said with what slight reason. In addition to the foregoing list of manufactories, we must not forget the many important foundries and wrought-iron works flourishing here, in which chain cables and anchors of the largest size are made: potteries, manufactures of patent shot, sheet lead, tobacco and snuff, chocolate, cocoa, and floor-cloth, absorb a vast amount of labour; and by the trades of hat and pin making the two neighbouring villages of Easton and Winterbourne are in a great measure supported.

The reason of the manufacturing activity displayed in a place which a stranger would imagine wholly given up to commerce, is to be found in the vast coal-fields upon which Bristol is built, whence fuel—the very life-blood of metal-working, and other trades requiring great heat—is both plentiful and cheap. These coal-fields extend from a point a few miles north-east of Bristol to the south-west and east a distance of thirty miles; the beds are generally shallow, but the quality is excellent. Unlike the pits about Birmingham and in the North, those in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, especially the Ashton and Brislington Collieries, are situated in the midst of the most rural and beautiful scenery: verdure extends up to the very pit mouths; and the tireless arm of the mighty giant Steam, lifting like a plaything enormous loads from out the bowels of the earth, continually meets the eye as we clear a clump of trees or the brow of some flowery hill-side. In working for coals, some very singular geological formations have been found; and in the quarries of Brislington, bamboo canes have often been turned up.

We must not leave the subject of Bristol industry without referring to the craft of ship-building, which, however, scarcely flourishes here so much as might be expected. There are, however, at the present moment (February, 1851), four extensive establishments, each with a vessel on the stocks, in addition to the large steamer building by Mr. Patterson, for the West India Mail Company, in the dock in which the Great Britain, the finest steamer in the world, was constructed. A small screw-steamer is also building in the locomotive factory of Stothard and Slaughter, according to a patent of Mr. Slaughter's; while another screw-steamer, to which another new patent is to be applied, is being constructed in the yard of G. Lunell & Co.; and Bristolians are watching with some interest the completion of the rival vessels. Attached to Messrs. Lunell's factory there is a large graving-dock and building-shed, together with machinery and appliances for the construction of both wooden and iron steam vessels of the largest class.

The Port of Bristol.—The river Avon opens into the Bristol Channel at King-road, a splendid haven capable of holding a thousand ships in perfect security, and ten miles from the city. From this outside roadstead the largest ships are brought up to Bristol at high tide.

The commerce of Bristol began to develope itself at an early period of the Saxon history, and at the time of the Conquest it was a flourishing port. William of Malmsbury, who wrote in Henry II.'s reign, speaks of Bristol as full of ships from Ireland, Norway, and every part of Europe; and by the time of Edward III., it had

attained to the dignity of being the second port in the kingdom. In the roll of the fleet which attended that monarch at the siege of Calais, we find that London furnished 25 ships and 662 mariners, while Bristol sent 22, with 608 mariners; nearly as many as all the other ports put together. The activity of Bristol appears to have gone on increasing very rapidly; for in Henry VII.'s time we find that William Canynges, one of its princely merchants, whose name the city still cherishes, possessed, among many other ships of 400 and 500 tons burden, one 'Le Mary Radcliffe,' of the enormous burden of 900 tons; an evidence in itself of the vast traffic the place carried on in ancient times. It is not, however, to the magnitude of her commerce that Bristol owes her early fame alone. To the enterprise of one of her citizens, England stood indebted for her magnificent possessions in the New World. In the year 1497, Sebastian Cabot, son of a Venetian, but himself a "Bristol man born," according to his own words, sailed from this harbour in the *Matthew*, accompanied by other ships, on a voyage of discovery; and in the course of the same year touched Newfoundland,—being the first person who ever set foot upon the *mainland* of America. In returning home he sailed along the coast as far as Florida; and by virtue of this visit North America became annexed to the English crown. This brilliant achievement forms the first of many associations which the Bristolian loves to dwell upon in connexion with his beautiful river. In imagination he sees the little *Matthew* dropping down the Avon with her bold ship's crew, flushed with the anticipated triumph of reaching some far-distant land as bright as those isles which Columbus had just discovered—he hears among the rocks and woody hills the echoing cheers of the ancient "Bristow" men, habited in the velvets and "bravery" of the time, as they take leave of the adventurous craft about to enter strange seas where man never before drove his daring keel, and at the bend in the river which hides the city from his sight, he sees, in fancy, Sebastian himself uncovering his fine Venetian head, in token of a last farewell. With this romantic picture of an early time, the imaginative citizen contrasts a later and still more exciting scene, when by these precipitous woods and under these mighty cliffs glided a widely different craft. This new ship is the *Great Western*, on her first voyage to New York; she is putting forth in the very teeth of tempest, laughing tides to scorn; drawing behind her a long black line of smoke—England's new-found pennant—till at last she is lost behind the folding hills, gone to cast a bridge across the sea to that land which the little *Matthew* had four hundred years before discovered. Upon no waters but those of the winding Avon have two such splendid adventures as these been written.

Towards the latter end of the seventeenth century another occurrence took place, in connexion with the port, that is worthy of note. Old Dampier, the gallant buccaneer, having sailed from Bristol with two armed vessels, on an expedition in search of Spanish treasure-ships, anchored off the island of Juan Fernandez. Perceiving a light on shore during the night, he sent a boat to reconnoitre, which not returning, the pinnace went in search; but soon "came back from the shore with abundance of crayfish, and *a man clothed in goat-skins*, who looked more wild than their first owners." This man was Alexander Selkirk—the original of Robinson Crusoe—who was taken to Bristol, after having been on the island for four years and four months.

In the year 1804, the whole of the Avon was dammed back as far as Cumberland basin, at the Hotwells, and formed into a magnificent floating harbour, at an expense of £600,000. A new channel was cut for the tide, commencing above the city, towards Bath, and terminating at Rownham Ferry, about a mile below it. The citizens, however, committed one fatal mistake, when the new harbour was formed; they allowed the river, the very porch as it were of their town, to go out of their own hands. The Dock Company to which it was made over, raised the port dues so high that ship-

owners from time to time avoided the place; and many harbours possessing not half its natural advantages, absorbed much of the commerce that should rightly have found its way to Bristol. This evil had latterly grown so serious that the citizens bestirred themselves in the matter, and in 1848 obtained an Act of Parliament transferring the dock from the Dock Company to the Corporation. The dock dues have since been very considerably reduced, and a large increase in the number of ships has taken place.

Bristol might be said to have reached its commercial culminating point about the year 1828, when its gross receipts of customs were £1,204,000. At that time the West India trade was flourishing here exceedingly; the intercourse with Africa and America was also great; and vast quantities of Spanish wool were imported into Bristol for the use of the Gloucestershire cloth manufacturers. Since that period the port might be said to have stood still; which, considering the vast increase that of late years has taken place in the population of the city—at present numbering 80,000 souls—is as much as to say that it has gone back.

This want of progress is attributable to many causes besides the injury done by the high port-charges. The wool trade has entirely left the port, through causes quite irrespective of local influences. When Saxony wool came into use, about thirty years ago, it found its natural place of import at London, and the Spanish trade gradually followed to where the chief market was established. In many of the streets of Bristol you are reminded of the commerce once carried on in this article by the vast warehouses for its reception, now either closed, or turned to other uses; and with the shutting of every warehouse door, a corresponding mooring-ring on the Quay-wall might be said to have grown red with rust. The American trade has mostly flown to Liverpool, to which port some portion of the West Indian interest has also shifted itself. The once extensive sugar trade with our own West Indian colonies has greatly declined, and is in a few hands; but during the last two years, there has been a considerable increase in the sugar trade with Cuba and the Mauritius. In all, above 20 vessels are employed in the African trade. The South American trade, chiefly in hides, has also much increased. Two branches of commerce have greatly flourished here lately—the African and the timber trade. The African vessels chiefly go to the coast of Guinea, and traffic glass beads and hardware for palm-oil, gold-dust, and ivory. Some trade is carried on with the Cape de Verde Islands, in the import of nuts, for manufacturing into an oil now much used for burning. The timber trade has received a great impetus from the railways. Bristol supplies nearly all the central lines of the kingdom with the deals and other woods which they consume. A considerable portion of the trade of Bristol is carried on by steamers. Packets leave once or twice a week for Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Liverpool, and for the ports and watering-places on the Bristol Channel, in most cases every day.

The Floating Harbour of Bristol affords every facility for an extended commerce. No port perhaps in England presents such a length of quay line for the berthing of all kinds of craft. The Welsh Back, as it is called, which alone extends half a mile, is principally occupied by fishing-smacks and sloops trading in the Severn and the Channel, and brigs from Ireland, with corn and provisions. As we proceed further along, we find that the vessels are of a larger size; and by the time we reach what is termed the 'Grove,' the coasters have disappeared, and large ships, either West or East Indiamen, or Americans, lie ranged side by side. By the number of the sheds, the size of the cranes, and the noble range of warehouses which here abut upon the wharfage-ground, we are assured that this spot is the principal portion of the harbour. At Princes-street bridge—a small wooden structure which crosses the river from the centre of the Grove—we stand in the very thick of the port, and a perfect forest of masts rises around

us on every side. The river at this spot assumes a triangular form. The Sea Banks and the artificial cut (before spoken of) here join the Grove. Besides the line of quay-wall and wharfage-ground, which in all must extend upwards of three miles, and a large portion of which will admit ships of seven or eight hundred tons to discharge alongside them, there are several floating graving-docks and basins. Bathurst Basin is a large piece of water, connected on the one side with the New Cut or channel made for the river when that portion of it which runs through Bristol was converted into a floating harbour, and on the other with the Grove. Small coasters and barges here find accommodation, whilst Cumberland Basin, situated at the extremity of the Sea Banks, opens immediately upon the tidal Avon, and receives the large vessels and steamers. With such accommodations as these, with a port which vessels can sail from at so many points of the wind, and with a situation which naturally commands the very centre of England, it is to be hoped that Bristol, now she has shaken off the incubus of her heavy port dues, will again resume her former position in the commercial world, and no longer allow her fame to be talked of as a "thing of history." But the advantages of the harbour are becoming so far recognised, that ships are sent from neighbouring ports to lay up in it during the winter: it may be fairly expected that some more enterprising merchants will select the once 'second port of the kingdom' to bring their ships to for a more profitable purpose. To the north, to the west, and to the east, she grasps with iron hands the custom of an immense district; and as long as the "smooth Severn stream" runs her old course to the sea, her vantage ground cannot be out-flanked.

There is one inconvenience connected with the port of Bristol; steamers can only come up the river at certain times of the tide: to this circumstance it undoubtedly owes its many other advantages being overlooked, when Southampton was chosen in preference to it as a Government Packet-station. To remedy this evil it was proposed to make a railroad to Portishead,—a small watering-place situated in the Channel some ten miles from Bristol, where a pier might easily be run out into the sea, which would enable the largest transatlantic steamer to disembark its passengers and mails at low water. An Act was obtained in 1846 for the work, and some portions of it had been commenced—when the panic came, and hung it up on the same peg which holds so many of the like projects, cut off in the very bud. To the present time there is no appearance of the resumption of the works.

The following details will illustrate the recent progress of commerce at Bristol:—

Value of exports from the port of Bristol for the years ending 5th January,—1848, £167,481; 1849, £147,044; 1850, £221,958.

Amount of customs' duties received at the port of Bristol, for the years ending 5th January,—1848, £1,004,789; 1849, £1,036,733; 1850, £1,042,320.

Amount of duties paid on direct importations into the port of Bristol in the years ending 5th January,—1848, £694,739; 1849, £767,438; 1850, £802,942.

Amount of duties paid on indirect importations into the port of Bristol in the years ending 5th January,—1848, £310,050; 1849, £269,295; 1850, £239,378.

Number and tonnage of vessels with cargoes, arrived at, and cleared from, the port of Bristol, from and to foreign ports in the years ending 5th January,—1848, inwards 451, tonnage 104,546, outwards 142, tonnage 35,940; 1849, inwards 541, tonnage 124,340, outwards 137, tonnage 34,674; 1850, inwards 646, tonnage 129,992, outwards 177, tonnage 47,793.

The number and tonnage of vessels registered at Bristol for the year ending December 31st, 1849, were:—

Vessels	under 50 tons,	129; tonnage	3811
„	above 50 tons,	154; „	33,200
Steamers	under 50 tons,	11; „	280
„	above 50 tons,	19; „	3449

Among the public buildings which we have not fallen in with in our ramble, the Guildhall, situated in Broad-street, claims our first notice. It has been erected on the site of the old one, within the last few years. Its style is Elizabethan, and it is very highly ornamented; but its design is neither original nor as picturesque as it might have been. The entrance to the Guildhall is by a very long passage, extending nearly the whole depth and length of the interior of the building, and thus cutting it into two portions. At the end of this hall a flight of stone steps leads into the Justice Chamber. The staircase is lighted by some stained-glass windows of a deep amber colour, which, viewed through the gloom of the long hall, has a good effect. The room apportioned for the administration of justice is little better than a cupboard, and the light coming in only from one side gives it a very uncomfortable appearance. The old hall was pulled down on account of its inconvenience: the new one is perhaps more inconvenient. In King-street and Princes-street there are some public institutions and places of amusement. The Bristol Library, which contains a valuable collection of books, the Merchant Venturers' and the Coopers' Hall, are situated in the former street; all are handsomely built of freestone. The Bristol Theatre is hidden away behind some old houses; the interior has, however, been panegyrized by Garrick. In Princes-street—once inhabited by the most considerable merchants of the city—stand the Old Assembly Rooms. The proportions of the interior of this building are very handsome; but it is now almost entirely deserted, and serves only to show how far westward fashion has ebbed. The arts and sciences are well represented in Bristol by the Philosophical Institution,—a freestone building, conspicuous as we go up Park-street, from its fine circular portico, supported by Corinthian columns. It contains a very extensive museum, in which there is a choice collection of above 2000 specimens of minerals, British and foreign insects, shells, zoophytes, and mammalia: its richest treasure, however, is the original marble statue of 'Eve at the Fountain,' by Baily—one of the very best of English pieces of sculpture. Attached to this establishment is a Philosophical Society, a Reading-room, and a Theatre, in which public lectures are delivered; and temporary accommodation has been found here for an 'Art Academy,' in which students draw from casts the nude and draped figures. A large sum has been bequeathed for the formation of this Academy, so much required in a city which produces so many artists; and it is intended to erect some suitable building for it as speedily as possible. Bristol, like most large cities, has an Athenæum (situated in Clare-street).

The Post-office—which forms a kind of wing to the Exchange—for such a city as Bristol, is a very confined building. The Custom-house, again, rebuilt upon the site of the old one, burnt down in the riots of 1831, seems a very mean establishment to represent the commerce of so large a port. It is situated in Queen-square, which is built upon a broad tongue of land, surrounded on three sides by the different quays. This square covers seven and a half acres of ground, and is ornamented by walks of fine elm-trees, and a good equestrian statue of William III., executed in bronze by Rysbrack, which stands in the middle of the green. During the riots this spot was the scene of the most atrocious acts; the chief fury of the populace being expended upon it. Beginning at the Mansion House, the residence of the mayor, the mob, composed chiefly of boys and very young men, successively fired every building (with the exception of two, which were defended by the inhabitants) on the north and west

sides; and by this magnificent midnight illumination, a vast mass of the rioters, after plundering the wine-cellars of their contents, sat down on the grass, to an orgie from which many of them never arose again. In the Old Custom-house a most horrible catastrophe took place: some of the rabble having gained access to the housekeeper's room, which was situated on one of the upper floors, were feasting themselves, when they discovered that the place had been fired below by their companions. The only means of escape was through the front windows; these looked over the leads covering the portico of the building, which through the action of the fiery element, was converted into a sea of molten metal. Forced out of the room, and hanging on to the sills, for a moment they remained suspended between two dreadful deaths; then one by one they fell, with horrible cries, into the liquid lead below, where for some time they were seen to writhe in the most dreadful agonies.

There are two arcades in Bristol, very elegantly built, and extending in a line upwards of 600 feet; two jails; that at Bathurst Basin, capable of receiving two hundred prisoners, and so built that the governor can command the whole of the prison yards, without leaving his own apartments; and the other, which is the Gloucester County Prison, situated at the end of the town. There is also a general Cemetery, planted on a gentle hill-side, at Arno's Vale, within a mile of the city. The ground is full of cypress trees, which at some future date will make this beautifully situated and tastefully laid-out burying-ground a most picturesque spot.

With markets Bristol is amply supplied. There are several for butchers' meat, eggs, poultry, butter, cheese, Welsh produce, fish, &c.; hay and straw, corn and flour, and one of considerable extent for horses and cattle. The New Market, opened in May, 1849, for meat, fruit, and vegetables, is the handsomest of the markets. The fruit stalls are fitted with slate slabs, and the butchers' stalls with slate enamelled white, which give them a very neat and clean appearance. Bristol, by the way, has one or two slate works, where this material is manufactured for a remarkable variety of purposes, both in its natural state and enamelled.

If Bristol cannot boast so many beautiful buildings (always excepting her ecclesiastical edifices, which are almost unrivalled) as some other large cities, she at least stands pre-eminent in the spirit that animates her institutions, and in the benevolence that has founded her many noble charities. Turn which way we will in our rambles through the city, we continually meet with some trim almshouse, its quadrangle planted with flowers, and its inmates dosing away their old age in security and comfort. These asylums, which in all number twenty-four, have chiefly been endowed by wealthy merchants of a past generation; among them, the latest and the most eminent name is that of Edward Colson, whose benefactions to Bristol alone amounted to £60,000. The memory of his good deeds is annually kept alive in the city, by the dinners of the Anchor, Grateful, and Dolphin Societies, on the anniversary of his death. At these banquets charity is not forgotten, as on some occasions upwards of £3000 have been subscribed for the use of the poor. In the breast of the effigy of Colston, by Rysbrack, in All Saints' Church, where the great philanthropist lies buried, there is placed weekly, in accordance with a bequest left for that purpose, a fresh nosegay:—may it bloom there for ever! but it will never send forth a sweeter incense than the grateful prayers of those whose necessities he has relieved. Of the benevolent institutions of Bristol, there is scarcely an end. The Infirmary, which stands at the head of them, and bears upon its front the noble motto, 'Charity universal,' was established in 1735, and the Bristolians boast of it as the first Institution of the kind, supported by voluntary contributions, established out of London. It has accommodations for two hundred in-patients; and upwards of two thousand, on

an average, are received every year, while assistance is given to at least six thousand out-patients gratuitously. There is another 'General Hospital' in the city; and there are, besides, two public Dispensaries, Dorcas and Samaritan Societies, Female Misericordias, Penitentiaries, and Refuges; also a Deaf and Dumb Institution. In Bristol there is a vast number of public schools. In all there are 60 day-schools, which are either free, or of which the charges range from 1*d.* to 2*d.* a week; and in which above 4000 boys and 3000 girls are educated. The Free Grammar-School, in the immediate neighbourhood of College Green, is the most important of the superior public schools. The endowment a few years back underwent a Chancery investigation, the result of which was that in 1848 the school was re-opened on an extended scale, and now contains about 300 boys. Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, a foundation very similar to that of Christ Church, London, as well as the Bishop's College, will be spoken of when we come to Clifton; the bare mention of them here will therefore be sufficient. Colson's Free School is another large and important charity, which clothes, boards, and educates 100 boys for seven years; after which they are apprenticed, with £15 each as a premium to their masters. Chatterton was educated here. For girls there is a very handsome establishment, in a large Elizabethan new building, called the 'Red Maids' School,' in which 120 girls are taught and clad: the dress is scarlet, with a white tippet; and it is a very pretty sight to see the long line of brilliant colour this school makes walking in procession every Sunday to St. Mark's Church. We have already spoken of the number of the ancient parish churches of the city; the great increase of the suburbs of late years has caused the erection of many more, and now they count no less than thirty-six; whilst of Dissenting Meeting-houses of all denominations there are thirty-seven: the greater number of these are but tasteless erections; latterly, however, a marked improvement has taken place in the ideas of the Dissenters as regards architecture. Highbury Chapel, situated at the top of St. Michael's Hill, belonging to the Independents, is a pretty specimen of Gothic,—picturesque in all the combinations of its parts; but the more ambitious structure is at Buckingham-place, Clifton, where there is a Baptist chapel, erected in the most florid of Gothic styles.

Turn we now to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe—

"The pryde of Bristowe and the westerne londe."

The poetical associations connected with St. Mary Redcliffe Church, and the glories of its architecture, demand more than the cursory notice we have given to the other ecclesiastical edifices of Bristol. Not a Bristolian but regards this church as the most perfect structure of its kind in the world; not an inhabitant of its parish, that has dwelt beneath its shadow, or listened to the silvery melancholy of its chimes, but possesses for it a mysterious sort of affection and love, such perhaps as no other pile in the kingdom commands. This feeling is not called forth merely by the building; for, beautiful as it is, there are many finer ones in the country: to the associations which are connected with it—to the poetry which still haunts its deep shadows, and plays about its time-worn pinnacles—to the spirit of its poet, which seems yet to hover round it, as the perfume lingers round a vase long after the rose-leaves are decayed—we must ascribe the deep attachment Bristolians bear to St. Mary Redcliffe Church.

The first ecclesiastical structure erected on its site was built in the reign of Henry III.; it appears, however, to have been only an insignificant chapel. In 1294 Simon de Burton, who was five times Mayor of Bristol, commenced a very splendid edifice here, which was completed by William Canynges, a merchant—the greater portion of

which was destroyed, according to old documents, in 1466, by the falling of the spire; it was shortly after built, however, in its present form, by the grandson of the first founder of that name, William Canynges, the celebrated merchant so often alluded to in Chatterton's poems. The church is cruciform, the tower rising from the west end to nearly 200 feet in height. Its north side, formerly hidden by mean houses, has lately been thrown open; and the charming variety of outline which it exhibits, now strikes the eye as we emerge from Redcliffe-street. The best view is that at the north-west corner,—where the eye catches at the same moment the magnificent tower, the beautiful little Norman porch, and the middle north porch. The tower, wrought in a most elaborate manner, yet bears a small portion of the spire, the remainder of which the citizens propose to restore, when the whole height will not be less than 300 feet. The interior, as you enter the western door, directly under the tower, was strikingly beautiful, even in its former condition; and when the restoration of the chancel is completed, and the vista is again opened, it will doubtless be far more beautiful than of old: the view to the high altar extends a distance of 197 feet. Those who have the opportunity should visit the church on Whit-Sunday, as on that day the Lord Mayor and Corporation go there in grand procession, when it is superbly decorated with flowers, and the middle aisle is strewn with rushes so deeply that the footsteps of the solemn Bumble, who precedes his Worship to the churchwardens' pew, cannot be heard. The effect of clusters of beautiful colours around the pillars, and every "coigne of vantage," is as strange as it is beautiful. This rare interior, however, has no need of foreign ornament to enhance its charms; as long as its clustered pillars shoot up, and, fan-like, spread as they reach the richly groined roof, it will be the admiration of all who love the refinements of Gothic architecture. At the high altar used to be three pictures, by Hogarth; one of which —'The Ascension of our Saviour'—is an evidence that he possessed a deep sense of the beautiful, and at times a very high feeling. But the general character of the pictures was certainly unsuitable for such a position, and the authorities have unquestionably decided judiciously in removing them. There are many interesting monuments in this church; among which is that of William Canynges, the founder, and his wife Joan. Affixed to the tomb is a list of this eminent merchant's ships. Here also lies interred Sir William Penn, a Bristol man, and one of the vice-admirals who assisted at the taking of Jamaica. This worthy was a great crony, if we may so speak, of old Pepys; and we find him continually mentioned in his Diary. He is more generally known, however, as the father of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania.

We must not leave the church without visiting one spot hallowed by genius, the muniment-room over the north porch; and what a strange, old-world-looking place it is! On the ground are scattered some old-looking boxes of a most monkish character —the famous chests from which came the Poems of Rowley, according to the account given by Chatterton. These chests originally belonged to William Canynges, and they were first opened in 1727, when it was imagined that writings of great value were contained in them. They were found to hold a vast number of papers relating to the church, and others of a miscellaneous character, which found no favour in the eyes of the dry lawyer who looked over them. The church-papers were removed to a secure place, and the others were left exposed. Many persons from time to time helped themselves to the latter; and among the chief depredators was the father of Chatterton, who having entry to the church at all times, through the sexton, a relative, carried off basketfuls at once. Long after the father's death, young Chatterton saw one of these parchments, which had been converted into a threadpaper by his

mother; and having questioned her as to where it came from, he ultimately discovered what remained of them, which consisted, as he asserted, principally of poems by William Canynges and Thomas Rowley, a secular priest of St. John's Church. Such is the account given by the young poet when he attempted to palm off his forgeries upon the world as genuine ancient rhymes.

That Chatterton found many old documents in this very muniment-room there can be little doubt, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that they provided him with many hints for his poems; but it does seem strange, considering the modern structure of his verse, and sound of his words through all their outlandish spelling, that any man at all educated should have been taken in by them. Yet many were; and the simplicity with which they believed in the songs of Rowley, was only equalled by the uncharitableness which took possession of their minds, when they found them to be merely the lays of a poor charity-school boy. Two generations have passed since poor Chatterton "perished in his pride," and the fame of the poet has at length risen above the foul vapours and ill spirit of the Rowleyan controversy. Some justice was even attempted to his memory, a few years ago, in the erection of a cross surmounted with his effigy, in the garb of the "*Charity-school*," in which he was educated. It was set up alongside the beautiful north porch; and its architecture not being either particularly correct or elegant, of course in such a position "odorous" comparisons were drawn between the two, and finally it was carted away. At present the only memorial to Chatterton is to be found in the deserted muniment-room, where are the old chests over which he so often pondered.

The Church of St. Mary Redcliffe for the last two centuries has been going steadily to decay. It was quite painful to see how worn and mutilated the pinnacles and ornaments had become. The north porch, full of niches, each of which once contained some sculptured saint, is now almost a ruin, and many of the windows of the fabric are in a shamefully dilapidated condition. The citizens have, within these few years, become aware of the stigma which rested upon them for their neglect of this superb building, and have resolutely set about its thorough repair and restoration. A subscription was opened in 1848 for this purpose, and above £7000 have been subscribed, but it is estimated that at least £40,000 will be required to complete the repairs. A committee has been formed to watch the restoration. The works, which will be spread over many years, are being executed under the superintendence of Mr. Godwin and Mr. Britton. The white appearance of the new freestone breaks up the general ombre tone of the building; but we trust that ere long the whole fabric will be renewed in the same manner, and then a few years, in such a smoky city as Bristol, will restore it to one uniform colour—not such a delicious tone, perhaps, as now pervades it, but one which shall not, at least, derive its beauty from decay.

Clifton and the Downs.—And now let us quit the old city, and enter Clifton. At our very first step two imposing-looking buildings meet the eye,—the Blind Asylum and the Bishop's College; the first in the early English, the second in the Elizabethan style. Without stopping to criticise the architecture, the attention is immediately struck by this pile of buildings,—for the two lie so much on the same ground, and so close together, that they seem but one edifice—rising as it does at the base of a gentle hill-side, whose height is covered with trees; and nobly thrown back so as to allow of a fine drive and a profusion of flower-beds, it is a very great ornament to the spot. The Blind Asylum is quite one of the *show* institutions of the city. The inmates employ themselves in weaving very beautiful baskets, and every week they give a concert of sacred music in the chapel, at which they display their musical science to the public, who are freely admitted.

The Bishop's College, a preparatory seminary, was instituted a few years back. It is founded on the model of King's College, London, and is capable of accommodating upwards of 200 boys. The discipline is under the exclusive conduct of a head master, who is subject (only in this respect) to the visitorial authority of the Bishop. The education given here is of the highest class, and is conducted in conformity with the principles of the Church of England. A very short distance from this spot, proceeding along the park wall, we come to a cluster of public buildings, which, both in situation and importance, renders the neighbourhood quite the Calton Hill of Bristol. The Victoria Rooms is admirably planted in the isthmus formed by the separation of the roads leading to Clifton and Durdham Downs. The architecture is graceful, and it is by far the best Grecian building erected in the neighbourhood. It possesses some noble apartments; the reception-room is 70 feet long by 30 feet wide, and the hall is 117 feet long by 55 feet wide. The Victoria Rooms have completely carried away all the company which used to frequent the old Assembly Rooms in the city.

If we now turn up by Meridian Place, two other buildings, admirably situated, lie before us. The new Catholic chapel, a Grecian temple, commenced on a grand scale, which will, one of these days, when the body to whom it belongs finds money enough to complete it as originally designed, form one of the greatest ornaments to Clifton. Adjoining it is a costly palace, now nearly finished, which is intended for the Bishop of the newly erected Roman Catholic see of Clifton; but which will, no doubt, have to serve for a bishop with some other title. Attached to the establishment is a convent for the Sisters of Penance, with a small chapel annexed. The whole forms a picturesque and noticeable pile of buildings. As we proceed along Meridian Place, the elevation we are on assumes an exceedingly picturesque form, and commands a fine view. We stand on a terrace situated on the top of a steep hill-side; a little space of table-land (if we might so term it) beneath us forms the stranger's burying-ground,—a most poetical spot, in which all those who have found "the health-giving spring" of no avail, sleep underneath a deep solitude and the shade of willow-trees; and on Brandon Hill, which forms the rising ground opposite, stands the new Queen Elizabeth's Hospital. This building is recently erected in the Tudor style, and is as florid as red bricks can make it. Standing on the steep ascent, and approached by a fine flight of steps and a winding carriage-road, this public school has a most imposing effect, especially when seen from below. The summit of Brandon Hill, situated only a stone's throw from Meridian Place, which rises to a height of 250 feet, affords a perfect view of the city, the Avon, Clifton Hill, and the surrounding country, and should by all means be visited.

The neighbourhood of Clifton behind Meridian Place to which we return, is flat, and exhibits a series of villas, surrounded by gardens; these have extended so of late years, that we question if the visitor of a dozen summers back, would recognise the Clifton of the present day. Field after field has successively succumbed to brick and mortar, till what, but a few years ago, was but a large village, is now a handsome pleasure town of 20,000 inhabitants. Lansdowne-square, covering an immense area of land, and built in the most superb manner, is one of the latest erections. There is nothing, however, about this portion of Clifton that other watering-places might not equal, and we must reach Clifton Hill before the peculiar features of the place become apparent. Taking our stand by the church, we have a foretaste of the beauties which disclose themselves still farther on. There are no rocks yet; but before us lie, low down in the hollow, the river and Cumberland Basin, dotted with steamers and shipping; and beyond, the valley of Ashton, with the swelling uplands clothed with fir-trees in its vicinity; again, beyond all, the Dundry Hills rise like a vast

rampart of green, and shut out the view farther south. Row after row of houses are planted at our feet down the slope, appearing every now and then amid the foliage.

As we proceed towards the Clifton Down, a row of handsome shops—a thin thread of trade—runs through the very heart of Clifton ; but we can well turn aside by this line, and sweep round the magnificent Royal York Crescent, one of the most extensive terraces we remember to have seen. A walk upon this superb promenade of nearly half a mile brings us to that portion of Clifton which appears so beautiful from the river, the many terraces and rows of buildings rising one over another to the summit of the hill.

As we proceed the breeze freshens, and suddenly we come out upon Clifton Down, and take in at one glance the magnificent ravine through which, far beneath us, the Avon rolls its turbid tide. On the opposite shore the Leigh Woods clothe the precipitous banks with thickest foliage, and the eye falls upon a deep hill of green, as far as it can reach. We have yet to breast the steep, however, until we gain the Observatory, crowning the highest points of St. Vincent's Rocks, which run parallel with the south bank of the Avon, the summit 300 feet above the carriage-road which winds along its base. To stand upon the edge, and look down the foreshortening of the grey old rock, is a trial for feminine nerves. The elevation we stand upon commands a rocky pier (divided from us by a deep ravine) from which the new Suspension Bridge is to hang its slender threads some 900 feet across, to a similar pier on the summit of the opposite woodland. Stupendous and hideously ugly abutments for this undertaking have long been finished, as well as the towers which will support the roadway, but the chains are not suspended; and we see huge piles of these great rusty vertebræ lying idle upon the pier. Upwards of £40,000 have already been expended upon this undertaking, and no more money being forthcoming, the works are now at a standstill. One single bar of iron—looking no larger than the gossamer which hangs from tree to tree in the garden—sweeps across the gulf; on this fragile-looking thread, a wicker-car used to travel from side to side with visitors who were courageous enough to trust themselves in it. But the basket has been for some time removed, and the journey can of course be made no longer.

Mr. West's observatory, which every one should visit who goes to Clifton, contains some excellent telescopes and a camera-obscura, that paints upon its disk the whole country around from the balustrades of the tower to the horizon. And having swept the horizon with the large telescope, let us dive into the Giant's Hole, a cave opening out into the face of the rock some ninety feet down. Mr. West, having trepanned old St. Vincent's crown for some depth, and driven an inclined gallery into the solid rock for about 150 feet, has completed the communication by a circular flight of steps, and now the most nervous lady can gain this place, which a few years back the daring crag-climber—and some of the Bristol boys are pretty expert at the work—would not attempt to reach. This cave is very spacious, and commands a splendid view. It was formerly an hermitage, and William of Wyrcestre, who visited it in 1480, speaks of it as, "the hermitage with an oratory or chapel, in the most dangerous part of the rock called Ghyston Cliffe, situated in a cave of the rock twenty yards in depth, in the same rock above the river Avon, in honour of St. Vincent:" and this statement of its having been a chapel was confirmed by the discovery, by Mr. West, when the place was first opened, of a mullion of a Gothic window, or more probably of some shrine.

Returning to the Down again, we must not overlook the Roman encampment, in the centre of which the Observatory stands; the line of fortification is still easily traced, forming nearly a half-circle, having the steepest part of the cliff for its base. On the

opposite side of the river there are two more encampments of large size, situated upon each side of a deep coomb, or valley, of which we shall speak more fully by and by. Bristol seems to have been the centre of a vast chain of encampments. In the immediate neighbourhood are Cadbury Camp, and extensive entrenchments at Naish, Henbury, Aldmondsbury, Oldberry, Elberton, and Old Abbey, on the Gloucester side of the river; and lower down on the Somersetshire side, at Worle Hill, and East Brent, there are some magnificent fortifications. Doubtless these were the strongholds referred to by Tacitus, when he tells us, "Ostorius took away their arms from those who were suspected, and restrained those on the rivers Severn and Avon by surrounding them with camps." Clifton Down is but of small extent, and St. Vincent's Rocks do not continue along its river front for any great distance; a hill side, covered with low trees, taking their place down to the water, through which a carriage-drive winds its way. These amenities of nature however are only of a short continuance: in the distance we see the Avon again, skirted on its north shore by precipitous cliffs —known by the name of the Black Rock, from the beautiful dark marble which its quarries yield. Durdham Down is only a continuation of Clifton Down; it is very large in extent, and forms the lungs of Bristol, for here the citizens come to inhale the healthy breezes which blow up the Channel. At the western extremity of the Down, beyond what is called the Sea Wall, there is a little hanging wood laid out as a public pleasure ground; and an old tower, called Cook's Folly, rises in the middle of it. The erection of this tower is accounted for by a silly tradition which it would be idle to repeat here: the visitor who is curious to read it, may do so inside the tower, it being printed at full length, and suspended in one of the rooms. The view from the top of the tower is very beautiful; on a summer's evening it is quite enchanting—more like one of Danby's poetical dreams than a sober truth of nature.

As we return over the ferns, we come to the Zoological Gardens, situated close to the turnpike which divides Durdham and Clifton Downs. They were formed in 1836, and are now in a flourishing condition. The ornamental water is prettily designed, and the shrubberies and grottos interspersed about it have a charming effect. The garden contains a fine collection of animals. Here are given galas, athletic games, and other entertainments, somewhat after the fashion of those at Rosherville and Cremorne.

A steep winding walk formed on the precipitous face of the hill-side which leads from Clifton Down, is known by the name of the Zigzag. Along this pathway we slowly wind; and if we were botanists, we might discover many plants in our short journey worthy of notice, and which are quite peculiar to this spot.

And now safely arrived at the base of St. Vincent's Rocks, and in front of the handsome Hotwell House, which gives a name to the narrow slip of tenements skirting the water as far as Cumberland Basin, we can look up into the face of the cliff towering above us, holding in its forehead, like some gigantic Cyclops, the great eye-like cave we have not long left. There is something almost Gothic in the form of these rocks; jutting out, as they do here, into two vast abutments, which time has rounded, and the weather tinted with the softest gray. The nearest of these abutments is crowned with the suspension-bridge pier—the bar of which hangs from above us, cutting a thin clear line against the sky,—built of red sandstone, which spoils the general tone and disfigures the form of the range of rock; indeed, in its present unfinished state, the whole bridge very much injures the "keeping" of the scene just here, which is indescribably grand. The Hotwell House, a small structure of the Tuscan order, covers the celebrated springs which draw to Avon's banks so many poor creatures, who clutch at the last straws that life holds out to them. According to the analysis of Mr. Herapath, the renowned chemist of Bristol, its principal contents

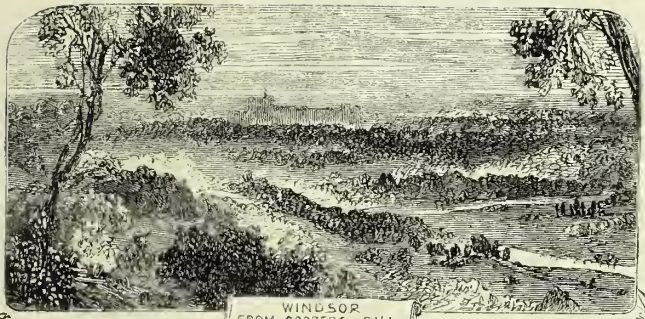
are—carbonate of magnesia, sulphate of lime, and chloride of sodium, in conjunction with carbonic acid gas, and nitrogen gas. It is the safest mineral water in England, as it approaches nearest to common water; and, in fact, it is used for domestic purposes. The efficacy of this spring appears first to have been discovered by sailors many centuries ago, who used to resort to it for the cure of scorbutic complaints. That it was very early known there can be no doubt, as William of Wyrcestre speaks of it in the fifteenth century as being then celebrated.

We must choose a high tide to proceed to Rownham, for at low water the scenery of the Hotwells loses more than half its beauties. The tide rises at spring-tides at the Cumberland dock-gates thirty-five feet; it may be imagined, therefore, what a vast stretch of mud the banks exhibit when the water is withdrawn. How to cross the broad river at Rownham Ferry, in the midst of tugs, Irish packets, and vessels of all descriptions, at first sight puzzles us; but the ferry-boat is so capacious, and the boatman so collected and quiet, as though it were an ordinary matter, that we give ourselves up to him with most perfect confidence. What a change this to the time when the trajectus belonged to the monastery of St. Augustine; and instead of such a motley crowd as now throng into the boat, only the abbot on his mule came down to the quiet river bank, and was ferried across on his way to his domains at Leigh! The Rownham ferry-boat, on fine afternoons, is quite a picture. Here, among the passengers, we see a group of artists proceeding to Leigh Woods to sketch; next them, a posse of country girls returning from market; the great mass, however, is generally composed of the humbler citizens and their families, well provided with bulky baskets of provender for a picnic in the woods, or for an early tea in the public gardens which lie along the river side. Now we are half across the river, let us turn and look at Clifton. See how superbly she lies reclined upon the hill-side, terrace after terrace sweeping their white crescents one over the other to the very top of the ascent, and one daring terrace pushing out like a great promontory upon a point of rock, suspended, as it were, between sky and water! Here and there green hanging gardens climb up the steep, setting off this "great white queen" of watering places by their breadth of verdure: it is here, indeed, that Clifton can be fairly seen. If we turn on the other side, we have the various craft slowly making their way through the dock-gates into Cumberland Basin, and on all hands the clouds of white steam coming from the many little packets; the immense dock-gates which are large enough to admit the *Great Britain* also meet the eye. To passengers coming from a long voyage, the port of Bristol must appear charming; to the old Indian, who has not seen a tree, a really tender green tree, since he left his home in his youth, the sail up the river beside such a bank of verdure as Leigh Woods present, must indeed be a delight. Up to within a stone's throw of the entrance to the Cumberland Docks, great elm-trees rise in rounded masses of grateful colour, and the mingling of the commercial with the picturesque is quite complete. There is no other such approach to any city in the kingdom. But here are the Leigh Woods! A towing-path runs between the skirts of the wood and the water, and we have not proceeded far along it before we find we get glimpses of sylvan beauty, curious peeps into thick squirrel-loving woods. A string of horses towing up some vessel—for the steam tugs have not quite superseded them—oblige us to step from the pathway to the soft mossy bank, and pushing aside the leafy boughs, we are in a moment in the land of Oberon. Out of the dark undershade of green we emerge into the Nightingale Valley, a rising ravine running between perpendicular rocks and steep hill-sides, up which the white-tailed coney runs. This path through the valley is a charming walk, shaded by mountain-ashes and trees of every description, which net the ground with their intertwining roots. Up this ascent having

toiled at length, we reach an open space; on each side of us lie two great Roman entrenchments—the Bower Wall and Stoke Leigh Camps. These fortifications are supported by rectangular bases of almost impregnable cliffs. The outlines of both entrenchments are still quite perfect; in one place there are three fosses, running parallel to each other. Great trees have formed their roots amid the Roman mortar, and the interiors of the camps are now transformed into beautiful grassy table-lands. In these woods we meet with every kind of foliage, from the slender silver birch to the gnarled oak: here they rise gracefully in the light, there they form a "horrid shade," and remind one of some of the gloomy scenes of Dante. One coomb, called Salvator's Valley, from its sombre, wild-looking character, is much frequented by artists. But the whole wood has been the nursery for art time out of mind; here Müller learnt the cunning of his pencil; here Danby and Pyne, and Johnstone and the Fripps, have wandered and reproduced the scenery afresh upon the living canvas, until scarce a gallery in the country is without some passages of this wood, some recollections of artists who have studied here before the great open book of nature. Poets also have trodden these "bosky bournes," and mused along its chequered shades. We can almost fancy we see Coleridge, and Southey, and Lovell, brushing aside the boughs as they pass, eagerly talking of Pantocracy, and planning the golden age they intended to establish in some wilderness of the new world.

If we emerge from the wood, and stroll along the towing-path beside the river, we shall have an opportunity of viewing the rock farther down, and the general features of the scene to perfection. The forest character of Leigh Woods does not extend more than a mile from Rownham Ferry; after that distance it assumes more the form of a young plantation, on an abrupt hill-side, but it is still beautiful in appearance. As we proceed we find quarriers at work, some of them scooping out considerable portions of the wood. Southey used to speak bitterly of this partial demolition of a wood which he held sacred to the fairies. It was "selling the sublime and beautiful by the boat-load;" and the mischief has gone on with steady step ever since he wrote. About a mile down the river we come to a tea-garden, laid out on the side of the hill, and a very favourite resort with the citizens. A great clatter of teaspoons, the sound of merry voices from the bowers interspered among the foliage, and swings here and there animating the wood, evidence that happiness as well as tea is here dispensed. The Black Rock rises on the opposite shore, a little way down,—a vast limestone formation; blasted from top to bottom by the quarrymen, who hold full possession of it. This rock is the great magazine of stone for repairing the roads, &c., in Bristol and its neighbourhood. Returning up the river, we gain a fresh view of the scenery, and perhaps the best one. The green slope of Clifton Downs is here seen, and St. Vincent's Rocks dispose themselves in pleasanter outlines, and more of them can be seen than when viewed from the Bristol side. Whilst in this neighbourhood the visitor should not omit the opportunity, if he is able to avail himself of it, of inspecting the charms of art as well as of nature. The Claudes in Mr. Miles's collection of pictures, at Leigh Court, are the finest in the country. The quiet, classic repose and poetic grandeur of them is almost without rival in landscape art. There is a Gaspar Poussin, too, of extraordinary excellence; besides a great many first-rate pictures of other old masters. The collection may be seen any Thursday; tickets must be obtained a day or two previously at Mr. Miles's counting-house in Queen-square.

The Railway Table to Bristol has been given in the account of BATH, in the previous Number.

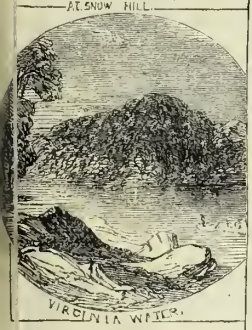


WINDSOR FROM COOPERS HILL.

AT SNOW HILL.

FROM BISHOPGATE.

VICTORIA TREE.



VIRGINIA WATER.

VIRGINIA WATER.

UPTON

ETON FROM THE SLOUGH ROAD.

STOKE

WINDSOR.

EXCURSION TRAINS run to Windsor now by both the Great Western and the South Western railways. The choice of line, therefore, will probably depend on the superior convenience of the London terminus—the Great Western at Paddington, or the South Western on the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge. Whichever be chosen, there will be obtained, on the way, a succession of pleasant snatches of scenery, terminated by a fine view of the noble Castle. The Windsor branch of the Great Western Railway leaves the main line at Slough, and yields, for the two or three miles which it extends, an admirable view of the Castle; it crosses the Thames a short distance above Eton, and the terminus is a little west of the Castle walls. The South Western Railway crosses the Thames by Black Potts, below Eton, and runs along a corner of the Little Park; its terminus is in Datchet-lane, on the northern side of the Castle. The Great Western terminus is a plain, serviceable structure; the South Western is a very ambitious red brick edifice, as yet unfinished, but which promises to be a not unpicturesque though quaint pile. Both the stations are close against the principal street of the town.

The State Apartments are shown (except when under repair) by tickets, to be obtained of Messrs. Colnaghi, 14, Pall Mall East; Wright, 60, Pall Mall; Ackermann, 96, Strand; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; and Moon, 20, Threadneedle Street, on four days in the week, viz.:—Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, from eleven to four during the months from April to October; and from eleven to three in the rest of the year. Official Guide Books to the State Apartment may be purchased at one penny each, where the tickets are obtained. The tickets are available for one week from the day they are issued. At St. George's Chapel there is a choral service every morning at half-past ten, and every afternoon at half-past four. The North Terrace is constantly open, and the Eastern Terrace on Saturday and Sunday.

The Castle is, of course, the main inducement to a visit to Windsor; the town and all that is connected with it is left unregarded by the visitor—as, indeed, it very well may be. When Swift visited Windsor in the reign of Anne, he wrote: 'Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel.' And so, to a great extent, it has remained. To the Castle, then, we will at once direct our steps: we may just glance at the town afterwards, before we stroll over the park, or on our way to Eton.

Let us, then, pass up the High-street of Windsor (noting by the way the changes that are in progress) to the point where four streets unite—the old site of a market-cross. The whole south front of the Castle is now before us, and the general effect is truly imposing. Through a gateway with two towers, erected by Henry VIII., we enter the Lower Quadrangle. St. George's Chapel—that exquisite gem of our florid architecture—is immediately before us. To the west of the gateway we see that improvement has been at work. A row of houses, known as the lower foundation for the Military Knights, has been pulled down. What is to replace these houses is not quite apparent. If a terrace, it is unfortunate that the houses in the town perk up

their garrets and chimneys, and shut out the noble view of the green hills of the Great Park. We can scarcely expect that the whole of this quarter of the town should be removed, though so much is being pulled down. It is some satisfaction to behold the paltry tenements that stood on the edge of the ditch of the old Western Fortress being cleared away; and we may hope to see a new town arise, at no very distant day, more in harmony with the Castle—at any rate, less obstructive and deforming.

The history of the Castle commences with the Conqueror, who obtained the ground on which it stands from the Abbey of Westminster, in exchange for some lands in Essex, and built a fortress upon it. By Henry I. it was entirely rebuilt and made a residence; walls and ramparts were added, and it was raised to the rank of a castle. Henry, on two or three occasions, held his court in it, and in the chapel his second marriage was solemnized with considerable splendour. In the reign of Stephen—the age of castles—it was reputed to be the second for strength in the kingdom.

But it was by Edward III., who was born at Windsor, that the Castle was raised to its present form and magnitude. He resolved to build in his birth-place an edifice which should eclipse the palaces of his predecessors; and he entrusted the working out of his plan to a master worthy of the task. William of Wykeham was appointed surveyor of the works, and by him Windsor Castle was designed in nearly its present extent and arrangement. Records connected with the building exist, which give a curious insight into the condition of the labourers and artisans of that day. Wykeham was appointed to be surveyor of the works in 1356, with a salary of one shilling a day, and sixpence for his clerk; but, for the workmen, warrants were issued to the sheriffs of the surrounding counties to impress all that they could find, and, in one year, three hundred and sixty were so seized, and employed 'at the King's wages.' Pestilence swept many away; better wages, and the desire of seeking employment where they pleased, tempted others. To fill up the ranks, new writs were issued; such as were caught in attempting to escape were committed to prison, and to prevent others from eloping, heavy penalties were denounced against any one who should employ such as had quitted the service of the King. Records still exist which show that the impressment went on until 1374, when, as they cease entirely, the works are supposed to have been completed.

Thus, then, had the monarch built for himself what was then, as it still is in many respects, the noblest palace in Europe. And well might the designer look with pride and pleasure on the pile *he* had fashioned, and even have set his mark on the whole of it, as, with more of humility, he did on the Winchester Tower—'This made Wykeham.'

During the progress of the works, the walls witnessed many a splendid ceremonial. Edward had already established the 'Order of the Garter.' The meetings of the order were held in the Castle, and, to render them as gorgeous as possible, the monarch lavished his wealth with unrestrained munificence. Whatever device could be thought of, he called into requisition. The most splendid jousts and tournaments were held. Knights were invited from all parts of the world to be present at the festivals; and free passes were provided for all who came. At this time, too, John, King of France, his son Philip, and David, King of Scotland, were prisoners here, and Edward increased the splendour of the entertainments in order to do honour to them. The old chroniclers have exerted their best skill to describe these feasts, and probably the feudal state was never adorned with more of external pomp and glory than when the royal conqueror of Crecy presided in the Castle of Windsor, with his brave bride, and his son, the hero of Poictiers, beside him, and surrounded by the captive kings, and his own trusty knights, and the flower of foreign chivalry; and all the pride and beauty of the land gracing the spectacle. In the reign of Henry IV., the Round Tower was made the prison of another King, James I. of Scotland, who has thrown an air

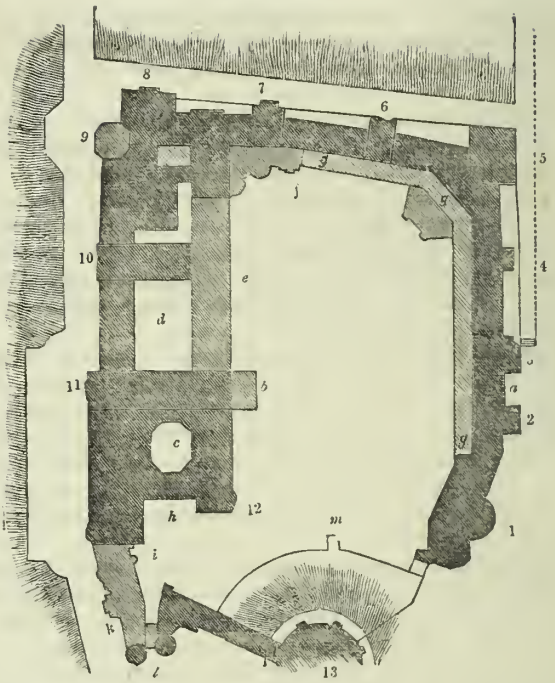
of romance over his detention here by the account he has given of it in his poem of *The King's Quhair* (or book). The reader will perhaps recollect both the story and the poem best by Washington Irving's delightful paper, 'A Royal Poet,' in the *Sketch Book*.

We may quit this first period of the old chivalric history of Windsor, without any strong desire to linger amongst the memories of its early kings. The luxurious Edward IV. and the crafty Henry VII. held here their occasional courts; and here they built, and left some mark behind them. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, has bequeathed us something of Windsor that will endure as well as material monuments. He tells us what the life of Windsor was some years before the axe of the tyrant cut short his career of knighthood and of poetry. His poem is a genuine picture of a remarkable time, long past. But we cannot longer indulge antiquarian dreams. We must pursue our way to the Windsor of 1851.

It may suffice, in passing, to mention that Edward IV. built St. George's Chapel, and Henry VII. some state-rooms; and that Elizabeth constructed the North Terrace —the view from which is worth a hundred times all the other sights in and about the Castle. Charles II. erected the Star Chamber, in which are the State apartments, and altered the older parts in accordance with what the Guide Books call 'the French Taste.' Little more was done in any way to the Castle till the reign of George III.; but in the next reign was undertaken the entire restoration of the whole pile, and the adaptation of it to modern habits.

We cannot but remember what an incongruous thing Windsor was before the vast improvements of the Castle were undertaken: and perhaps this is the proper place to give a brief account of the principal changes which have been effected. Excepting beauty of situation, the Castle had nothing whatever to recommend it as a residence. The whole of the east and south sides, the portions actually inhabited, were singularly inconvenient in every respect—rambling, and also exceedingly confined in plan, with very small rooms, and those for the most part thoroughfare rooms; there being no other communication than some narrow passages got out from them on the sides towards the quadrangle. So that, in point of accommodation, the whole was a mere 'makeshift,' inadequate to that required for a private gentleman's establishment. Hence it was found indispensably necessary to erect (1778—82) a separate building for the actual occupation of the royal family. This, which was called the Queen's Lodge, was merely a large plain house on the south side of the Castle, near the site occupied by the present stables, and was taken down in 1823. About the same time, George IV. announced his intention of taking up his abode within the Castle, and converting it into a suitable residence for himself and his successors. Accordingly a grant of £300,000 was readily voted by Parliament in April, 1824, for the projected improvements, since, so far from being thought extravagant, the scheme was a popular one. The architect selected was Mr. Jeffry Wyatt. The first stone of 'King George IV.'s Gateway' (forming the principal entrance into the quadrangle on the south side, in a direct line with the Long Walk) was laid by the king, August 12th, 1824, on which occasion the architect received the royal authority for altering his name to that of Wyattville; and on the king's taking possession of the private apartments, which were completed by the end of 1828, he received the further distinction of knighthood.

The annexed block plan will be found useful to the visitor; it will show him the general external plan of the Castle, and the relative position and magnitude of the buildings and towers composing it; and it also shows to what extent the Castle has been enlarged since 1823, by the addition of the parts cut in in a lighter tint than the rest.



1, Edward III.'s Tower; 2, Lancaster Tower; 3, York Tower; 4, South Turret; 5, Victoria Tower; 6, Clarence Tower; 7, Chester Tower—State Drawing-room; 8, Prince of Wales's Tower—State Dining-room; 9, Brunswick Tower, octagon, 38 feet diameter externally, height 100 feet; 10, Cornwall Tower—Ball-room, 90 × 32 feet; 11, George IV.'s. Tower; 12, King John's Tower; 13, Keep—not a perfect circle, 102 feet in greatest diameter, 93 in smallest; height, 80 feet from the top of the mound; Watch-tower, 25 more; entire height from level of Quadrangle, 148 feet.

a, George IV.'s Gateway, directly facing the Long Walk; *b*, State Entrance, with vestibule continued through to North Terrace; *c*, State Staircase, occupying site of Brick Court, 50 × 36 feet; *d*, Waterloo Gallery, on site of Horn Court, 95 × 46 feet; *e*, St. George's Hall, 180 × 32 feet; *f*, Visitors' Entrance; *g*, *g*, *g*, Grand Corridor; *h*, Entrance for public to State Apartments; *i*, Henry VII.'s Building; *k*, Queen Elizabeth's Gallery; *l*, Norman Towers and Gateway; *m*, Statue of Charles II.; *n*, St. George's Gateway.

It will be perceived that such enlargement has been made principally within the quadrangle, on the exterior facing the North Terrace, to which the Brunswick Tower has been added; and by converting what were two open courts in that northern mass of building, viz., Brick Court and Horn Court, into the State Staircase and the Waterloo Gallery. Some general communication along the whole extent of the private apartments was indispensable, unless that part of the Castle was to remain as incommodious and as impracticable as ever, with no other real improvement than that of enlarging some of the rooms, by throwing two or three of them together, but without gaining any corresponding increase of breadth. There was no practicable alternative, except to provide such communication by encroaching upon the quadrangle, and erecting a corridor on the east and south sides. The present corridor is about fifteen feet wide, and as many high; and in its full extent, from the Visitors' Staircase and Ante-room at the north end, to its termination near Edward III.'s Tower, is 450 feet,

but not in a direct line, which is perhaps an advantage. That branch of it which runs north and south has eight windows on its west; the other, fourteen on its north side; and between these two divisions the corridor takes a bend, passing, as it were, behind what is called the Oak or Wainscot Breakfast-room, which is built over the porch that forms the Royal Entrance. One side of this room forms a spacious bay, whose windows, like those of the corridor, command a fine view of the whole Quadrangle and Keep. Though subordinate in purpose, all this part of the interior possesses a good deal of effect and many contrived points, many circumstances unfavourable in themselves having been turned to good account. As to the corridor itself, it does, in fact, answer a twofold purpose; since, besides being what its name imports, it serves also as an in-door promenade and lounge, and is richly stored with pictures and other works of art. But still it looks expressly intended for what it is—a corridor, so adorned, rather than a gallery made use of as a corridor. On the south side the corridor communicates, through intermediate lobbies, with the private rooms appropriated to visitors, which form distinct apartments of three or four rooms each, with their separate private staircases, &c. On the east side, from the Victoria Tower inclusive to midway between the Clarence and Chester Towers, are the Royal Private Apartments, to which succeed what may be called the Private State Rooms, viz., Library, or First Drawing-room, State Drawing-room (Chester Tower), Saloon, State Dining-room (Prince of Wales's Tower). All these last-mentioned rooms have very spacious oriels and bays (that of the Great Drawing-room is not less than 24 feet wide, and 23 deep), which, while they contribute to great variety of form within, constitute the principal and richest features of the east front of the Castle.' Beyond the State Dining-room there is an octagon-room, 28 feet in diameter, commanding a view in one direction along the North Terrace. All this part of the Castle is not to be viewed, except by very special permission, and then, of course, only partially.

Although fewer changes, upon the whole, have been made in the northern range of the edifice, some highly important ones have taken place. Beginning with the State Entrance, to which a spacious projecting carriage porch has been added, the lower vestibule, which used to be nearly occupied by the Gothic staircase erected by James Wyatt, has been cleared, so as to afford a fine architectural vista quite through to the North Terrace, from which there is an entrance through George IV.'s Tower; and a new state staircase has been formed within what was a confined inner court. This is admirably well planned for effect, for the staircase itself shows all the more strikingly, by coming suddenly into view, when its greater spaciousness and loftiness (70 feet from the floor to the top of the lantern) forms an imposing contrast to the lengthened perspective of the vestibule. Another improvement consequent upon the alteration of the staircase is the obtaining an upper state vestibule in connection with the Guard Room, which last has been extended by being carried out over the porch of the State Entrance. Thus a continuous and varied grand line of approach is formed to St. George's Hall, which was before hardly accessible from the staircase, otherwise than by passing through the rooms of the north front, owing to the intervention of the Royal Chapel at the west end of the hall. By that chapel being added to the hall, a decided improvement has been produced: the latter has been extended to 180 feet—nearly double its former length; and it forms a fine climax in the general arrangement. The Waterloo Gallery, which is an entirely new feature in this part of the plan, contributes in no small degree to give not only greater variety, but an appearance of much greater extent than formerly to this portion of the Castle; while, owing to its being well lighted from above, it contrasts pleasingly with the other rooms, and serves to bring into one group with itself and the hall two of the most spacious of

them, viz., the Throne-room and the Ball-room. The architect appears also to have been happy in his arrangement of Queen Elizabeth's Gallery, which, together with the adjoining room in Henry VII.'s Building, has been fitted up as a library.

Until renovated and remodelled by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, the exterior had very little of either architectural character or dignity, or even of picturesqueness, except that arising from situation; whereas now it is marked by many bold features and well-defined masses, and presents a series of parts, all varied, yet more or less interesting. Even where the principal masses remain the same, the general outline, before feeble and insipid, has been greatly improved. Somewhat greater height than formerly has been given to most of the buildings by deep embattled parapets, and in some of them by machicolations also. Some of the towers have been carried up higher, and others added. Among these last are the Lancaster and York, flanking George IV.'s Gateway, and distinctly marking that as the principal portal of the Castle; also the Brunswick Tower, which, owing to its difference of form and greater mass, adds very much to the architectural effect of the north-east angle. But the most striking improvement of the kind was that of carrying up the Round Tower 90 feet higher, exclusive of the Watch Tower on its summit, which makes the height in that part 25 feet more.

It was generally understood that the Castle was to be re-instated, as far as it consistently could be, in what was, or what might be supposed to have been, its original character. No question, therefore, was started as to style. Still, the style of a genuine feudal castle and fortress is fitter at the present day for a prison than a palace; it has accordingly been more or less softened down, in some parts so much, that its character is almost neutralized. Where it has been most preserved it looks rather too stern and uncouth. There is also very much that is open to animadversion with respect to details, and the strange intermixture in several parts of the earliest and latest styles of Gothic. However, though sober criticism cannot pronounce Windsor Castle to be by any means a complete and perfectly-studied production of architecture, it is still a noble one, and such as to justify all but the unqualified praise bestowed upon it.

After the first grant of £300,000, others were successively made, and the total expenditure down to the end of the reign of William IV. amounted to £771,000. There has since been a grant of £70,000 for new stables, which form an extensive range of buildings, only 400 feet from the Castle, on its south side, and to the west of the Long Walk: they extend upwards of 600 feet, and include a riding-house, nearly 200 feet in length by 68 feet in breadth.

To form some adequate notion of the vastness of the Castle itself, we ought to look down upon its roofs from the leads of the Round Tower. The interior of the Tower is not now exhibited. The panorama of the country around Windsor is very remarkable, from its extent and variety. But these bird's-eye prospects are anything but picturesque.

The State Apartments! It is a matter of congratulation that these are now shown without payment. Tickets must, however, be procured either at London or Windsor before the stranger is admitted. But when the ticket is presented, there is that politeness from the attendant which well befits the atmosphere of a palace. The visitor is waited upon by a man of intelligence, not to hurry him along, nor to disgust by his ignorant jargon, but to name the objects of curiosity, quietly and unobtrusively. How different are those objects now from those of a quarter of a century ago! Then were to be seen the State beds, whose faded hangings had been carefully preserved from periods when silk and velvet were the exclusive possessions of the high-born; chairs of ebony, whose weight compelled the sitter to remain in the place of the

seat; and tables of silver, fine to look upon, but worthless to use. Then we cast up our eyes through many an interminable length of King's Presence Chambers, and King's Audience Chambers, and Queen's Presence Chambers, and Queen's Audience Chambers, and State Bed-rooms, and Guard-rooms, and Ball-rooms, and Banqueting-rooms—upon ceiling after ceiling—where Charles II. and his queen were humbly invited to their banquets by Jupiter and Neptune, and Mercury and Bacchus. Truly his Majesty was a fit companion for the scoundrels of the mythology! But there were better things than these to be seen—ay, better things than King Charles's Beauties, which are now banished, to make the Londoners, who go in thousands to Hampton Court, wonder that such bold meretricious hussies could ever be called "Beauties." There were the 'Misers' of Quentin Matsys; the 'Cleopatra' and 'Venus' of Guido (now in the National Gallery); the 'Titian and Aretin' of Titian; the 'Silence' of Annibal Caracci.

The State Apartments now shown are few in number. They consist of 'The Queen's Audience Chamber,' with one of Verrio's ceilings, and magnificent hangings of Gobelin tapestry: and 'The Queen's Presence Chamber,' with a similar ceiling, and a continuation of the same tapestry—the story of Queen Esther and Mordecai. These rooms have a few old royal portraits of no beauty or interest; the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots is, indeed, an exception, though not for any beauty it possesses. It is by Janet, and was painted after her death. In the back-ground is a representation of her execution. The carvings in the Queen's Presence Chamber are the work of Grinling Gibbons. The Vandyke Room is alone worth a pilgrimage to Windsor. The noble portraits which fill this room used to be scattered about the Castle. Brought together, they not only show us the greatness of the painter, but they fill the mind with the memory of that unhappy prince, whose fate seemed written in his pensive face—he, to whom Windsor was the last prison ere he walked to the scaffold out of the window of Whitehall. Here is one of the three grand pictures of Charles I., with his equerry, D'Epernon—of which the Middle Temple Hall and Warwick Castle can also boast. Here is the celebrated head, in three points of view, painted for Bernini the sculptor; several portraits of Queen Henrietta; and that noble composition of Charles's children, with their great mastiff. What a head, too, is that of Vandyke, by himself! Shall any one look at these pictures, and doubt whether Portrait be a high department of Art? We proceed through what is called 'The State Ante-room,'—where on the ceiling is Verrio's 'Banquet of the Gods,' and in a window a portrait of George III., painted on glass—to 'The Grand Staircase,' which has a statue of George IV., by Chantrey, and so to 'The Grand Vestibule,' and 'The Waterloo Chamber.' The Staircase, the Vestibule, and the Waterloo-room, are amongst the most conspicuous of Sir Jeffry Wyatville's improvements, and have been already mentioned in the general notice of these improvements. Of Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection of portraits in the Waterloo Chamber it would be easier to speak in terms of enthusiasm, if we had not so recently been gazing upon the noble groups by Vandyke. With some striking exceptions, the portraits of Lawrence want solidity and grandeur. There are few heroic heads amongst them. Pius VII. is, perhaps, the finest of the series; George Canning, the most disappointing, because unlike him in 'the social hour.' The 'Duke of Wellington' is a fine picture, but hardly conveys the proper idea of the Iron Duke. However, it was a fine idea to bring together the portraits of the men who were more or less agents in the pacification of Europe, after the final defeat of the arch-impostor of the Revolution; and no one living in the time of Lawrence could have carried out the plan with any approach to his success. The Waterloo-room itself is a noble apartment, 98 feet long by 47 feet wide, and 45 feet high, and of course richly embel-

lished. The carvings of the doors and picture-frames are by Gibbons, and will repay examination. From the Waterloo-room we go to 'the Ball-room,' glittering with burnished gold, and bright with 'Gobelin tapestry.' The Ball-room is 90 feet long by 34 feet broad, and 33 feet high, and is by far the most sumptuous in style of any of the rooms to which the public is admitted. As it is seen in the day-time by the ordinary visitor, with all the rich gilt and crimson furniture and the lofty candelabra covered up, the walls and ceiling have a somewhat gaudy, almost a tawdry-look; but doubtless at night, when fully lit up, and filled with the noble and beautiful of the court and country, in all the glitter of full-dress and brilliant uniforms, its appearance must be eminently splendid. 'Saint George's Hall' is an oblong room, 200 feet in length. This is the great Banqueting-room, when the sovereign holds high festival. The 'Guard Chamber' closes the apartments upon which the crowd may look—with shield and banner, and complete mail. The pedestal of Nelson's bust, formed out of a block of the mainmast of 'The Victory,' is worth all the swords and pikes which gleam on these walls. But there is a shield which ought to be examined. It was a present from Francis I. to Henry VIII., and is believed to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini: it is assuredly worthy of that singular genius. The material of which it is constructed is steel, Damascened with gold and silver. The carvings represent scenes from the life of Julius Cæsar. The Sikh guns, at the end of the room, deserve to be noticed.

These are all the State Apartments which are open to the public, and most visitors acknowledge to feeling disappointment after going over them: in truth, too little is shown of them to admit of their being fairly estimated. The carpets are taken up, the whole of the furniture is jealously concealed under brown-holland coverings; and State Apartments, seen under such circumstances, have a very unstately appearance. It is like looking at a fair lady in curl-papers. If it is worth while to let them be seen at all, we confess to thinking it would be as well to show them in company garb.

In the days before George III. occupied the Castle, the State Apartments exhibited to the public were of much greater extent than the present suite. They ranged from the gallery called after Queen Elizabeth, at the west end of the Upper Quadrangle, to St. George's Hall on the east; and included most of the rooms looking on the North Terrace and into the Great Square. No doubt these apartments were the actual dwelling-rooms of former sovereigns. The want of passages, by which each room could have an independent approach, was not regarded in the old days of cumbrous state. It was not only in some of the larger rooms—perhaps in her own Gallery—that Elizabeth listened to the 'Merry Wives of Windsor;' but in some of the smaller chambers the learned queen sate translating Horace's 'Art of Poetry;' and anon descended by a private staircase, to pace with stately step the Northern Terrace which she had raised. Here James I. fidgeted about in his trunk-hose, and solaced the hot evenings of the dog-days of 1621 with the learned slang of Ben Jonson's masque of 'The Gipsies Metamorphosed,' and looked knowingly about him as the new language, which contained such words as 'gentry coves' and 'rum morts,' required explanation.

Here walked his successor, in solitary gloom; great in misfortune—a loveable man when danger surrounded him on every side—a true king when a fated prisoner. Here the uncrowned mighty one who struck him down, kept state with his 'Ironsides.' The restored Stuart here brought his French tastes in building, and turned the old fortress-palace into an incongruous Versailles. Anne here spent her summer months—sometimes 'hunting in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like Jehu,'—and sometimes, according to the same authority, the Dean of

St. Patrick, having a drawing-room, "but so few company that the queen sent for us into the bed-chamber, where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round, with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out." The first two Georges left Windsor to decay. The third had the good taste to know where an English king should have his chief palace; but the Castle was deemed uninhabitable for a growing family: so the king lived for years in a white-washed house at the foot of his palace, and only used the Castle on great occasions—always except for morning prayers in the Private Chapel. About 1804 the king and his family migrated to the Castle; and the lath and plaster of Sir William Chambers was abandoned to the equerries and chance visitors of the Court. A few years of excitement, such as the spirit of the country lighted up in the heart of the brave old man, when invasion was talked of, and the Castle became to George III. a prison, under the most painful circumstances that can attend the loss of liberty. After his death Windsor Castle was remodelled. Here in these splendid chambers, have two kings held their state, and here twice has the lesson been taught, that,

> "The glories of our blood and state
> Are shadows, not substantial things."

The Court routine of Windsor is now hallowed by duty. It is not for us to attempt to unveil the inner life of a Queen and a Mother.

A peep from the bay window of the Ball-room will have indicated the magnificent prospect which is obtainable from the Terrace below; and the stranger will do well to direct his steps to this North Terrace, when he quits the State Apartments. You pass under an arch, through which you see Eton and the distant country. The effect is magical. Of its kind, this view from the North Terrace has scarcely a rival. At your feet are the tops of trees of giant stature, screening the meaner houses of the town, and guiding the eye to the 'distant spires' and 'antique towers' of Eton; and the "expanse below of grove, of lawn, of mead,"

> "Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
> Wanders the hoary Thames along
> His silver winding way!"

And over the richest variety of cultivated country through which the Thames wanders, the glorious prospect extends right away to the metropolis!

The visitor will not of course rest content with admiring the exterior of St. George's Chapel. He can at any time obtain admission, and the interior is far more remarkable than the outside. The architecture is inferior to that of the other two great examples of the perpendicular style—King's College Chapel, at Cambridge, and Henry VII.'s Chapel, at Westminster. Yet it is both grand and impressive; while the chancel, from the array of flags and helmets, the insignia of the Knights of the Order of the Garter, suspended over their stalls, has a very remarkable appearance. In the vaults under the Chapel are interred the builder of it, Edward IV., Henry VI., Henry VIII., and Charles I. The remains of George III. with those of George IV., William IV., and other members of his family, lie in a vault under the Wolsey or Beaufort Chapel, which is attached to the east end of St. George's Chapel.

The interior of St. George's Chapel has been recently the object of judicious improvement, arising out of the more accurate taste of our day in minute points of ecclesiastical architecture. When, some seventy or eighty years ago, George III. rescued this Chapel from the neglect of a century, it is remarkable how much was

effected in harmony with the general character of the building. The organ-screen, for example, which was then erected, though defective in some particulars, is not incongruous. Of the painted windows then produced in the historical style, we are scarcely competent to speak. Although we may doubt their strict propriety, we should not patiently endure their destruction to make way for modern imitative ornaments of stained glass—saints, kings, and bishops, row upon row. The west window has recently been thoroughly refitted. It was formed, at the great reparation of the Chapel, out of glass collected from various parts of the building. Much, however, of the old glass was carried off; some may still be found in the fine Church of Saint Cross, at Winchester. This window is now made perfect and secure. The changes in the choir are also most judicious; and the clustered columns, cleansed of their atrocious white-wash, are now as fresh as when they came from under the tool of the sculptor.

To the east of St. George's Chapel, as we said, is the Royal Dormitory—a building erected by Wolsey for his own tomb; desecrated and neglected for more than a century, and then applied to the purpose of a mausoleum by George III. The interior has been completely repaired only within a few years. The royal tombs were long beneath a floor of rubbish. Within the last few months the exterior has been begun to be repaired. The turrets and pinnacles have been restored, and the whole will soon look as when the king-cardinal erected it.

Before we quit the Castle precincts, we may mention that the visitor who is "an admirer of horse-flesh" may, if he pleases, go over the Royal Stables. Tickets are readily given upon application to Mr. Cocum, the clerk of the stables. The stables are very extensive, and complete in all their arrangements. They were, it will be remembered, erected a few years back at a cost of £70,000. In them may be seen the royal stud, including the Arabian horses presented to Her Majesty by the Pacha of Egypt, and the ponies of the royal children, as well as the horses of Prince Albert. The carriages are of course of a superior description: the most curious ones are the char-à-banc, presented to the Queen by Louis Philippe, a specimen of Parisian skill; and the sledges and awkward droschkis, presents from the Emperor of Russia.

On leaving the Castle, the improvements which are in progress in the town will not fail to be observed. The mean houses about the entrance and under the west wall of the Castle are being swept away: the erections which are to occupy their site have not yet been commenced. But, besides that houses are being pulled down, it will be seen that the road is being pulled up. In fact, the town is under the hands of the authorities for a thorough renovation, in pursuance of an Act obtained for the purpose a year or two back. The provisions of the Public Health Act are also to be applied to it, and its sanitary condition is being thoroughly amended. One of the most important changes is the construction of a new bridge over the Thames, instead of the old half-ruinous Datchet bridge, at some distance above it. Roads from the new bridge are being made across a corner of the Lower Park, beneath the North Terrace, and outside the Royal Gardens; while the old footpath from Datchet across the park, by Herne's oak, is stopped; and the road to Old Windsor by Frogmore is to be turned, and cross the Long Walk some half mile from the town. Frogmore, and the Long Walk, and the Crown properties lying between them, will then be the natural and proper domain of the Castle. We shall then, we trust, have an undisturbed view of the Castle; and we may still, though shut out from Herne's Oak, cherish our Shaksperian associations, for the part of the Park through which the new Datchet road will run, was formerly known as 'Datchet Mead;' and there, 'among the whitsters,' was Falstaff 'slighted into the river,' where 'the shore was shelvy and shallow.'

THE GREAT PARK.

THE changes which take place in the mere face of a country subjected to rapid improvements, even during the short period between the boyhood and the mature age of an individual, were never more strikingly exemplified than in that beautiful district into which we are about to conduct our readers. In the year 1813 an Act of Parliament was passed for the inclosure of Windsor Forest. This was perhaps one of the largest inclosures that was ever effected under the power of one Act. There is a survey of this forest by Norden, taken in 1607, which makes its circuit seventy-seven miles and a half. This great extent was somewhat diminished in later years; for in a subsequent map by Rocque the circuit is given as fifty-six miles. At the time of the inclosure it comprised the whole of eleven parishes, and parts of six other parishes. The portion which was previously inclosed, and known as Windsor Great Park, was of small extent compared with the whole range of the Forest. The area of the Park was less than four thousand acres, of which two thousand acres were under cultivation; while the open, uninclosed Forest amounted to twenty-four thousand acres. With a few exceptions, such as part of the irreclaimable tract of Bagshot Heath, the whole face of this country is now utterly changed.

It appears to us that, until a comparatively modern period, the proud keep of Windsor stood in solitary magnificence, with this vast extent of hunting-ground lying for miles before it, extending from the south bank of the Thames. There were then no distinctions of park or forest. The great oaks grew up to the Castle walls, and stretched away till they reached the sandy deserts of Surrey, and the chalk hills beyond the Kennet. But we must not consider that Windsor Forest, even three or four centuries ago, was nothing but heath and woodland. In all such districts, in spite of feudal domination, whether of king or noble, man has asserted his claim that the earth should yield him sustenance: the more fertile spots have been inclosed; solitary farms have grown into villages, and villages into towns. This was the character of the Windsor Forest which Pope described.

Windsor, as a royal residence, was subject to alternations of favour and neglect. Pope, contrasting the depopulation ascribed to the Norman kings, with the subsequent encouragement of industry, says:—

> 'Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
> Nor saw displeased the peaceful cottage rise.'

In Windsor Forest, we apprehend, 'the peaceful cottage' sprung up when the monarch's eyes were turned in another direction. It is impossible to look at the topography of such a district without seeing that a vast number of occupiers without legitimate titles had, from generation to generation, squatted upon the land. During the lapse of four or five centuries, individual and manorial proprietors came to share with the Crown the right over its royal forest; and in the reign of Anne, the connection between the Castle and its forestal domain was made by the avenue now known as the Long Walk, which was then inclosed, and compensation given to the town for so much of the loss of its common fields. The Great Park was gradually separated from the larger district known as Windsor Forest; but in many points this was an imaginary separation. After the Battle of Culloden, Duke William of Cumberland had the office of Ranger to the Park bestowed upon him; and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Ranger's Lodge, since called Cumberland Lodge, he planted the barren hills, and turned the swampy levels into a vast artificial lake. George III. had different

notions of the use of a park. He ploughed up all the land that was capable of culture; and there carried forward those systems of experimental husbandry which won for him the honourable name of 'Farmer George.' George IV. neither planted nor farmed; but he spent two hundred thousand pounds upon a thatched cottage near his great uncle's Lodge, which cottage was swept away as a nuisance in the succeeding reign. During the last quarter of a century, the great principle of utility has been asserting its irresistible claims to this large district. The Crown obtained a fourth of the uninclosed land which was allotted by the Inclosure Act, and some six thousand acres have been thus added to the former bounds of Windsor Great Park. The office of Woods and Forests has not let these lands lie neglected. Vast plantations have been formed of oak and fir; plains, where a large army might have manœuvred thirty years ago, are covered with hundreds of thousands of vigorous saplings; heaths, where a few straggling hawthorns used to be the landmark of the traveller, are now one sea of pine. Satisfactory as this may be as an accession to the national riches, we cannot help lamenting that utility went about its work in such a rough-shod fashion. Earth-works, which unquestionably showed where the Roman had encamped, have been planted over or levelled. Old giants of the wood, beautiful and almost sublime in their decay, have been ruthlessly cut down. Many an old tree, with a thirty-foot girth, into whose hollow we have crept from the passing shower, and thought of the Norman hunters, is gone. We will not say with the querulous old man in Crabbe,—

> 'Here's nothing left of ancient pride,
> Of what was grand, of what was gay:
> But all is changed, is lost, is sold.'

It is not so. There was some rash innovation some twenty or thirty years ago; but we see that it is repented of. Some of the old oaks are now duly honoured, and have pleasant grassy spots cleared around them, so that the crowd of youngsters, with their slight and shivering stems, may keep at a respectful distance from their venerable progenitors. There are pleasant walks, too, among these new plantations; and what is pleasanter than even the pleasant walks themselves, the rude voice of authority does not scare the wanderer as in the days of 'the first gentleman of Europe.'

In truth, although the Forest is so different from what it was, it is yet a place of rare delight—only a fragment of it, it is true, but a noble one. Once in the forest district, and you are at no loss for scenery or objects of beauty or interest. Rough paths lead on every side to some wild woodland solitude or broad sterile heath, or marsh, green with a few osiers, or hilly ridge, commanding a rich and various prospect. And then there are traces of roads and camps, the work of the conquerors of the earth, and of spots where poets have lived, and scenes which they have celebrated, where the names of Pope and Shelley will recur to every one's memory; of lonely heronries, and rustic villages, and outlying old English farm-houses.

But we cannot now wander at will over the Forest; we must content ourselves with a stroll over that corner of it which now forms the Great Park:—let us proceed by way of the Long Walk, to VIRGINIA WATER. This Long Walk is certainly one of the grand features of Windsor. It is three miles long, and consists of a broad central avenue of lofty elms, with a narrow avenue on each side. At the termination of it is Westmacott's statue of George III.;—an equestrian figure, twenty-six feet in height, raised upon a rocky pedestal of the same elevation, and placed upon a considerable hill, is no common object. But to a stranger the statue is an inconsiderable thing, when he looks from its site down the magnificent avenue which now leads to the Castle gates, at a distance of more than three miles. It is, indeed, a wondrous

approach to a noble pile. Five and twenty years ago the avenue was without an object. Shabby houses interposed between its commencement at Windsor and the Castle. Now it leads direct to the gateway called after George IV., and thence to the grand entrance of the State apartments.

From the Statue we pass by Cumberland Lodge and the Great Lake and Norfolk Farm, where Prince Albert carries on his agricultural experiments, and soon enter the precincts of Virginia Water.

Shenstone has said, with great truth, "The works of a person that builds begin immediately to decay; while those of him who plants begin directly to improve. In this, planting promises a more lasting pleasure than building." Shenstone's own Leasowes is a striking example of the truth of this maxim. His temples and urns are gone to ruin: his sapling oaks and beeches have grown into magnificent trees. It is the same at Virginia Water. In 1746, Duke William of Cumberland was rewarded, for his services at Culloden, by the Rangership of Windsor Great Park, and the official residence since known as Cumberland Lodge. Not far from this residence was a wild, swampy district, whose waters drained into a basin of considerable dimensions, and then flowed on to the Thames at Chertsey. The Duke wanted occupation in this his solitude. Tradition says that some of his amusements were not of the most creditable kind, and that a paltry Chinese temple, which still stands at the head of the lake, was not wholly dedicated to "Contemplation, heavenly maid!" The royal butcher, however, was not entirely sensual or cruel. His vices were, probably, as much exaggerated by political hostility and popular scandal as his personal appearance. He had the merit of seeing the genius of Paul Sandby, whom he patronized as a draughtsman when he was a mere boy. Sandby was the landscape-gardener of Virginia Water. He had large materials to deal with, and he used them with a bold and masterly hand. The name of the place was an ambitious one. The little lake and the gentle fir-clad banks have no real associations with the boundless forests where the first adventurers of the Anglo-Saxon stock carried the power of civilization. We receive the name simply as expressive of silence and solitude, amidst woods and waters. If we surrender ourselves to the genial influence of nature, we may find as deep enjoyment on the margin of this artificial lake and the "alleys green" of these woods, as the wandering traveller experiences on the banks of the Potomac, or in the passes of the Apalachian hills.

"Great princes have great playthings." We recollect Virginia Water before George IV. and William IV. here amused themselves with little playthings. That Chinese fishing-temple, which the genius of incongruity stuck up here in the very prettiest nook of this water, is out of place in these solitudes. The baby brig which the Sailor King built to guard this miniature sea, is another inharmonious toy. And last of all, the ruins! Grecian capitals on Egyptian shafts! the spoils of the Nile and the Ilyssus huddled together in a forced companionship! *Real* ruins, removed from the sites to which they belong, are the worst species of exotics. The tale which they tell of their ancient grandeur is quite out of harmony with their modern appropriation. We can look with an antiquarian pleasure upon a capital in a museum; but a shaft or two perched up in a modern pleasure-ground produce a ludicrous struggle between the feeling of the true and the artificial, and a sort of pitiable scorn of the petty vanity of the living, which snatches the ruins of the dead from the hallowed spot where time or the barbarian had crumbled them into nothingness, to administer to a sense of what is pretty and *merely* picturesque. A *real* ruin is a solemn thing, when it stands upon the site where it has defied the elements for centuries in its pomp and glory; but a mock ruin—a fiction of plaster and paint—or a collection of

fragments brought over sea, to be joined together in something like an imitation of their awful decay, are baubles.

The pretty little inn, the 'Wheatsheaf,' on the high road from Egham to Bagshot, has access to the grounds of Virginia Water. The days of rigid exclusion passed away when William IV. came to the throne. Passing round the west of the hill, we may wander in a wild country towards Chertsey:

"There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue."

But our course is to Cooper's Hill, to which a walk of a mile or so, across Englefield Green, will conduct us. However the prospect here may be exceeded by scenes of wilder extent or more striking grandeur, certainly the *locale* of the earliest descriptive poem of our language is calculated to produce the warmest feelings of admiration, both for its actual beauty and its unrivalled associations. From an elevation of several hundred feet you look down upon a narrow fertile valley, through which the Thames winds with supassing loveliness. Who does not recollect the charming lines with which Denham describes the "silver river?"—

"Oh! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Immediately at your feet is the plain of Runnemede, where the contest between John and the Barons was decided; and in the centre of the river is the little fishing island, where tradition says that Magna Charta was signed. At the extremity of the valley is Windsor Castle, rising up in all the pomp of its massive towers. We might well linger here awhile, but other scenes have to be visited, and we must away.

Those who really desire to see Windsor, and to have its beauties impressed upon their memories, should not be content with a few hours at the Castle, and a few hours in the Parks—a whirl of trains and flys. It is not our purpose to make a guide-book. We seek to interest the reader as well as the tourist. But if the tourist will listen to us, we would say, Spend two summer or autumn days "under the greenwood tree," and one, at least, in Windsor itself. To Eton and its surrounding associations, another day should be given. The glorious view from the North Terrace—how can it be comprehended in half an hour? The river is glowing under the setting sun; one flood of light bathes all the west, and the distant hills of Berkshire and Oxfordshire mingle their gold with the golden sky. Come here in the gray morning, and the Thames shall creep like a silver thread through the green plain, sending up its vaporous wreaths to mingle with the blue mists of the distance. Once more seek those woods, which look so cool and solemn in the soft early light.

There is another road to the Great Park running parallel with the Long Walk. About a mile from the town we reach the Park Gate, and we are free to wander by grassy alleys or shady avenues. For two miles or so, we will now prefer to keep the high road. There are fine old elms or oaks around as soon as we enter the Park. But we are approaching a spot where the oaks seem thicker and older, and the paths look devious and untrodden. The path on the right leads to Cranbourn. In ten minutes after you quit the road, you are in the most picturesque part of the old Forest. No woodman has been here to hew down the old gnarled trunks; no planter has raised up an intrusive population of unhonoured saplings. In this quiet valley there is unwonted company—a flock of milk-white Cashmere goats, feeding as comfortably in the fern as if they were growing shawls in their own sunny land. The

trees are standing thicker and thicker—a sort of avenue is before us, such as led up to old mansions, with its "obsolete prolixity." We continue along it, and stand before an octagon tower—it seems uninhabited. It is all that remains of Cranbourn. But, what a glorious landscape bursts upon us from the ridge on which this octagon tower stands! Never was the art of landscape-gardening carried to greater perfection.

We pass from Cranbourn into a road that runs in a westerly direction, and connects the road from Windsor to Ascot with the road from Windsor to Winkfield. This connecting road is now planted on each side. It was formerly a wild forest district, leading to Winkfield Plain. We cross the Winkfield Road, and pass by a lodge into the opposite wood. About a quarter of a mile from the gate a green walk invites us. Every step that we advance leads us to some new beauty. Fine old beeches are mingled with young underwood; but there is nothing formal or obtrusive in the new planting. Grace has not been wholly sacrificed to utility. There is not a cloud in the blue sky. The atmosphere is so exquisitely pure, that every form appears in sharp relief, and every colour, harmonious as it may be, preserves its identity. The shadows upon the gray trunks of the broad beech are positive ebon; and it almost requires the touch to be satisfied that they are not substantial. The brightest green of the underwood mingles with the deep brown of the fern. A peculiar fungus, white, and polished as ivory, glitters upon many a sturdy giant of the woods, as if he had clothed himself with pendent ornaments in honour of such a sky. But the grassy path suddenly spreads into a little amphitheatre; and in the midst a most remarkable oak stands alone—an oak of wondrous height—an oak without a branch till the trunk has run up some fifty feet. The tree is evidently an honoured one. Stay! There is an inscription upon a brass plate:—

QUEEN
VICTORIA'S
TREE.

Worthy, indeed, is the tree to be associated with the name of 'Victoria.' It belongs to no dim antiquity; it is in its prime. Decay will not touch it, perhaps for centuries. Yet it is no mere growth of yesterday. It is not simply picturesque; it is the representative not only of beauty but of usefulness. Shall we say that it is a symbo of a constitutional monarchy?

From Queen Victoria's Tree, a walk for two miles—a winding walk by the side of a steep ravine—presents some of the most beautiful forest scenery that England can offer. Our artists hunt for the lost Sherwood; or wander, not always without disappointment, through the New Forest. But here are some of the most delightful combinations that the pencil can demand. We know the weakness of words to picture such scenes; and we leave the pencil to do its proper work. After crossing the ravine several times by bridges, which are so happily constructed as to aid the natural beauties of the walk, we arrrive at a garden in the wilderness—a cottage which a poet might covet in his search for peace. It is a woodman's cottage. 'Queen Charlotte's Oak' is near this cottage; for it has been a custom of our queens, from the time of Anne, to associate their names with some oak of Windsor Forest. Well, there is something that will outlast even oaks:—

"the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust."

We must leave these pleasant places. A gate below the Woodman's Cottage leads into a high-road, by which we may return to Windsor. But commend us to a stroll by the Thames. We can cross to the north bank by the ferry at Surly Hall; and

then three miles of the silver stream, and a new prospect of the Castle at every turn of the banks, with, perhaps, a boat-race of Etonians, and the westering sun lighting up every window of the great pile: such a walk may fill up our third day, and send us home to labour with renewed hearts, and memories filled with images of pleasure.

ETON.

WHENEVER Eton is mentioned, the College is invariably what occurs to the memory; and indeed Eton has little besides the College of general interest—certainly nothing sufficient to attract thither the excursionist.

It was in 1440 that King Henry granted the first charter of foundation for "the College of the Blessed Mary of Eton beside Windsor"—a document which is yet carefully preserved and duly prized. A subsequent charter was granted in the following year. The original foundation consisted of a provost, ten priests, four clerks, six choristers, twenty-five poor grammar-scholars, a master to instruct them, and twenty-five poor infirm men. The college buildings were commenced in 1441: the first stone of the chapel being laid on the 3rd of July in that year. In little more than two years from laying the foundation-stone, the buildings were so far advanced that, on the Feast of St. Thomas, (Dec. 21,) 1443, the provost, clerks, and scholars received formal possession of them from the hands of the royal commissioners, and a solemn service was performed on the occasion. But the buildings were yet far from finished, and they remained in an unfinished condition for a long period,—a circumstance readily accounted for, by the troubles attending the later years of Henry's reign: it was not, in fact, till about 1523, that they were entirely completed.

The present foundation of Eton College consists of a provost, seven fellows (one of whom is vice-provost), two conducts, seven clerks, ten lay-clerks, seventy scholars, ten choristers, besides officers and servants. The only qualification necessary for scholarship, in addition to having received sufficient elementary instruction to enable him to take his place in the school, is that the candidate must have been born in England of parents lawfully married. The scholars are admissible between the ages of eight and fifteen. The election of scholars to King's College takes place annually, about the end of July; when the provost, vice-provost, and head master of Eton, with the provost of King's College, and two 'posers' chosen from the fellows, examine the upper class (or 'sixth form') and elect the King's scholars from it. Generally about twelve are, as it is termed, placed on the indenture, and they proceed to Cambridge as vacancies occur there. The elected or King's scholars succeed to the vacancies at King's College in the order in which their names stand on the indenture, and are admitted at once to a participation in its endowments. If no vacancy occur before they are eighteen, they are superannuated. There are two scholarships at Merton College, Oxford, for the foundation scholars who are not elected to King's College, Cambridge. Beside these there are other exhibitions of various value. Among the more important of recent foundation, are three of £50 a year each, tenable for three years, which were endowed by the Duke of Newcastle in 1829; and an annual prize of £50 established by Prince Albert in 1842 for the promotion of the study of modern languages.

The scholars on the foundation of Eton College are lodged within the College walls; but besides these there are always a great many scholars not on the foundation—known as *oppidans*—who either board and lodge with the masters, or in houses in the College; known as those of Dames, and subject to the supervision of the College authorities. The number of oppidans has for some years exceeded six hundred. They belong

chiefly to the higher ranks of society; but in school there is no distinction between the oppidans and collegers, as the foundation scholars are generally called. The College consists of an upper and lower school, and is managed by a head and lower master, with fourteen assistant masters: there are also teachers of the modern languages, drawing, and the other branches of a complete education.

The principal buildings of Eton College consist of two quadrangles, which contain the chapel, hall, library, schools, provost's and master's apartments, and the lodgings of the fellows: the New Buildings, in which are the boys' library, and sleeping apartments, are attached to the northern side of the older buildings.

King Henry directed that his college should be built of the "hard stone of Kent"—but the building was left to be effected by other than royal hands, and without the aid of a royal purse. By far the greater part of the buildings are of brick, the chapel being almost the only important part that is of stone. As a whole the buildings have a venerable and appropriate appearance. From a distance they form a conspicuous and striking group: the massive but graceful chapel rising boldly and proudly above the dark mass of buildings that surround it, destroys the heavy uniformity which they would else exhibit, and imparts a picturesque and pleasing finish, while it stamps dignity and character upon the whole.

But we must look at the buildings close at hand. Let us turn to the well-known elm-walk, and enter the central gateway. We are now in the chief quadrangle or school-yard, as it is familiarly called. We have chosen a school hour, and the quadrangle is solitary and silent. The sombre edifices that surround us wear a grave academic air. There is a propriety, a suitableness, about their unassuming simplicity which makes itself felt, where the flutter and affectation of a more ambitious pile would only offend. Three sides of the quadrangle at once announce their domestic or scholastic character; the fourth side is occupied by the chapel. In the centre of the quadrangle is a bronze statue of the royal founder. Directly in front, as you enter, the eye rests on the lofty gate-house or clock-tower—a handsome and characteristic specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century. It is built of dark red brick, with stone dressings. In its general style it reminds the visitor of the gate-houses of St. James's or Hampton Court palaces; but the great central bay-window is of a richer kind than in them. The building on the left hand contains the lower school, and the long-chamber: like that we have just noticed it is of red brick, with stone dressings and battlements. On the right hand is the chapel. The arcade under which we are standing supports the upper school.

The chapel is the most generally attractive of the college buildings, and it can usually be viewed by the stranger on application to the porter. In form and general appearance, the chapel of Eton College bears a considerable resemblance to the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, but it is smaller in its dimensions, and much less elaborate in construction and ornament. There is about it, as its founder wished there to be, "no superfluity of curious work of entail and busy mouldings;" but it is very far from being all that he intended. In his directions he ordered that it should be "in length withinside 207 feet," whereas it is really only 175 feet long, including the ante-chapel.

The chapel was doubtless, when completed, a far less splendid structure than it would have been had the times been more favourable: but it was yet not unworthy of the institution to which it belonged, and subsequent benefactors added something to its grandeur and its beauty. As it was left by the old church architects, it was a stately and impressive pile. But it did not come down so to our times. In 1700, Sir Christopher Wren was employed to repair and adorn it. His alterations were exten-

sive and costly, but were most unfortunate in the result. Wren's incongrous additions have, however, been recently swept away, and the chapel restored to at least its original splendour. The work of restoration has been well done and thoroughly. The screen, the ceiling, the wainscoting, the mean reading desks, even the seats and forms, have been removed. The walls once more look as they did originally, excepting that there is no colouring or pictures visible. A new and very good open timber roof has been erected. The great east window has been filled with a fine painting of the crucifixion. Handsome seats of dark oak, with well carved poppy-head terminations, occupy the body of the chapel: along the sides, a commencement has been made towards a series of richly carved stalls, with tabernacles of exquisite and very costly workmanship. In the chancel is laid a tesselated pavement of uncommon brilliancy—we cannot help thinking of too great brilliancy as compared with the sobriety of colour in every other part. It was designed, as well as the painted glass above, by Mr. Willement.

Passing through the gateway of the clock-tower, we enter the second, or Inner Quadrangle—a much smaller square than the former, and differing from it considerably in appearance. It is a small open court, surrounded by cloisters. The buildings around consist of a hall, the library, and the provost's apartments. The Library is well worth visiting, and some of its treasures of bibliography are celebrated. Before we quit the College, we must cast a hasty glance over the New Buildings, which have only been completed within two or three years. They form a handsome pile, having a frontage of about 120 feet. The style is what is commonly called the Tudor; they are constructed of red brick with stone dressings. Their uniformity is broken by a tall tower of pleasing design, which stands at one angle; and further relief is imparted by the well-grouped carved chimney shafts. The New Buildings are wholly appropriated to the scholars. Until they were erected, the boys all slept in a common dormitory: now each of the forty-nine senior collegers has a convenient and cheerful apartment allotted to him. These rooms are lofty and airy, and well ventilated, strict attention having been paid by the architect to the purposes for which they were required. They are altogether as pleasant, comfortable little cells as young students could desire. Part of the New Building is devoted to the Boys' Library, a room of ample size, good proportions, and luminous, as a library always should be. It is very lofty, and a neat gallery is carried round it. Altogether it is a very handsome room, and it is handsomely fitted up. There is a goodly number of books, in great part the gifts of old Etonians. Adjoining the library is a sort of museum, or model-room. It contains a choice collection of casts of Greek and Roman intaglios: a series of the French papier-mâché relievo maps, or models of celebrated districts, and other objects suitable to a school museum: while along the corridors in this New Building are hung numerous large maps.

Come with us now—however tired you may be of the College—to the Playing Fields, (sometimes called 'the Shooting Fields,'—)

> "And feel the gales that from them blow
> A momentary bliss bestow,
> As waving fresh their gladsome wing
> The weary soul they seem to soothe,
> And, redolent of joy and youth,
> To breathe a second spring."

Very delightful are these Playing Fields. One needs not be an Etonian to enjoy them. Broad sunny meadows are dotted over with noble old elms, spreading wide their arms in solitary grandeur, or ranged in cheerful groves; the "silver Thames" watering these pleasant meadows; the spires and antique towers of the neighbouring college rising from amidst

the stately elms; and "the proud keep of Windsor," with its lesser turrets lifting itself royally aloft, on the opposite bank of the noble river. And then behold

> "The sprightly race,
> Disporting on the margent green,
> The paths of pleasure trace."

There is hardly a happier sight than a field of school-boys in their full swing of enjoyment; and it is impossible to look on these Eton boys, and fancy for a moment that theirs is not enjoyment. The cricketing and the boating he will see here will, perhaps, remind the visitor of the glories of Eton boating on 'Election Saturday'—the last in July—when the 'half' is wound up by a grand aquatic procession and regatta, and a good supper. It is one of the most famous of Etona's festivals. But that rowing is not performed near the Playing Fields. The start is from the Brocas, a broad meadow above Windsor Bridge; the procession extends to Surly Hall, just above Clewer. The supper at Surly Hall and the procession on the return have been famous for above half a century. The other famous Eton festival, the well-known Montem, is now merely 'a matter of history' and needs but be named.

And now we bid Eton College heartily farewell. We are to stroll to a few of the more celebrated or picturesque places in the vicinity of the College. It is not worth while to turn back to the town of Eton—it has no lions to exhibit. The College is the only attraction it can boast of. We may as well proceed on our jaunt, therefore, directly from the Playing Fields, and point out to the stranger a day's ramble over the ground which the Bard of Eton has made classic. It requires no very great exertion to visit the every-day haunts, and the cherished solitudes, the home, and the grave of Gray.

It is an enjoyable ramble, too. The country generally is upland, and pleasantly undulated. The scenery for the outward journey is nowhere very striking, or grand; perhaps not even what is commonly termed picturesque. But then it is of that quiet rural description which every one who escapes into the country for a day or two enjoys so much. Green lanes there are, with their humble but cheerful-looking cottages, substantial farm-houses, still hamlets, and lonely rustic churches; broad fields whereon the plough is busy, and over which the "numerous rooks" are soaring in continuous motion and with never-ceasing noise; and all those other rural sights and sounds that are so refreshing to the eye and ear of

> "One who long in populous cities pent,
> Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
> Forth issues on a summer's morn, to breathe
> Among the pleasant villages and farms
> Adjoined."

We turn northward. A short and very pleasant walk across the fields brings us within sight of a venerable and very picturesque church. Upton Church has been confidently, though mistakenly, affirmed to have suggested the imagery of Gray's famous 'Elegy.' Yet, though the honour of having inspired Gray has been unduly claimed for them, the venerable church and the quiet church-yard of Upton, might well in their solemn beauty have impressed the imagination and the heart of a poet. Awhile back the old church seemed given up to ruin; but we are glad to see that it is now being repaired and restored, so that once again we may hope to hear the voice of prayer and praise within its walls.

Quitting the church-yard that has been claimed for Gray's, let us direct our steps to that which is in so many ways associated with his memory. We must cross a corner

of Slough—a place too well known, and having too little in it, to stay our feet. The only thing at Slough that is remarkable, is the house in which the elder Herschel dwelt so long, and where he effected so many of his important discoveries.

The distance from Slough to Stoke is little more than a couple of miles. A white spire serves as the landmark of our journey. We have chosen the lane that leads us to the eastern side of Stoke Park. We continue alongside the park-railings till we reach the churchway-path, which we are about to turn into, when a large stone cenotaph catches our eye. It stands within a neat enclosure, laid out like a pleasure-garden, with gravel walks, and planted with shrubs and flowers. No jealous locks bar our way; we enter, and read that it is a memorial in honour of Thomas Gray. The monument was erected by the proprietor of the neighbouring mansion, a descendant of the celebrated Penn.

Stoke church is within sight of the monument. It stands alone in a still, secluded spot, and being surrounded by pines and other trees of sombre hue, seems, when you are within the churchyard, to be even more secluded than it really is. A serene, solemn place it is, such as might well befit the more pensive hours of a contemplative mind. The church and the churchyard of Stoke, we have said, answer to the description in the 'Elegy.' The church is a venerable, time-worn edifice. The massive ivy-mantled tower now supports a wooden spire, but it is of modern date. A huge old wooden porch stands on the south side, and serves as the entrance to the church. Not far from it are a couple of yew-trees: they are of vast girth, and the boughs overshadow a broad space; but though evidently of great antiquity, they are very vigorous. Elsewhere the architectural and monumental antiquities of the church might claim a passing notice; but here they must be left unregistered. One simple, modern monument outside the church alone demands our attention. In the churchyard, near the chancel of the church, is a plain tomb which Gray erected over the vault that contains the remains of his mother and his aunt: and in the same grave, in accordance with his last will, the poet himself was laid.

But it is not the churchyard alone that here recalls the memory of Gray. The manor-house of Stoke-Pogis was the scene of his 'Long Story.' The 'Ancient Pile' no longer stands to receive the homage of the poet's admirers. The

> "Rich windows that exclude the light,
> And passages that lead to nothing,"

are gone. About sixty years ago, the old house was, with the exception of one of the wings, pulled down. The house in which Gray's mother lived, and where he was accustomed to spend his college vacations, and where he wrote some of his poems, including part, if not the whole, of his 'Elegy,'—this house yet remains: it is called West-end Cottage, and will be found about half-a-mile from the churchyard. It has, however, been so much enlarged and modernised, as to bear little resemblance to its original appearance. Over these places we might linger, and it would be pleasant enough to gossip, but we must on.

We once more take to the lanes. "I have," said Gray, in writing to Horace Walpole, September, 1737, "I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common), all my own; at least, as good as so, for I spy no living thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches,

and other very reverend vegetables, that like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds:

> 'And as they bow their hoary tops, relate
> In murmuring sounds the dark decrees of fate;
> While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
> Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.'

"At the foot of one of these squats me I *(il penseroso)*, and there grows to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read 'Virgil,' as I commonly do there." This common is Burnham Common; the wooded part is known as Burnham Beeches. The way to this pleasant place lies, as Gray says, along one of those green, shady, unfrequented lanes, that are so common in our pleasant land, but always so delightful.

If the Londoner were to see nothing else, it would be worth his while to come hither for the sake of seeing these Burnham Beeches. He would hardly believe, if he had never been here, that such a wild spot could be found within an hour's ride of the smoky city. It is still all that Gray described a hundred and thirteen years ago. While all around has been, or is being, enclosed or 'improved,' it remains unvitiated, and scarcely at all encroached upon.

It is, indeed, a delightful place to ramble about either on a summer's day, when the deep green leafy woods form thick impenetrable canopies and gloomy recesses, into which hardly a ray of the mid-day sun can struggle; or in autumn, when the beech leaves are changing into brilliant yellow and red, and the sunlight works a flickering pattern over every foot of rough path, and softly-swelling glade. And when you are tired of the Beeches, you may find around the borders of the wood some of those fine large old farm-houses which always look at once so picturesque, and so suggestive of comfort and prosperity, with their huge array of barns and out-houses, and stables, and corn-stacks, and ricks; their live stock about the yards, the pigeons about the roofs, the ducks about the ponds, the rosy maids and hardy labourers everywhere.

A sturdy pedestrian, if he were here early in the day, might proceed on his literary pilgrimage to Beaconsfield, the residence and the resting-place of two very different men, and of very different intellectual rank, but both eminent alike in the annals of English polities and literature—Edmund Burke and Edmund Waller. The house in which Waller dwelt, Hall Barn, a stately-looking red-brick mansion, is still standing. Gregories, the residence of Burke, was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1813. Waller's remains were deposited in the churchyard, where a large showy monument is erected to his memory. The monument is overshadowed by a walnut-tree, a very unusual object in a churchyard; but in this instance accounted for by a walnut-tree being the family crest. Burke lies in the church, in the same grave with his wife, his son, and his brother. A plain mural monument marks the spot. Beaconsfield is a place worth making a pilgrimage to; but it is too far for us to-day. We merely mention it, that the reader may remember it if he be in the neighbourhood.

The Great Western Railway Table is given in the number devoted to Bath. We subjoin the table by the South Western Line.

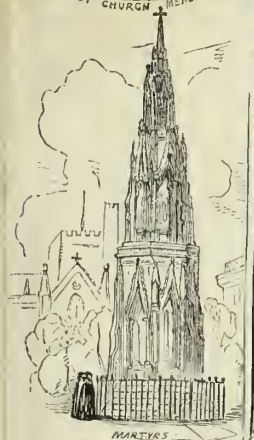
	From Waterloo Station.	Stations.	From Windsor.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
Vauxhall Gardens.	2	.. Vauxhall ..	24	Lambeth Palace, and Church. Red House, Battersea, 2 miles, famous for pigeon shooting. Chelsea, across the Thames.
Wandsworth Common. ..	5	.. Wandsworth..	21	Town on both sides of the line. Several factories along the Wandle.
Putney Heath, and Wimbledon Common ; fine open picturesque heaths.	6	.. Putney ..	20	Village on right. Old church. Wooden bridge uniting Putney with Fulham.
Roehampton, 1¼ miles : pretty, quiet neighbourhood; many excellent residences.	7	Barnes. (Loop Line to Brentford, &c.)	19	Station on Barnes Common. Village, ½ mile ; a long straggling place.
East Sheen, ½ mile... ..	9	.. Mortlake ..	17	Mortlake ; a street of dull waterside houses, wharfs, and malt-houses ; once the residence of Deo the astrologer.
Richmond. Park and Hill..	10	.. Richmond ..	16	Richmond Lower - park. Kew-gardens.
Twickenham Church, burial place of Pope : the site of Pope's Villa, marked by an odd-looking new Chinese-Swiss house; the Grotto remains. Strawberry Hill (Horace Walpole's)	11½	Twickenham	14½	Isleworth, 2 miles. Sion House.
Hanworth.	15	.. Feltham ..	11	Bedfont, 2 miles ; old Church.
Littleton. Laleham; residence of Dr. Arnold.	18	Ashford	8	
Staines ; united to Egham by a handsome granite bridge, of three arches.	19¼	.. Staines ..	6¾	Staines Moor : City Boundary Stone. Stanwell.
Pretty little Church, lately restored. Ankerwyke House, 1 mile, famous yew in grounds. Magna Charta Island. Runnemede on opposite side of river.	22	.. Wraysbury ..	4	Horton, 1½ miles, residence of Milton in early life: pleasant walks.
Datchet, a favourite resort of anglers.	24	.. Datchet. ..	2	Ditton Park, 1½ miles.
	26	WINDSOR.		

OXFORD FROM THE THAMES

CHRIST CHURCH MEADOWS

NUNEHAM COURTNEY.

WADHAM COLLEGE



MARTYRS

HIGH STREET

MAGDALEN

BLENHEIM

OXFORD.

Oxford is, indisputably, the most beautiful city in England. It contains a far larger and richer display of mediæval and academic architecture than any other; and it yields to none in picturesque variety. And as it is the most beautiful, we doubt whether it be not also, at any rate to Englishmen, the most generally interesting of English cities. Indeed, apart from its attractions in point of taste, the place could hardly fail to be regarded with more than common interest, wherein so many of our greatest men laid the foundation of their greatness in that "culture and manurance of the mind," as Bacon terms it, which not alone prepared them to produce such abundant fruit in their season, but, by its "forcible though unseen operation," conduced more than anything else to the formation and completion of their whole moral and mental character; wherein so many are being educated of those on whom the future virtue, and, therefore, honour of our country will depend; and that so abounds with recollections and associations which appeal to our loftiest feelings, and are connected with so much that is important in our history.

From the time of Henry II., the city is chiefly spoken of in connexion with the University, upon whose prosperity it became, to a considerable extent, dependent: and to the University, therefore, we shall confine our attention. Oxford University, like that of Cambridge, has its origin involved in fable. There may have been schools of learning at Oxford before the Conquest, though there is no mention of them in the Domesday Survey. The first authentic mention, however, of a university at Oxford occurs in the reign of Henry II.; but as early as 1149, Vacarius, an eminent civilian, taught the Roman law there, and his lectures were attended by a large number of students—a circumstance that denotes an approach to the character of a University. The first college—at least, according to authentic documents—was established in 1264.

Oxford University received its first charter from Henry III. The learning most esteemed in the thirteenth century was that scholastic theology and metaphysics of which Duns Scotus, an Oxford man, was the great master. In this learning Oxford became especially famous; so that before the reign of Edward III. it was reckoned only second to the University of Paris: indeed, it is affirmed that it possessed a more famous band of "subtle and invincible doctors" than any foreign university. Its fame spread far abroad. Scholars flocked to it from all parts of Europe. Wood says there were at this time three hundred halls and thirty thousand scholars in Oxford. This is undoubtedly beyond probability, but it is certain that a very large number of students did assemble there, and that they were of many nations; while the names are still preserved of many halls that have long ceased to exist. From this its palmy state, however, it soon declined. The unsettled condition of the country, the difficulty, perhaps, of keeping up a succession of subtle and irrefragable professors, and, not least, the quarrelsome habits of the students, caused it to undergo many fluctuations.

Towards the close of the reign of Edward III., and during the better part of his successor's, Wiclif was professor of theology at Oxford, and his zealous preaching of his new doctrines caused a great commotion in the University. Such was the influence he had won, that when his teaching was pronounced heretical, it went far towards breaking up the schools of Oxford. In what is termed the "revival of learning" in England, the University took a very active share; and the study of the classics was diligently pursued, though many of the older members sturdily resisted the introduction of the heathen writers. The University continued to prosper till the spoliation of religious houses; and afterwards the Reformation, for a while, checked its progress.

But it was not alone by its scholars that the University suffered. Thomas Cromwell sent his commissioners as well to Oxford as to other places, and with a like result. In the search after popish books and superstitious relics, books and manuscripts were destroyed or carried away by the waggon-load.

Although Mary regarded the University with no ill-will, but was rather desirous of raising it in character and fortune, her bitter bigotry effectually frustrated any benefit that might else have resulted from her good intentions. She did some things that were calculated to be beneficial, but they were accompanied by others that more than counterbalanced the advantages they possessed. Commissioners were now sent to Oxford to search for and destroy all Protestant books, and English Bibles; and all freedom of opinion was placed under ban. As a warning to the University, Oxford was chosen as the place where the Protestant leaders, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, should be burnt.

With Elizabeth came brighter and happier days. Learning revived, and learned men were sought out and amply encouraged. Under her fostering care, our University quickly rose to an eminently flourishing condition; and, to borrow the words of Hallam, *Hist. of Lit.* ii. 258, "continued through her reign the seat of a progressive education." Her successor was equally anxious for its welfare. It was in his reign that it received the privilege of sending two representatives to the House of Commons. So long as Charles I. retained power, he manifested a warm regard for its interest, and, at the instigation of Laud, conferred many benefits upon it. But the disputes between Charles and the Parliament from their commencement involved Oxford in turmoil. When the civil war broke out, the University money, and a good deal of the plate, were sent to the king. Charles, as is well known, made Oxford for some time his head-quarters, and assembled *his* Parliament there. Teaching was of course neglected: the halls were most of them turned into barracks: both students and doctors very generally exchanged the cap for the helmet. At the termination of the war the University, as might be expected, was rather roughly treated. The heads of houses were for the most part ejected, and their places supplied by men whose religious principles were more accordant with the notions of the successful party. What had been left undone by previous commissioners in the "rooting out of popish books and pictures," was now completed by their more zealous successors.

At the Restoration, the Puritan heads of houses, professors, and college-fellows, were in their turn ejected; and the old masters and fellows were reinstated, or their places filled by others not suspected of Puritanism. The University was restored to all its privileges, and soon regained its former splendour and prosperity. Its steady resistance to the encroachments of James II. will be remembered. Its subsequent history it is unnecessary to repeat here. No important or extraordinary circumstance has occurred to the University itself—at least, none of a nature belonging to its outward history. The temporary fluctuations it has undergone have been such as were dependent

mainly on the changing tone of public feeling. It falls not within our province to speak of the "Church principles," whether "high" or "low," that at different times have prevailed, or been supposed to prevail, in it. For the same reason we shall only refer—as having a notable influence on the fortunes and character of the University—to the great religious movements which in the last and present centuries originated in Oxford.

It would be idle, in such a sketch of the University as we can offer, to enter into the question of its merits as a place of education, or to speak of the eminent men who have distinguished its several eras. That it has at different times fallen below the rank it ought to have held, none will dispute; but, on the other hand, it may fairly claim to have maintained a position at least equal to what the general character of the age would warrant an unprejudiced person in requiring from it, on a fair estimate of the inner history of the country at that period. And it is not too much to say, that there has never been a time when it has not sent forth some sons who would have done honour to any age.

The University is a corporate body, "styled and to be styled by none other name than the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Oxford." It is not, as is often supposed, a mere collection of colleges, nor do the colleges form part of the corporation, though its existence may be said to depend on a union of them. The business of the University is carried on in the two houses of Congregation and Convocation, which are made up of members of the University who have obtained the degree of M.A. The duty of the upper house, or Congregation, is principally to pass graces and dispensations, and grant degrees. The power of Convocation reaches to all the affairs of the University, though it can only entertain questions sent to it from the Hebdomadal Board, or heads of houses, who are so named from their meetings being held weekly; and its power is limited with regard to matters affecting the statutes of the University. Yet, while these houses are entrusted with such authority, their measures are subject to an absolute veto by the chancellor or vice-chancellor singly, and by the two proctors jointly. The chief officer of the University is the chancellor, who is elected for life, and holds, nominally at least, high powers; but, actually, these are delegated to the vice-chancellor. According to Oxford etiquette, the chancellor, after his installation, never enters the University, except when he is called upon to receive or accompany any royal visitants. The office is now an honorary one, and is always conferred upon some eminent nobleman who is already a member of the University. The resident head of the University is the vice-chancellor, who is chosen in rotation from the heads of houses, and holds his appointment for four consecutive years. He is the chief executive officer of the University, and his position is one of much dignity as well as importance. His immediate deputies are the two proctors, also officers of importance. The other University officers are the professors, and such as are required for carrying out its educational purposes, with those necessary for the enforcement of discipline, and the management of its pecuniary concerns. To enter into further particulars, would be both tedious and useless, as their employments could not be understood by readers unacquainted with University customs, without such details as neither our plan nor space permits us to give.

The chief distinction in the members of the University is in those "on the foundation," and those "not on the foundation:" the former consisting of the heads of houses, or of persons holding college fellowships or scholarships, and receiving from them a certain income; those not on the foundation being, on the other hand, such as maintain themselves, while at the University, wholly at their own expense. The distinction is pointed out in the term applied officially to the two classes, the one being styled "dependent," the other "independent" members. There is no difference in

their privileges. All students who matriculate at the University are required to belong to some college or hall.

There are nineteen colleges and five halls in Oxford. The colleges are incorporated bodies, each being governed by its fellows in accordance with the statutes provided by its founder, or at a subsequent period. The halls differ principally from the colleges in not being incorporated; their privileges are nearly the same.

And now let us look round the city, and note a few of the more noticeable features. Even these, however, are too numerous to stay long in examining. So large is the number of collegiate buildings, and specimens of ecclesiastical architecture, and so interesting often are their contents, that weeks might be spent in their examination, and volumes would be required to convey a satisfactory notion of them. Wordsworth, on looking over the city, exclaims:—

> "Ye spires of Oxford! domes and towers!
> Gardens and groves! your presence overpowers
> The soberness of reason."

And an observer no less skilful than Sir Walter Scott, wrote to a friend after his first visit: "The time has been much too short to convey to me separate and distinct ideas of all the variety of wonders which I saw. My memory only at present furnishes a grand but indistinct picture of towers, and chapels, and oriels, and vaulted halls, and paintings:" and yet he had spent a week there, diligently occupied in its exploration, and had been fortunate, as he said, in having Heber for his guide, "who was intimately acquainted with all, both animate and inanimate, that is worth knowing." Our rough general survey will then, we hope, hardly be complained of on account of incompleteness, or of some indistinctness of detail.

We must first visit the famous High-street—Oxford's pride—a place which never fails to surprise the stranger with its beauty, and one which no amount of intimacy with ever lessens in our estimation. Had it been designed merely with a view to the general effect, the result could not have been better. The great and rich variety of buildings—colleges and churches mingling with modern shops and old-fashioned dwellings—and the diversity of the styles in which they are constructed—are brought, by the gentle curvature of the street, into combination and contrast in the most pleasing manner. Nothing can well surpass the way in which the splendid architectural array opens gradually upon the passenger who descends it from Magdalene Bridge. Well may the poet celebrate

> "The stream-like windings of that glorious street."

There is none other like it in England. Even Scott, in describing his "own romantic town" in the 'Provincial Antiquities,' when declaring that "it cannot be denied that the High-street of Edinburgh is the most magnificent in Great Britain,"—even he is constrained to add—"except, *perhaps*, the High-street of Oxford;" while Dr. Waagen ('Art and Artists in England'), without any hesitation, asserts that "the High-street of Oxford has not its equal in the whole world." Be that as it may, it is a most noble street; and its general proportions are such as most favourably exhibit the magnificence of its edifices. It is of sufficient breadth* to preserve an air of dignity, without being so wide as to cause the stately structures on either side to appear dwarfed; while the easy curvature brings the varied architectural forms and styles into opposition, and prevents anything like formality.

* High-street is upwards of 3000 feet long, and in some parts 85 feet broad.

High-street is the eastern and principal entrance to the city. The northern entrance is also very fine; the part called St. Giles's being a sort of *place*, some two hundred and fifty feet broad and two thousand feet long, planted with noble trees, and having on one side the extensive buildings of St. John's College, and the University Galleries on the other, while Magdalene Church and the Martyrs' Memorial are directly in front. The southern entrance—that by which travellers on the Great Western Railway enter the city over Folly Bridge—is the least imposing. The western entrance to the town has rather a singular appearance, from the road being carried across the meadows on a raised causeway. This road is known as the Seven Bridges, from its passing over the seven streams into which the Thames here separates. The immediate approach to the town in this direction is very mean; and it is singularly unfortunate, that the station of the North-Western Railway should be placed in this direction. The site of Rewley Abbey is appropriated for the station.

It may be as well, in looking a little more particularly at the principal buildings, to commence with those belonging to the University. Of these the largest and most important is that called the SCHOOLS, which was so named from its being originally intended as the place in which the University lectures in the various faculties should be given. The names of these still remain in gold letters over the several doorways; but the building itself has long been applied to other purposes, only natural philosophy and medicine being now taught in it. The chief part of the upper story is appropriated to the Bodleian Library and Picture Gallery: the lower part is used for the exhibition of the Arundel Marbles, the preservation of University records, and for examination for degrees, and the transaction of University business. The building consists of a very large quadrangle, the external front of which is one hundred and seventy-five feet in length. The first stone was laid in 1613; and the style is rather fanciful than elegant. If, however, the visitor should feel little inclined to linger over the exterior of the building, he will find treasures inside enough to occupy the longest time he can devote to them. A doorway at the left corner of the quadrangle is the entrance to the BODLEIAN LIBRARY. This noble library owes its foundation, towards the end of the sixteenth century, to the munificence and zeal of Sir Thomas Bodley. In subsequent times, additions have been made by various benefactors, on a scale worthy of the prince-like founder. Whole collections, often of a most costly character, have been presented; and endless have been the gifts of a lesser grade, both in printed books and manuscripts. The University, too, has, for the last sixty-seven years, annually set aside a considerable sum for the purchase of books; while, by Act of Parliament, a copy of every new work has to be forwarded to the library by the publisher. By all these means the Bodleian Library has grown to be one of the finest public libraries in existence; and in some departments—that of Oriental Literature, for example—it is probably unrivalled. The management of the library is creditable to the liberality of the University. Literary men, whether belonging to the University or not, are freely admitted to the use of the books, upon proper introduction; while the rooms are open to the public every day in the week. Some of the most curious articles are exposed to general view in glass cases, and will be found interesting—else, perhaps, the mere outsides of books are not commonly very attractive. Still, even in the rooms appropriated to books, there will be found much that will repay the visit; to say nothing of the portraits of eminent literary men that hang upon the walls, or the curious ceilings of the rooms, or the arrangement of the presses which contain the books, and which, to those not accustomed to college libraries, have an air of novelty.

From the Library we ascend the stairs to the PICTURE GALLERY, which occupies

the three upper stories of the quadrangle. The pictures consist for the most part of portraits, the chief interest of which arises from their representing men of literary eminence, or benefactors to the University. Some of them, however, are valuable as works of art. Several are by Holbein; one or two are attributed to Jansen; Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, Phillips, and Wilkie are the painters of others. Among those by Holbein, the portraits of Henry VIII., as well of his noble victims, the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas More, will attract attention; as will also those of Luther and Erasmus, of Wolsey and Thomas Cromwell, though a connoisseur would, perhaps, hesitate before he acquiesced in every instance, either in the authenticity of the portrait or the genuineness of the master. Among the more interesting of those which bear the name of Vandyke, are those of Charles and his Queen, of Laud, and of the Earls of Strafford, Falkland, and Pembroke. Ben Jonson, Dryden, Cowley, Addison, Swift, Prior, and Locke, may be taken as samples of the literary men whose likenesses adorn the walls. The portrait of Handel is said to be the only one for which he sat. 'Paine, the Architect, instructing his Son,' is a very pleasing example of the genius of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The two full-length portraits of William IV. and Queen Adelaide, are by no means favourable specimens of Wilkie's powers. One of the latest additions to the gallery is the large portrait, by Lucas, of the Duke of Wellington in his robes, as Chancellor of the University. In the centre room are a few casts from Grecian statues, and also some original busts. One of the best of these is Chantrey's bust of the Duke of Wellington: there is another, by the same artist, of the late Dean of Westminster, Dr. Ireland. Those of Newton and Sir Christopher Wren are by Wilton and Bacon. One of the most striking objects in this room is a brass statue of the Earl of Pembroke, Chancellor of the University from 1616 to 1630. It is the work of Le Sœur, but is traditionally said to have been designed by Rubens. Along the centre of the rooms are numerous models of ancient temples of Greece and Italy; a very curious one of a subterraneous palace in Guzerat; an elaborate model of the Cathedral of Calcutta; and two, of extremely beautiful execution, of the Eleanor Cross at Waltham, and the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford. Among the 'rarities' in the room are a chair made out of the ship in which Drake sailed round the world, and the veritable lantern of Guido Fawkes!

In a room on the basement story are the celebrated Arundel Marbles. They consist of inscribed stones, brought mostly from Smyrna, and were part of the collection made by the Earl of Arundel in the seventeenth century. Their chief value is, of course, for students of classic antiquities; but they are otherwise interesting, as being a part of the earliest collection of ancient sculpture brought to this country, and as having done much to excite the study of antiquity in England. Selden wrote a description of the Earl's collection; his own stores are now deposited along with them.

Close by the Picture Gallery is the Divinity School, wherein the exercises for degrees in divinity are performed. It is a large and noble room, and in its original state, before the elaborate carvings were defaced, or the painted windows broken, must have had a splendid appearance. It was built in 1480, and was one of the richest specimens of the architecture of that age. The upper room, which was used for Duke Humphrey's library, now contains a portion of the Bodleian. From the Divinity School a door leads into the Convocation House, where the members of Convocation meet for the transaction of the University business, and the conferring of degrees. The building itself has nothing remarkable about it—only at a convocation would it be worth seeing.

The buildings we have been noticing are all united with each other, and most of

the other University buildings are close at hand. The THEATRE will of course be visited. It is a large semi-classic structure, of the style that Jones and Wren made so popular in England. It was erected under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren, who is said to have taken the ground-plan from the theatre of Marcellus at Rome. The interior area is eighty feet by seventy; and the roof which spans it, unsupported by a single pillar, is one of the largest roofs in existence which is borne merely by the walls. This roof had to be rebuilt in 1802. The Theatre is sometimes called Sheldon's Theatre, from having been built at the expense of that prelate, who paid £15,000 for its construction, and endowed it with £2000 for keeping it in repair. It is used for the public ceremonials of the University, for which it is admirably adapted. It will contain about three thousand persons; and the vast space being entirely unobstructed, permits all the proceedings to be freely seen. The room, too, is a very splendid one. On great occasions the area is occupied by Masters of Arts and strangers, the latter, perhaps, in brilliant uniforms; on the semicircle at the northern end sit the University magnates and noblemen, in their robes of scarlet or purple, and gold: the lower galleries are filled with ladies, in all the glory of beauty and full dress; while the upper galleries are crowded by undergraduates—as will be conceived, a brave sight. Some senior fellows love yet to talk of its appearance when the allied monarchs were entertained in it in 1814. The most memorable of its latest gala days is the visit of the Queen and Prince Albert in 1841, and the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor in 1834, on which occasion the recitation of congratulatory addresses, &c., occupied three days; to which may perhaps be added the entertainment of the *savans* in 1847, on occasion of the meetings of the British Association at Oxford, and of the Archæological Institute in 1850. For many years after the erection of the Theatre the University press was worked in the roof, and long after the printing was done in the building called the Clarendon, all books printed by the University bore the words, "E Theatro Sheldoniano." The CLARENDON PRESS stands just by the Theatre: it is a neat building, which was erected out of the profits of the University edition of Clarendon's History, whence its name. Vanbrugh was the architect. It was used as the University printing-office for above a century; but when the present large building was erected, the old Clarendon was of course applied to other uses. The Museums of Geology and Mineralogy collected by Drs. Buckland and Simmons, are now deposited in it: they are open to the public. At a little distance from the Clarendon is the ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, so called after that odd compound of learning and quackery, Elias Ashmole, who presented his museum to the University. In its former state it was a choice collection of 'rarities;' including all kinds of marvellous relics, from the head of the dodo down to 'a very curious shoe made of more than a thousand pieces of leather.' Ashmole's collection was the Tradescant Museum, so famous in its day, swelled by the addition of coins, manuscripts, and all sorts of oddities accumulated by himself. The library of Lilly, the notorious astrologer, is among its treasures. Within these few years it has undergone a careful re-arrangement; the worthless rarities are dismissed or removed out of sight; judicious selections have been made of new objects of natural history; and without becoming a mere dry and formally arranged collection of scientific display, it is now rendered instructive to the naturalist and antiquary, and interesting to the general visitor.

In the centre of the square, of which the Schools form one side, stands the RADCLIFFE LIBRARY, a building which presents a curious contrast to the surrounding edifices. The building itself is supported upon arches and surmounted by a dome. The basement consists of a double octagon; the upper part is round, and has attached

Corinthian columns. Gibbs was the architect, and the building occupied from 1737 to 1749. It was founded by the eccentric but eminent physician, Dr. Radcliffe, who bequeathed the sum of £40,000 for the purpose; to which he added an endowment of £350 a year for the purchase of books, the salary of a librarian, and the repairs of the building. The library and collections are to be especially connected with the study of natural philosophy. On no account should the stranger omit to visit the Radcliffe; if only for the view from the summit. The interior of the library is light and graceful, though perhaps not very appropriate. A gallery, supported by Ionic pilasters, is carried round the room. The dome, which is forty-six feet in height from the floor, is divided into compartments, and, like the walls, elaborately ornamented in stucco. The contents of the room deserve a leisurely examination. Among the works of art are casts of some of the most celebrated antique statues, which are so arranged as very considerably to heighten the general effect of the room; but of more value to the visitor are the few original antiquities, such as the marble candelabra found in the ruins of the Emperor Adrian's villa. There are also some busts of eminent naturalists, the first place among which is due, perhaps, to that of Cuvier, by the younger David. Among the more generally interesting of the objects connected with the particular purpose of the library, are the large and choice collections of Italian and other marbles, which display a variety that not a little surprises a novice; and some excellent models, illustrative of geology and physical geography. From the interior you pass to the balustrade, which surrounds the dome on the exterior, from whence you may obtain an excellent view of the city. The building stands nearly in the centre of the city, and from it you have a panoramic view of Oxford, such as should not be missed. The marvellous assemblage of academic architecture can here be fairly understood; the extent and variety are perceived, and their positions and connection become clear; while the height, although quite sufficient to let the whole of the city, and a good portion of the suburbs, be seen, is yet not so great as to produce that very unsatisfactory appearance common in what are called bird's-eye views.

The buildings we have been noticing are placed close together; the other University buildings are situate some distance from them. The Radcliffe Observatory stands a short distance north of the city; the University Press is only just within the limits. Neither of these need we visit. The former has nothing in its exterior to attract the stranger, who is, of course, not admitted inside. The University Printing-office is a very large building, having a frontage of 250 feet, and projecting wings 288 feet long; and it has some architectural pretensions. The erection of it was commenced in 1826. A press-room in the south wing is 288 feet long and 33 feet wide, being, it is said, the largest in the kingdom. One other building belonging to the University remains, which must not be passed unnoticed,—the University Galleries. This is the last building of importance that has been erected in Oxford, and the most important that has been erected there for many years. Sir Robert Taylor and Dr. Randolph bequeathed sums of money, the one "for erecting a proper edifice, and for establishing a foundation for the teaching and improving the European languages" —the other for erecting galleries for the reception of the Pomfret Statues belonging to the University, "and for paintings, engravings, and other curiosities, which may occasionally be left to that learned body." It being found difficult to procure ground suitable for these two buildings, the authorities determined to unite them in one; and C. R. Cockerell, Esq., R.A., was the architect appointed to carry out the intentions of the founders. The central building is about 150 feet long, and has a tetrastyle Corinthian portico rising above the building itself to a level with the wings. The

wings, which project about 70 feet beyond the centre, have Ionic columns, and very large arched windows, which cut through the entablature—a feature not unusual in Mr. Cockerell's works. The east wing is the Taylor building; the west, the Randolph building. The front of the Taylor building in St. Giles's-street has an unusual richness and piquancy of character, from the capitals of the four columns being surmounted by statues of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain—the nations whose languages are taught in the institution. Internally, the rooms seem well adapted for their several purposes. Visitors will, of course, only be attracted by the Galleries. They consist of galleries for ancient and modern sculpture; and for paintings, drawings, and engravings. Already they contain many noble specimens of art. In ancient sculpture, there is the Pomfret collection, which, though of but meagre interest compared with the collections in the British Museum, is yet of much value. The modern sculpture includes the "munificent gift," as the University well termed it, of the original models of the entire series of Sir Francis Chantrey's busts, the greater part of his monumental figures, and also his studies from the antique, which his widow presented to the University. It is not easy to overrate the value of this collection. Probably no sculptor ever equalled Chantrey in the execution of a bust. Almost invariably he seized the most characteristic expression, and he always represented the features with fidelity, and in a masterly breadth of style. His chisel perpetuated, as is well known, a large proportion of the most eminent of his contemporaries; and these invaluable records, in all their original freshness of conception, are here brought together in one gallery.

But valuable as is this collection, it is far surpassed by the drawings of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, which are in the rooms above. These formed a part of the matchless collection of drawings which belonged to Sir Thomas Lawrence. After his decease, the entire collection, upon the Government declining to purchase it, passed into the hands of the Messrs. Woodburn, the picture-dealers. Eventually, the drawings of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle were purchased by the University for the sum of £7000, towards which the Earl of Eldon subscribed no less than £4150. There are here fifty-three drawings by Angelo, and one hundred and thirty-seven by Raffaelle. Some of them are questionable, but the greater part are undoubted originals. They are framed, and shown in the new gallery to considerable advantage. Michael Angelo's drawings are marked with the grandeur and force of conception and daring execution that distinguish his completed works; often they show, what might less be looked for, a delicacy and gracefulness not to be surpassed even by Raffaelle. The drawings of Raffaelle have all the characteristics of his genius. Some of them are exquisitely beautiful; and in his drawings, as in those of his great rival, it is very instructive to observe the scrupulous pains taken to arrive at correctness, and the earnestness with which even the most trifling of the accessories are studied. The lesson may be profitably considered by other students besides those of art.

The picture-gallery is a handsome room, 96 feet long by 28 wide. Its contents are not very valuable. The most noticeable feature, perhaps, here, is the series of copies, in oil, of Raffaelle's Cartoons, made by Henry Cooke, who was employed by William III. to repair the originals. A superior work is a copy of Raffaelle's 'School of Athens,' which has been attributed, apparently without sufficient reason, to Julio Romano. Among the original pictures may be mentioned half-a-dozen portraits of painters, of their own painting: the rest are nought. Mr. Hope's valuable Entomological Collection has been recently placed in the Taylor building.

We may commence our visits to the colleges with the chief of them—CHRIST

CHURCH; a magnificent institution, for which Oxford is indebted to the 'king-cardinal,' and for which our great poet has predicted, that

"Christendom shall ever speak his virtue."

Had Wolsey been able to accomplish his plan, he would have made this college the most splendid in Europe. Having matured his design, and obtained the consent of the king, he procured, in 1524 and 1525, two bulls from Pope Clement VII., empowering him to suppress twenty-two of the minor monasteries, and endow with their revenues a school at Ipswich, and a college at Oxford. A convenient site was found for the college in the ground on which the Priory of St. Frideswide, one of the suppressed monasteries, had stood; and he at once set about the erection of CARDINAL COLLEGE, as it was proudly named. Before it had advanced far, however, the Cardinal had fallen from his high estate, and the first care of his pious master was, of course, to appropriate the revenues to his own use. Some years afterwards Henry did cause the works to proceed, though upon a lessened scale; and taking care, at the same time, to transfer the credit of the foundation from the Cardinal to himself, by directing that it should be styled the "College of King Henry the Eighth." Yet this arrangement was only temporary. On the general suppression of monasteries, Henry erected Oxford into a bishopric, making Oseney Abbey to be the seat of the diocese; but he afterwards dismantled the abbey, and transferred the see to St. Frideswide's, connecting it with his newly endowed college, and making the foundation partly ecclesiastical and partly academical. From this time the college was known as Christ Church. Christ Church has produced a number of eminent sons, fully proportioned to the large numbers who have been educated in it. Of prelates and divines it boasts a long and bright list; among statesmen it claims Sir Dudley Carleton, Godolphin, Bolingbroke, Wyndham, Mansfield, Canning, and Sir Robert Peel: Sir Philip Sydney and Ben Jonson may represent its poets; Locke, Penn, South, and Camden, its philosophers, philanthropists, wits, and scholars.

The front of the college in St. Aldate's has a striking effect, both from its architectural excellences and its great extent—its length being about 400 feet. In the centre is a lofty entrance-tower, the famous Tom Gateway; which, though begun at the foundation of the college, was only completed in 1682, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren—to whom other parts of the college also owe some ornaments of a kind not very consistent with the original buildings. The gateway is named the Tom, from the cupola containing the great bell of that name, whose sonorous voice is so well known to all Oxonians. It was brought from Oseney Abbey, and weighs some 17,000 pounds. Every night, at ten minutes past nine, Tom tolls 101 times, that being the number of students on the foundation; and at the sound the gates of most of the colleges are closed. The quadrangle into which the gateway leads is the largest in Oxford, being 264 feet by 261; and though not so large as that of Trinity at Cambridge, nor perhaps quite so magnificent in its appearance, is yet a most noble one.

On the south side of the quadrangle is the Hall; the entrance to which is of remarkable beauty. The visitor will not fail to notice the very characteristic statue of the Cardinal over the door; nor, as he enters the passage, the handsome groined roof, with its single supporting pillar. The Hall itself is the noblest in Oxford, and one of the finest refectories in England. Its proportions are ample, and the fittings commensurate with its size and the wealth of the institution. It is 115 feet long, 40 wide, and 50 high. The open roof is of carved oak, profusely decorated with the arms of Henry and Wolsey, and has richly-carved pendants. The large fire-places have also elaborate

carvings, and the noble bay-window at the south end has a carved canopy. The sides of the room are hung with a splendid series of portraits, one hundred and twenty in number, mostly the work of eminent artists, and representing the most distinguished men who have been on the college foundation. Even on ordinary occasions, the noble Hall, at the dinner-hour, filled with the robed host of doctors and students—the arrangements so redolent of the old feudal times—magnates sitting in state on the daïs, masters and bachelors at the side-tables, and under-graduates occupying all the lower end—is a sight worth seeing. But Christ Church being the official residence of the Sovereign when at Oxford, this Hall has at times displayed a far more splendid appearance. At such times, a similar system of arranging the tables is adopted, with, of course, a suitable attention to the different ranks of the parties; and those who have witnessed the spectacle describe it as no less impressive than singular. The visitor must carefully look along the portraits. They are the productions of nearly all the leading portrait-painters who have practised in England, from Holbein to Sir Martin Archer Shee. Holbein has the Cardinal and Henry VIII. Vandyke has Bishop Corbet, and a couple more. Lely has several. There is a fine portrait of John Locke, by Kneller. Hogarth has one of Bishop Hooper. Several are by Sir Joshua Reynolds: one of them, that of Archbishop Markham, being reckoned among his best works. Lawrence has a good portrait of Canning: and many others, by old and new masters, may well claim attention as works of art; while there are few out of the whole number that do not possess interest on account of the men they represent.

From the Hall visitors are led by a natural transition to the Kitchen, which it may not be amiss perhaps just to look into, as a specimen of a genuine old English kitchen; and also to catch an idea of the economy of a college *cuisine*. This is the oldest part of the building, Wolsey having commenced the erection of his college by first constructing the kitchen—a circumstance which gave some exercise to the wits of that day. On leaving the kitchen you need not turn aside to the Chaplain's Quadrangle, but proceed across the Large Quadrangle to Peckwater Quadrangle, the south side of which is the Library, one of the finest in the University. The ground-floor is chiefly occupied by the Guise collection of pictures: a collection of considerable value, as containing a good many specimens of the very early masters, whose works are rather scarce in this country. There are also some examples of the later and more famous Italian masters. Many of the pictures are, indeed, of more than doubtful genuineness; but the collection, if it were arranged in a place where the pictures could be better seen, would attract much more attention than it now obtains. There are also in this room several capital busts, by Rysbrach, Roubiliac, Bacon, and Chantrey. On the staircase leading to the library is a statue of Locke, by Roubiliac. The upper room, the Library, is a noble room, 140 feet long, 30 wide, and 37 high; the wainscot, pillars, and presses are of oak; the ceiling is richly ornamented in stucco; about the room a number of antique statues and busts are arranged so as to increase the general effect; and the whole has a very appropriate scholastic air. Canterbury Quadrangle, which adjoins the Peckwater on the east, was erected in 1775 and following years, under the superintendence of Wyatt. It is Doric in style, and has a substantial look, but suffers by comparison with the more picturesque Gothic which abounds in this city. It received its name from being built on the site of Canterbury Hall; a lapsed foundation of which Wiclif was at one time Warden, and Sir Thomas More a student. The court in which are the Grammar School and the Anatomical Theatre, Fell's Buildings, the Cloisters, and other buildings belonging to this magnificent institution, we may pass by, and proceed to its Chapel—the Cathedral of Oxford.

As a cathedral, Oxford is inferior to most, both in size and splendour. It is cruci-

form, and has a spire springing from the intersection of the arms of the cross. The extreme length is 154 feet; the breadth is 102 feet. It is of different ages, and consequently exhibits considerable diversity of style. The oldest parts are Norman, and belonged to the church of St. Frideswide's Priory, which, according to Dr. Ingram, was consecrated in 1180. Wolsey pulled down fifty feet of the nave, and otherwise altered and adapted it to the use of his college. The additions and alterations that have been made to the original church at different periods, although destructive of all uniformity, have perhaps tended to increase the picturesqueness of parts, and afford curious examples of the progressive changes in taste in English ecclesiastical architecture. The Norman choir is especially deserving of notice, from the peculiar double arches; and the singular effect produced by the elaborate groined roof with its carved pendants, the additions of Wolsey, which contrast strangely with the massive simplicity of the Norman work below. The body of the choir is sadly lumbered up with the seats and stalls necessary for the large body of collegians, and the windows lack the storied glass that should shed a dim religious light; but the appearance during the performance of divine service is both impressive and remarkable, from the numerous band of robed students who crowd the entire area. It is only equalled by the Chapel of Trinity at Cambridge. In walking round the church the visitor should not overlook the very beautiful Chantry Chapel, now called the Latin Chapel, from service being performed in it in Latin, which is said to have been built by Lady Montacute in the fourteenth century: in its windows are choice examples of that beautiful tracery which distinguishes what is called the Decorated style. We may also point attention to a singular decorated window which has been inserted into the south transept, and which bears considerable resemblance to some of those in the Flamboyant style, so frequently met with in Continental churches. In the various parts of the church are a great many monuments, both ancient and modern, of considerable interest. That called the Shrine of St. Frideswide is the most striking: it is a lofty and richly sculptured shrine, three stories high, of perpendicular work, and is supposed to have been erected about 1480, over the bones of the saint. Many ancient monuments are exceedingly curious. Among the more modern, the best known is the rather singular one to the memory of the author of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' Of those erected in our own day the noble statue of Dean Jackson, by Chantrey, is sure to command notice.

We may quit Christ Church by the Canterbury Gate, and proceed up Merton-lane, from the largest of the colleges to the oldest. On our way thither, however, we must pass between two other colleges, standing directly opposite each other, that deserve a passing recognition, though it were only on account of the men who had been nurtured in them. That on the right is CORPUS CHRISTI, which was founded by the liberal Bishop Fox, early in the reign of Henry VIII. The buildings are partly of the date of the foundation; others are more recent: neither require particular mention. The more ancient have suffered from many alterations; but, as recently restored, the Chapel and Hall will repay a visit: the modern buildings are but commonplace. But it has large claims on the respect of every true Churchman. The two most famous champions of the Church of England—Bishop Jewel and the judicious Hooker—are both of Corpus Christi; nor are the names of many honourable successors of those giants of old wanting in the list of the college worthies.

Opposite Corpus stands ORIEL COLLEGE, a much older establishment; it having been founded in 1326, by Edward II., at the instigation of Adam de Brom, his almoner. The oldest of the present buildings, however, is not of earlier date than about 1620. These parts are not remarkable either for beauty or grandeur; but they are pleasing

and picturesque. The library was erected, in 1788, from a design by Wyatt. It bears no resemblance to any of the earlier buildings, but is a substantial and stately pile; and it contains a choice store of books. Among the "men of fame who have renowned this *college*," Sir Walter Raleigh and Bishop Butler stand pre-eminent. William Prynne, the celebrated Parliament scribe, was also one of its members; and he bequeathed his valuable library to it. Of the notable men of the present day it claims a goodly share: of these the names of Archbishop Whately, Bishops Copleston and Wilberforce, and Dr. Arnold, may suffice.

Come we now to MERTON COLLEGE,—the most ancient foundation in Oxford, and one that is the more interesting to the visitor, inasmuch as, though scarcely any portion of the original structure is left, it possesses buildings of an earlier date than any other college. The founder was Walter de Merton, a man who in his day held many civil as well as ecclesiastical offices, and was Chancellor of England and Bishop of Rochester at his death in 1277. The foundation charter bears date January 7, 1264; and the statutes laid down in it for the government of Merton, have served as the model for those of all, or nearly all, the later establishments. Before the foundation of colleges, the students at Oxford (of course, with the exception of those attached to St. Frideswide's Priory and other religious houses in the city or its vicinity) lodged, like those of Cambridge, in halls, inns, or hostels, as they were variously called, under the governance of a principal, but at their own expense. As has been said already, Merton was, in its early days, famous for its professors in scholastic theology. The "profound Bradwardine," "subtle Scotus," and "invincible Occam," were all members of it. Wiclif was also a scholar of Merton.

The buildings of Merton consist of three courts: the tourist should stroll through them. The largest quadrangle is only of the time of James I., and has been not inaptly termed "the schools in miniature:" it is in the smaller courts that the older parts are to be found. Of these the noblest by far is the chapel, the choir of which may be of the age of the founder, and is certainly not later than the commencement of the fourteenth century. It is a very fine edifice, and commands the admiration of all whose judgment is worth regarding. The splendid choir is one of the longest and handsomest in Oxford. The effect of its graceful proportions, and the long series of elaborately decorated windows in the sides, with the noble one at the end, is very striking. The visitor will hardly need to have his attention directed to the elegant tracery in the side windows (there are fourteen of them); and he cannot help being struck by the marvellous beauty of the great east, or, as it is often called, the Catherine-wheel, window. A good deal of the original stained glass remains in the side windows, and adds much to their value. There are, too, in the chapel some monuments that should not be overlooked. Two brasses, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, are good examples of the incised work of their respective times. One of the monuments is to the memory of Sir Thomas Bodley, the munificent founder of the Bodleian Library; another, to the memory of Sir Henry Saville, exhibits a representation of the colleges of Eton and Merton as they appeared in 1621. Externally, the tower of Merton Chapel is very fine: from Merton field and the adjacent meadows its appearance is most majestic, and it tells well in every general view of the city.

In the first court stands the Hall, a handsome building, until it was renovated and beautified by Mr. Wyatt. The third court is the smallest of the three courts; but it is the oldest, and is, indeed, one of the most perfect examples left of an ancient college quadrangle. The larger part of the south and west sides of it are taken up by the library, which is known, by the college records, to have been erected in 1377, and is generally regarded as one of the most ancient libraries in the kingdom. The gardens

of Merton are much admired, and there are some pleasant prospects from the terraces. They may be seen upon application to the porter.

Merton is the oldest college that can produce title-deeds in support of its antiquity; but UNIVERSITY COLLEGE asserts its precedence, carrying back its origin to the ninth century, and claiming the great Alfred for its founder. This is the college whose long, black, weather-beaten front forms so noticeable a feature in the High-street. This frontage, which is above 260 feet long, would be imposing, if only from its extent; but it has a good deal of architectural merit, though wanting in the richness of the olden Gothic. None of the buildings are earlier than the reign of Charles I. The principal front is a regular and substantial structure, rather plain, though stately; but the general elevation is relieved by two lofty gateway towers, which stand at equal distances from the extremities, and have bay windows with canopied statues, and somewhat more of ornament than the remainder of the frontage. These gateways lead into the two quadrangles which contain the college buildings. The western and principal quadrangle is about 100 feet square. Its construction was begun in 1634, but it was not completed till 1674. The statue over the gateway leading to this quadrangle is that of Queen Anne; on the inner side is a corresponding statue of James II., which was presented to the college in the mastership of Obadiah Walker, who, it will be remembered, joined the Romish Church on the accession of James, and lost his post at the Revolution. This is said to be the only statue remaining of James II., besides that at Whitehall. The other gateway leads to the eastern quadrangle, which is about 80 feet square. Only three of the sides have buildings. The north and east sides were built at the cost of Dr. Radcliffe. The statue placed over the front of the gateway which leads to this quadrangle is that of Queen Mary, wife of William III.; the corresponding statue on the inner side is one of Dr. Radcliffe—a much more appropriate choice than that of the king who overlooks the other quadrangle. The chapel may be just glanced at. It is in no acknowledged style of architecture, Gothic and classic being freely intermingled, but it has considerable elegance of appearance. It was begun in 1635, but it remained unfinished till 1665. Much of the carving is by Grinling Gibbons, and exhibits all his usual delicacy of execution. The chapel contains Flaxman's celebrated rilievo in memory of Sir William Jones, who was a fellow of this College. Within the last few years an additional building has been erected from the design of Barry, the architect of the 'Palace at Westminster,' and it will be admitted to be a most graceful addition to the architecture of the High-street of Oxford.

We will not linger over the buildings of QUEEN'S COLLEGE. The chapel and hall, however, are note worthy. The library, too, is a very handsome room inside; so is the basement floor, which a few years ago was fitted up by Mr. Cockerell as an addition to the old room—a measure which was rendered necessary by the munificent gift of Dr. Mason, who, besides his own books and antiquities, left the sum of £30,000 to his old college for the purchase of books. Queen's College received its name from Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III., who was its patroness; and it has ever since been regarded as especially under the patronage of the queens of England, who have often been considerable benefactors to it. The founder of it was Robert de Eglesfeld, chaplain to Queen Philippa. The institution is a highly prosperous one, and has had a good share of famous and (as we have seen in one instance) grateful sons.

A little lower down the High-street is the very handsome front of ALL SOULS' COLLEGE; and the restorations here have been most beneficial. The buildings of All Souls' are most extensive and varied. The Old Quadrangle is a quiet, characteristic example of collegiate architecture. The New Quadrangle, or Grand Court, 172

feet by 155, remarkable for its differing so widely from the rest of the buildings, owes its peculiar appearance to the inventive powers of Hawksmoor, who was the architect employed to construct it. He designed the several buildings with a view to their picturesque effect in combination with each other, and with the surrounding edifices; and he succeeded in producing a striking result. In this quadrangle the chapel and hall occupy the south, the cloisters and gateway the west, and the common rooms, with the two towers, the east sides. They are in what has been called, by Hawksmoor's admirers, the mixed Gothic style; and though, considered apart, much may be objected to in them, they certainly display a good deal of originality of conception, and, as we have said, their general effect is very striking. The two towers above-mentioned, are a leading feature in every distant view of the city. The chapel has been among the most admired buildings in Oxford; but it does not deserve a moment's comparison with the chapels of New, Magdalen, or Merton Colleges, and s greatly inferior to several others.

On quitting All Souls', the tourist had better pass by Magdalen Hall, and proceed to NEW COLLEGE, one of the proudest ornaments of Oxford. The founder of New College was one of those giants of the olden days, that modern times can only marvel at, and admire, without hoping to emulate. He, at the same time, filled the most important offices both in the church and state; and, what sounds strange to readers unacquainted with the studies of ecclesiastics in the middle ages, he was the royal architect. That the multiplicity and diversity of his offices did not cause him to neglect the duties of any of them, we have sufficient evidence. With his civil services, Edward III.—no mean judge—was so well satisfied that, as Froissart tells us, "Wykeham was so much in favour with the king of England, that everything was done by him, and nothing was done without him." And as a proof of his favour, he raised him to be Chancellor of England and Bishop of Winchester. As a priest and a prelate his contemporaries describe him as pious, diligent, and boundlessly munificent. Testimony to his architectural genius will not be wanting, while Windsor Castle, Winchester Cathedral, and New College are standing to vouch for it.

But our business is with the College, not the man. Impressed with the insufficiency of the schools provided for the education of the clergy, he long revolved in his mind the best means of remedying the evil, and finally matured a plan, which the vast wealth he had acquired in the course of his active and prosperous life happily enabled him to accomplish—namely, to found a college at Oxford which should furnish the most liberal education in philosophy and theology; and another at Winchester, which should serve as a nursery for it. On the 5th of March, 1380, Wykeham laid the first stone of his New College; and "being finished, the first warden and fellows took possession of it April 14, 1386, at three of the clock in the morning:" the following year the Bishop commenced the erection of his college at Winchester; and he lived after that was finished to build the best part of his cathedral.

As the buildings of New College were left by their munificent founder, so to a great degree they remain. They are the most complete examples of a college erected by the ablest architect in the best age of Gothic architecture. The original buildings consisted of the principal quadrangle, in which are the chapel, hall, and library, the cloisters, and the tower. The additions have been a third story to the quadrangle, which originally consisted only of two stories, and the garden-court, designed, it is said, by Sir Christopher Wren, from the Palace of Versailles. You enter the college by a gate-house of rather plain but pleasing design, having on the front three statues —of the virgin, of the founder kneeling, and another. The Great Quadrangle, into

which this leads, is 168 feet by 129 feet; and is at once dignified yet chaste in character, though suffering somewhat from the additional story. From this a short cloister leads to the chapel—by common consent the noblest in Oxford. After the lavish praises he has heard bestowed on this chapel, many a visitor feels somewhat disappointed to find it less splendid in its appearance—less overspread with sculptured forms and tracery than many another he has seen. But it deserves its reputation. The grand merit it now possesses consists in the elegance of its proportions, and the propriety of the ornament which really adorns it. In its original condition there was no want of splendour, and its appearance then must have been of surpassing grandeur. The niches by the east window are said to have been filled with statues of gold and silver; but these, the statues of stone, and much of the sculpture on the walls, and the paintings in the windows, were removed or destroyed by those who regarded such things as profane, and the gold and colours that were employed with no sparing hand on the carvings were hidden under white-wash. About sixty years ago, the chapel was restored under the direction of Mr. Wyatt, and more successfully than could be expected from his taste in Gothic architecture and the taste of the age; but the restoration left the building much balder than would now be permitted. Painted windows were inserted, from designs made for the purpose by Sir Joshua Reynolds. They were admired at the time, and they are admired still. But whatever may be their value as pictures, it is not too much to say that, as windows—which are not meant to exclude the light—they are a failure. In the beautiful ante-chapel some of the original stained glass may be seen; and it will prove that the old workmen understood the purpose of their material. The choir is 100 feet long; the nave, or ante-chapel, 80 feet; it is 65 high, and 35 feet broad. The style is what is called the early perpendicular; retaining much of the simplicity of the decorated, but yet displaying the decided peculiarities of the later style. We should mention that the organ is considered to be one of the finest in England; and we need hardly add, that in the choral service its capabilities are gloriously exhibited. Before he leaves the chapel, the stranger will be shown the silver-gilt crosier of the founder—a relic of rare worth and beauty, and greatly prized.

The hall, and the library, and the tower, we need not enter. All these three buildings, perhaps, will be seen sufficiently, and certainly to most advantage, only on the outside. The cloisters, which enclose an area of 130 feet by 85 feet, were, with the area, consecrated in 1400, as a cemetery for the collegians. In design they are marked by an appropriate sobriety of character. The ribbed roof which covers them is very curious, bearing a marked resemblance to the rib-work of a ship's hull.

The visitor must not leave the college without seeing the garden, which he may freely enter; it is not only worth seeing for its own sake—and it is one of the pleasantest, where there are so many pleasant ones—but parts of the college buildings show most picturesquely from it; and it has a unique bit of the old city wall, kept in as good repair as though it still might repel a foe. It was part of the contract Wykeham entered into with the city when he purchased the land, that the college should maintain for ever that part of the wall which bounded the college property; and the agreement is still faithfully adhered to.

But beautiful as is New College, were we to be asked to conduct a stranger to the most characteristic example of an Oxford College, we should point to MAGDALEN. Magdalen, is, indeed, a glorious place. Buildings it has that gladden the heart and delight the imagination—from the

"High embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,"

down to "studious cloisters:" trim gardens, too, are there; smooth-shaven lawns, and "arched walks of twilight groves;" ample endowments also, that provide abundance for the passing day, and promise a tolerable *living* for a future; choice books, (no doubt old wines,) good society, with gentlemanly leisure to enjoy them all, or just enough employment to give wings to the hours that would else hang heavily on hand.

The buildings, which are comprised in three quadrangles, cover an area of above eleven acres; the grounds occupy more than a hundred acres. The founder of Magdalen College was William Waynflete, bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry VI., who was, we may hope, moved to this good work by the example of his great predecessor in those offices. Waynflete laid the first stone of the Great Quadrangle in 1473, and employed William Orchard as master-mason, to construct it; but whether Orchard is to be considered as architect, or merely builder, is not clear—some have attributed the designs to Waynflete himself. The entrance to the college is by the New Gateway at the top of High-street, which was erected in 1844, by Mr. Pugin. It is a very pretty thing of its kind, and exhibits an uncompromising return to the old manner. The appearance of the buildings on passing through the gateway is very fine. Immediately in front is the western end of the chapel, displaying a splendid window, and beneath it an elaborately ornamented doorway, with a shallow porch richly sculptured, and surmounted by five statues in canopied niches —forming altogether an uncommonly handsome elevation; with which the summit of the lofty tower that is seen rising above, though a detached building, very well composes, as a painter would say. On the left hand, in front of the President's lodgings, is seen a noble gateway-tower, the original entrance into the Great Quadrangle. The gateway is adorned, like the chapel porch, with canopied statues; these being of St. John, St. Mary, Henry III., and the founder. The elegant groined roof of the gateway should also be noticed. The room over the gateway is called the Founder's Chamber. In the right hand corner of this court is a curious stone pulpit, from which a sermon used to be annually preached to the members of the University on St. John the Baptist's day, the members standing during the sermon in the open quadrangle, which on the occasion was dressed with boughs and strewed with rushes.

The chapel is one of the finest buildings in Oxford. It was completed by the founder and is a choice specimen of the perpendicular style. Since its erection it has undergone many mutations. At the Reformation it was despoiled of much of its sculpture and furniture; and the Commonwealth soldiers treated it much worse. Then after the Restoration it was repaired, but only in an indifferent manner. In 1740 it endured a beautifying. But in 1833, it underwent a thorough and most costly restoration under the direction of the late Mr. Cottingham, who carried through his undertaking with great skill and the most pains-taking diligence. The chapel organ has a curious history. It was cast down as superstitious at the Puritan clearance; but Cromwell had heard it and liked its tone, and he accordingly had it removed to Hampton Court, and set up there for his own particular delectation. There it remained till the return of Charles, when it was replaced in Magdalen College chapel. All the recent improvements have been added to it, and it is now much admired by the lovers of church music. The visitor should attend a choral service at Magdalen chapel and hear

"The pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below."

is solemn and impressive in no ordinary degree.

The Hall is a fine room, and contains many good portraits of eminent members; but we cannot stay to describe it, nor to speak of the royal and distinguished visitors it has entertained. We must also pass by the Library, merely mentioning that it is equal to most, that it contains a capital collection of books, and a few good busts. The large cloistered quadrangle should be seen. It was begun by the founder in 1473, but the south cloister was not erected till 1490. Its appearance is at once grand and singular. It contains the chapel, hall, library, and President's lodgings, with the cloisters, as we said, running all round. Along the inside of the quadrangle is a series of strange grotesque figures, the purpose of which appears inexplicable. The New Buildings, erected about a century back, we do not advise the stranger to visit: they are 300 feet long, three stories high, and the apartments into which they are divided are lofty and convenient. One other structure remains to be noticed—the splendid Magdalen Tower—one of the chief ornaments of Oxford, and perhaps the most noticeable feature from all parts of the city and the suburbs. This tower is a lofty detached pile, 150 feet high; of the most entire simplicity of form, and graceful proportions—perhaps the most beautiful structure in England of its kind and style. It was begun in 1492 and finished in 1498, while Cardinal Wolsey was Bursar of the college. Before the Reformation, a mass used to be said on the top of this tower every May morning. And still, though the mass is discontinued, some choral melody is regularly sung there, at five o'clock on that morning. We must let the college grounds be unpraised, though the theme be so tempting. How soft and pleasant are the lawns, how cool and shady the avenues, how delightful the water-walk alongside the cheerful Cherwell, with the peep at that antique-looking water-mill! And then that dainty relic of monastic days, the little Deer Park, how old-world like it seems to step out of the High-street of a great city upon a quiet, secluded nook like this, where deer are browsing quite unconcernedly among huge old elms! We might point to another college as a good example of an Oxford College, not so magnificent as this, but as quiet and pleasant a place for education, and as agreeable and gentlemanly a retreat after education be completed, as by a contemplative scholar could well be desired. Wadham College is of more recent date than any we have yet visited, having been founded by Nicholas Wadham, and built, after his death, by his widow, between the years 1610 and 1613. Perhaps this college affords the most favourable example of Gothic architecture of so late a date. Though debased, there is yet much of the genuine old spirit about these buildings; they have an air of neatness and compactness, and the general effect is remarkably good. On passing through the gate-tower, you find yourself in a quadrangle, 130 feet square, having directly in front a well proportioned hall and chapel; and on each side buildings of a regular and handsome elevation. And the garden is an excellent specimen of a private college-garden. Those who merely think of a garden as a piece of pleasure-ground attached to an ordinary house, can hardly imagine how different, how much more beautiful, it is when attached to these glorious Gothic buildings, which at every turn yield some fresh feature of picturesque beauty.

The colleges we have inspected may be taken as samples of the Oxford colleges: we can only glance at one or two more in a cursory way, and leave the rest unnoticed: we shall, however, have seen the more characteristic. *Balliol College* need not stay the stranger's feet: *Trinity*, which lies behind it, is generally pointed out as worth visiting; and it doubtless is, by those who have plenty of time: we have not, and, moreover, are just going to run hurriedly over St. John's. The buildings of St. John's are chiefly comprised in two large quadrangles. The first, or Old Quadrangle, has an air of simple grandeur; the second, built by Inigo Jones, with the exception of the

library on the south side, at the expense of Archbishop Laud, has more pretension but, to our thinking, much less propriety of character. The east and west sides are built upon an Ionic colonnade, above which are statues of Charles I. and his queen The chapel is the most interesting building at St. John's; and, since its restoration, it is one of the best of the second rank in Oxford. At the east end of the chapel are deposited the remains of Archbishops Laud and Juxon, who were both members of this college; and close by are those of Sir Thomas White, the founder. The gardens of St. John's are generally regarded as among the finest in Oxford; they occupy a space of three acres, and are laid out with much taste. They are, like the other large gardens, freely open to the public.

We have now looked, with more or less care, at about half the colleges in Oxford; the remainder of them, and all the halls, we shall leave unvisited, feeling that we have shown enough to give a rude notion of the amazing riches of this city, yet fearful that our companions will have already become weary of so long a tarriance over one class of objects. And yet we cannot help reminding the tourist that he ought to visit PEMBROKE COLLEGE for the sake of Samuel Johnson, whose connexion with any place so invariably makes his name recur to the memory of every one who looks upon it. Pembroke College is entered from the square directly opposite the Tom gate of Christ Church. Johnson's room is on the second floor over the entrance gateway; and from that window it was that the "heroic student" pitched, in furious ire, the pair of new shoes that some well meaning neighbour had placed against his door, on seeing that his feet were peering out of his old ones. Pembroke is one of the colleges that has undergone restoration, and the tower has now a much smarter appearance than when Johnson lodged in it.

Having surveyed, as far as appears needful, what belongs to the University, we may now turn to the city. In population it exceeds Cambridge by a few hundreds only, being 23,656 at the census of 1841; the number of residents in the University was, at the same time, somewhat under 2000. Oxford is a corporate city, governed by a mayor, alderman, and town-councillors, and it sends two members to Parliament. It has the usual corporate buildings; but there is nothing in them to call for description here. Of the general appearance of the town we have spoken. The streets have some shops and private houses about them that are noticeable on account of their antiquity; and there is scarcely a street in any part of the city that does not, from some point, show one or more of the academic buildings combining with the neighbouring houses into a picturesque group.

Of the old castle a tower is still standing. The site of the other parts of it is now occupied by the County Hall, a prodigious structure, built some seven or eight years ago, in the modern castellated style. A small crypt and some other slight vestiges of the castle also remain, but they are only of interest to the professed antiquary. Some mounds, which are supposed to have been thrown up at the famous siege, may be seen close to the remains of the castle. These are all the remains that are left, of a warlike nature, connected with the old city.

Two or three churches must be briefly noticed. Oxford has a good many that would be considered of uncommon value elsewhere, but here may be safely left unnamed. All that it has are now well cared for; several have been restored with great taste; and probably in no other place where there are so many churches (there are here fourteen or fifteen parish churches), are they in such beautiful condition. The oldest church in Oxford is St. Peter's-in-the-East, which stands just by Queen's

College, and adjoining to St. Edmund's Hall. A more interesting church than this, of its size, it would be difficult to find. It has a crypt of very ancient date—it is generally said, of the ninth century, but probably Norman—which is almost a repetition, in little, of the crypt of Winchester Cathedral. The chancel of the church is Norman, and has a groined roof; the nave is also partly Norman, but it has windows of later date; and the south aisle is altogether of the decorated order. The whole has been restored with the greatest care; and its appearance inside is exquisite, almost the ideal of an English Protestant church. The exterior is no less striking than the inside: the Norman parts show traces of the ancient carvings. The porch is a fine one of the time of Henry VI., and above it is a room for a priest.

But the most magnificent church in Oxford is St. Mary's, the University Church, so called from the University sermons being preached in it. No one who has been at Oxford can forget this church, from the grand feature its spire forms in every view of the High-street, and, indeed, from all the most visited parts of the city. The church itself is large, and of noble appearance. The various parts, as is so frequently the case in ancient churches, have been built at very different periods; but, internally at least, they harmonise admirably, since the late very judicious alterations and repairs. The arrangements of the Vice-chancellor's throne and the stalls of the University dignitaries, and, indeed, the whole of the fittings, contribute not a little to the general good effect. When, on some "gaudy," all the great men and doctors are assembled in their robes of scarlet and gold, with the rest of the members in full state, the church affords a rare sight to a stranger; but at all times it is an interesting and characteristic one, and should be seen. We suppose the tourist does not need to be told that he will only half see the city, unless he sees it by "the pale moonlight." The effect of the moonlight on this church and spire is delicious: under its influence it brightens in that mystic manner poets often attempt to describe, but no words can adequately convey a notion of. All Oxford, however, is glorious by moonlight. The High-street puts on quite a new splendour.

Leaving all the rest of the churches, we shall visit one more edifice, one of the latest and most graceful of the recent architectural additions to Oxford—the MARTYRS' MEMORIAL. It stands at the northern entrance to the town, just by Mary Magdalene Church, being the nearest suitable spot to the scene where the martyrs Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer met their doom. The history of that event is too familiar to need repeating here. The imprisonment, the mock disputations and trial, the momentary retraction of Cranmer—are all a household tale. The exact spot where the stakes were fixed is not quite certain; but it is believed to have been in the city ditch, opposite Balliol College, where now stands the row of houses in Broad-street. Previous to their execution the prelates were confined in a prison called Bocardo, a gate-house which stood across Cornmarket-street, by St. Michael's Church; it was removed in 1778. From the top of this prison Cranmer is said to have beheld the execution of his old associates. The memorial of their martyrdom was at first intended to be a church; but, for various reasons, it was finally deemed advisable to erect a cross, and, with the surplus funds, to add an additional aisle to the neighbouring Church of St. Mary Magdalene, which should be called the Martyrs' Aisle. The first stone of the Memorial was laid on the 19th of May, 1841, exactly three centuries after Cranmer's English Bible was finished, and "authorised by royal authority" to be read. Messrs. Scott and Moffatt were the architects whose design was selected for execution; and, as it now stands completed, a very beautiful one it is. These gentlemen took for their model the Eleanor Cross at Waltham; but, instead of a mere copy, they produced a work that, in many respects, certainly surpasses their original. It is an hexagonal structure of three

stories, mounted on a platform of steps. The total height is 73 feet, and the gradations are so easy, that the whole is at once airy and substantial. The style is the decorated, and every part is enriched with most elaborate carvings. The lower story has the inscription. In the second story, under canopies of exceeding richness, are the statues of the three martyrs, admirably sculptured by Mr. Weekes. The whole is surmounted by an elegant cross. The position of the Memorial is a very happy one, and it is no small ornament to the northern approach to the city. The adjacent aisle of the church is in the same style of architecture, and is made to be, in its ornamentation, allusive to the martyrs.

Before he quits Oxford for good the visitor should stroll at leisure over Christ Church Meadow, and peep again into the groves of Magdalen. The Meadow belongs to Christ Church, and is kept in order at the cost of the college, but it is open to the public without any reserve. The Isis and Cherwell bound three sides of it, on the fourth are the college buildings and Merton field. It is a mile and a quarter round; the Wide Walk, a fine avenue of elms—now beginning to decay—is a quarter of a mile long.

And now we must bid Oxford farewell! Gentle reader, if you have not been there, take our advice and go as soon as you can. It is a pleasant place to visit. We have told you what is to be seen in it, and you will find the readiest and most courteous access to whatever is worth seeing. The University buildings are generally open. Into and about the college quadrangles you may stroll at pleasure, and about the gardens, too, in most instances. If you wish to look over a college hall or chapel, the porter (whose den is generally in the entrance gateway) will readily open it to you. Then there are several very good Guide-books, with maps attached, that will direct you to every locality: or you may carry in your hand one of Spiers and Sons' pretty cards, which will still more readily indicate the whereabouts of each object. If, however, you prefer a living 'Guide,' you may be suited: the profession is rather numerous in Oxford. There are always some hanging on at the inns and hotels, and about the chief buildings. You may trust to their guidance. They know every crook and corner, and are quite expert in leading to every object of interest.

But let us warn the visitor not to suffer either guide-book or guide to persuade him that after a hasty scamper through the city, and a hurried peep into a few of the buildings, he knows "all about Oxford." As we said before, if you were a Scott, and had spent a week in its exploration, with a Heber to guide you, you would find at the end of it that "the time had been too short to convey" more than "a grand but indistinct picture of towers, and chapels, and oriels, and vaulted halls, and libraries, and paintings." But as he hoped, so you will find, that "in a little time *your* ideas will develope themselves more distinctly;" and you will recollect your visit with a pleasure such as no other city will yield. This is essentially one of those places, in looking on which you are impressed—

> "Not only with the sense
> Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thought,
> That in this moment there is life and food
> For future years."

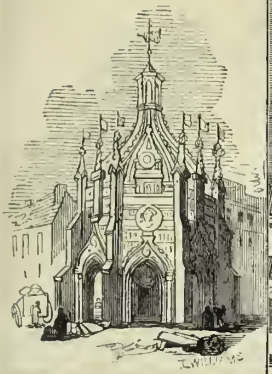
We need only remind the excursionist of the many places of interest around Oxford, and some of which he should, if possible, visit. First in order stands Blenheim—where the magnificent collection of Rubens's works alone would repay a journey from any part of England—to say nothing of the house and the park. Woodstock itself has now only its glove-shops to boast of, and its recollections of the Fair Rosamond,

Geoffrey Chaucer, and Bonny Queen Bess. Woodstock can now be reached from Oxford by train; but it must be remembered that Blenheim can only be seen between eleven and one o'clock; it is open every morning except Saturday and Sunday. Cumnor is three miles west from Oxford, but there is little left now to interest any one. Every vestige of Cumnor Hall is gone. The park of Nuneham Courtney, a few miles below Oxford, on the Thames, is one of the show places of the neighbourhood. It is a delightful sail or row along the Thames to it. At Iffley, about midway to Nuneham Courtney, is a famous old Norman Church.

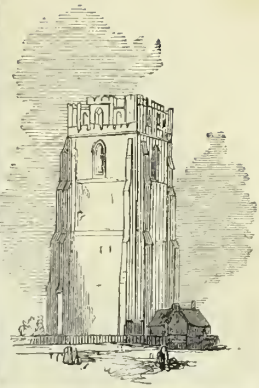
We add a list of the Colleges and Halls of Oxford, with the dates of their foundation, the title of the Principal of the Institution, the number of Members on the books of the University in 1850, and of Students who entered on the books of each College or Hall in 1849:—

College.	Date of Foundation.	Title of Principal.	Members on the Books, 1850.	Students entered in 1849.
University	1249	Master	261	21
Balliol	1268	Master	334	26
Merton	1274	Warden	175	12
Exeter	1314	Rector	248	43
Oriel	1326	Provost	373	18
Queen's	1340	Provost	280	28
New College	1386	Warden	168	5
Lincoln	1427	Rector	215	16
All Souls,	1437	Warden	116	1
Magdalen	1456	President	187	2
Brasenose	1509	Principal	418	26
Corpus Christi	1516	President	135	6
Christ Church	1526-46	Dean	737	46
Trinity	1554	President	287	27
St. John's	1555	President	324	15
Jesus	1571	President	151	17
Wadham	1613	Warden	329	26
Pembroke	1624	Master	205	26
Worcester	1714	Provost	327	33
St. Mary Hall	1333	Principal	96	11
Magdalen Hall	1602	Principal	239	27
New Inn Hall	—	Principal	77	1
St. Alban Hall	—	Principal	20	0
St. Edmund Hall	—	Principal	111	7

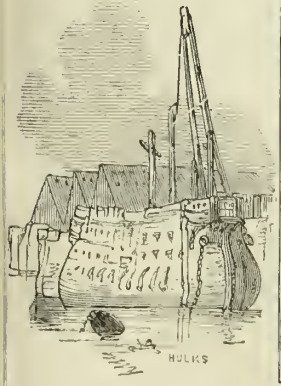
The Great Western Railway Table is given in the number devoted to BATH. The Oxford Junction branches from the main line at Didcot; from Didcot to Oxford is 10 miles; the only intermediate station is Abingdon Road. The extension of the Buckinghamshire Railway, by which the North-Western Railway will be connected with Oxford, will be opened in May: the London excursionist will then have the choice of reaching Oxford by either the Great Western or the North-Western Railway.



CHICHESTER



PORTSMOUTH



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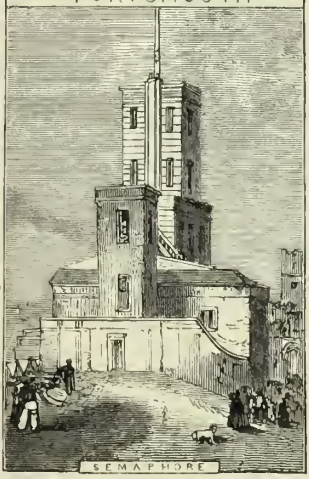


SEMAPHORE

PORCHESTER

KNIGHTS EXCURSION COMPANION.

NO. IX.

PORTSMOUTH AND CHICHESTER.

PORTSMOUTH AND CHICHESTER.

PORTSMOUTH.

Portsmouth is a spot which claims our attention on many grounds. First, it is a Government Arsenal conducted on a vast scale, and comprising many distinct establishments connected with the defence of the country. There is a dockyard for building ships, with all the necessary arrangements for repairing ships already built. There are all the countless stores for supplying these ships for their sea-service, whether for actual navigation or for war, from a nail or a ball of twine to an anchor or a sail. There is the victualling-department, whence the thousands who man these ships can at a short notice be provided with their rations. There is the splendid harbour, where the majestic floating fortresses can take up a temporary station when not in active service. There are the fortifications surrounding Portsea and Portsmouth, rendering them conjointly the best-defended spot, perhaps, in England. There are the military arrangements connected with these defensive works; and the noble Hospital at Haslar, for the sick and wounded. There are the fine open ground at Portsdown, and the old Castle at Porchester; the pleasant sea-bathing places at South-Sea and at Hayling; Spithead and the Solent, and the mighty fleets that have so often anchored there:—the delightful Isle of Wight inviting you on the one hand, and the Southampton Water on the other.

The situation of Portsmouth is not a little remarkable. We find, on inspecting a map of Hampshire and the neighbouring counties, that a straight line drawn from the Isle of Purbeck to Selsea Bill passes through the middle of the Isle of Wight, so that this Isle is situated in a kind of bay included between those two limits. If the Isle of Wight were away, the mouth of Southampton Water would be the innermost or deepest part of this imaginary bay; but as things really are, the Isle seems to fill up a sort of gap; its northern shore being very similar in shape to the opposite shore of Hampshire. Between the two is a sea-channel, of which the eastern half constitutes Spithead, and the western half the Solent. The Southampton Water branches up north-westward, from a point between the Solent and Spithead; and the Hampshire coast from that point to Hurst Castle proceeds pretty nearly south-west. On the other hand, the Hampshire coast, in the direction from Southampton Water towards Selsea Bill, bends round towards the south-east. In this middle of the distance, the shore is broken up by a remarkable assemblage of bays, islands, and peninsulas, to which Portsmouth owes its formation and its importance. First we have Portsmouth Harbour—an inlet of the sea, narrow at its entrance, but widening considerably as it extends northwards;—then we have the peninsula, or Isle of Portsea, suspended as it were from the main land at Portsdown Hill, and hanging down into the sea: at the south-west corner of this isle the towns of Portsea and Portsmouth are situated. Going further east, we arrive at another deep indentation of the sea, to which the name of Langton Harbour has been given: it is as large as Portsmouth Harbour, but its smaller depth

and other circumstances have prevented it from assuming such maritime and commercial importance. Then we come to Hayling Island, at least two-thirds the size of the Isle of Portsea, and noteworthy chiefly as a sea-bathing and invalid holiday-place. Further east we have another inlet or bay, sometimes called Chichester Harbour, in which are Thorney and Pilsey Islands, and the eastern margin of which is formed by the county of Sussex. If we further imagine a lofty hilly ridge, stretching east and west at a small distance northward of Portsmouth and Langston Harbours, we shall have some idea of the general nature of the district. The coast of Sussex, as we have said, forms the eastern boundary of this family of bays and islands; the road from Gosport to Farcham forms the western; the road from Farcham through Havant to Emsworth, the northern; while Spithead and one corner of the Isle of Wight front it on the south. This singularly varied district runs about fifteen miles from east to west, and five miles from north to south: it is composed, mainly, of three sheets of water, separated by two masses of land; on the westernmost of which is situated the town about to engage our attention.

Portsmouth is now in possession of two railway arteries to London, wholly distinct throughout. The South-Western Railway, which has its terminus on the Gosport side of the Harbour; and the Brighton and South-Coast Railway, which has its terminus on the Portsmouth side: a short line running at the back of the harbour connects these lines; on both the lines the fares are the same. That Portsmouth, with its harbour and its dockyard, its fortifications, and its ships 'in ordinary,' will, in the coming summer, be the destination of many a pleasure party, to whom pleasure will not be less welcome for being accompanied with much that is instructive; and that 'Excursion-trains' thither will be in request, may safely be anticipated.

History of Portsmouth.—In going back to the early times of Portsmouth, we find, from Warner's 'History of Hampshire,' that in the time of the Romans, Portchester, or Porchester, or Port Ferris, situated to the north of Portsea and the present harbour, was a seaport of great note; but that, in consequence of the retirement of the sea, the inhabitants abandoned that spot, and retired to Portsea, where they gradually built Portsmouth. Beyond these simple statements, very little seems to have been recorded concerning the state of Portsmouth before the Conquest. William the Conqueror and his Norman successors frequently made Portsmouth a place of embarkation and debarkation in the course of the various movements, warlike or political, in which they were occupied. The narratives of embarkations and debarkations, so carefully treasured up in county histories, are not worth much in themselves; but they are so far useful as showing that Portsmouth was a port of much note six or eight centuries ago. In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, we have abundant evidence of its naval importance, when fleets of small transports were passing ever and anon to the opposite shores, to carry on the wars of royal ambition.

The commencement of the sixteenth century, and the reign of Henry VIII., brings us to a period when, by the establishment of dockyards, Portsmouth and two or three other seaport towns arose greatly in distinction. It may be well to see what Leland says of Portsmouth, as it existed in his day (the reign of Henry VIII.):—"The land here, on the east side of Portsmouth Haven, runneth farther by a great way straight into the sea, by south-east from the haven mouth, than it does at the west point. There is at this point of the haven, Portsmouth town, and a great round tower, almost double in quantity and strength to that that is on the west side of the haven right against it; and here is a mighty chain of iron, to draw from tower to tower. About a quarter of a mile above this tower, is a great dock for ships, and in this dock lies part of the ribs of the *Henrie Grace de Dieu*, one of the biggest ships that has been made *in hominum*

memoriâ. The town of Portsmouth is measured from the east tower a furrow length, with a mud wall armed with timber, whereon be great pieces both of iron and brass ordinances; and this piece of wall having a ditch without it, runneth so far flat south south-east, and is the place most apt to defend the town there open on the haven. There runneth a ditch almost flat east for a space, and within it is a wall of mud like to the other, and so thus goeth round about the town to the circuit of a mile. There is a gate of timber at the north-east end of the town, and by it is cast up an hill of earth ditched, whereon be guns to defend the entrance into the town by land. There is much vacant ground within the town wall. There is one fair street in the town, from west to north-east. I learned in the town, that the towers in the haven mouth were begun in King Edward IV.'s time, and set forward in building by Richard III. King Henry VIII. ended them at the procuration of Fox, Bishop of Winchester. King Henry VIII., at his first wars into France, erected in the south part of the town seven great brewing-houses, with the implements, to serve his ships at such time as they should go to the sea in time of war."

There is much in this description to show that Leland found the rudiments of the greatness of Portsmouth in a forward state of development. The fortifications, the harbour, the docks, the victualling offices—all are mentioned; and though we may well be prepared to expect that they were humble in comparison with those of recent times, yet it is interesting to see the lower rounds of the ladder which leads to national greatness. The time had come when England, no longer depending on her military power, was about to assert that naval superiority which has almost uniformly been awarded to her ever since by the other states of Europe.

By the end of the seventeenth century, many circumstances indicate that Portsmouth had risen to great importance as a naval station. In 1684, a list was drawn up of the ships at that time in Portsmouth: it includes three first-rates, three second-rates, thirteen third-rates, five fourth-rates, three fifth-rates, one sixth-rate, and ten fireships. From the Revolution, up to our own day, Portsmouth, recognised as a most important naval station, engaged the attention of every Government, whether peaceful or warlike; and became the centre of a vast system of offensive and defensive arrangements. The town itself could not but grow to accommodate the increased Government establishments; and as mostly happens where towns depend more on the expenditure of public money than on private commerce or manufactures, Portsmouth has known but very few periods of distress. So long as armies and navies are kept up, those who supply the wants of soldiers and sailors can pretty well measure the solvency of the paymaster.

The Towns and Ramparts of Portsmouth and Portsea.—We will suppose the reader to be a rambler, endeavouring to see as much of Portsmouth and its vicinity as can be seen in a short space of time. We will join company with him, and gossip of the many things that claim our attention on all sides. Perhaps it will be well to begin with Portsmouth and Portsea simply as *towns*, since we can afterwards turn in all directions to the more attractive objects. Be it however understood, at the outset, that Portsmouth and Portsea are anything but beautiful towns. The streets and open places, the buildings and visible objects generally, are not such as to induce one to linger amongst them. The towns seem made for the arsenal, and not the arsenal for the towns. Everything looks, and breathes, and smells of soldiers, and sailors, and docksmen—the three classes who rule the state of society there.

Portsmouth and Portsea are both regular fortified towns; having ramparts and bastions and ravelins on all sides, except towards the sea. It follows, therefore, that they cannot increase in size; and any increase in the area covered with houses must be in

the vicinity. This gives us the history of Portsea. Portsmouth is the old town, and northward of it was formerly an open ground occupied by fields and a wide common, called Portsmouth Common; but by degrees houses became built there, as a suburb of Portsmouth; and towards the close of the last century, this new suburb was also surrounded with fortifications. We may therefore, for the convenience of impressing the site on the memory, consider Portsmouth and Portsea to form one town, bounded on the west and north by strong fortifications; and further, that they are divided into two parts, Portsea on the north, and Portsmouth on the south, by a line of fortifications running between them; so that we cannot get from Portsmouth to Portsea, or from either of them to the suburbs, without passing through or under the fortifications.

High-street, the best street in Portsmouth, runs through the town from south-west to north-east, and three or four other streets run parallel with it. The streets at right angles to these are mostly of a smaller character: those which are nearest to the water are principally occupied by shops for supplying some among the countless varieties of sea-stores. If we look at the cheap print-shops, or the song-stalls, we cannot fail to see how Jack-tar rules the taste of those regions: the practical jokes and the long yarns; the Dibdin songs; and the splendidly coloured pictures of Jack taking leave of his mistress; all are plentiful enough in the smaller streets of Portsmouth and Portsea. The churches, the chapels, and meeting-houses, the market-house, the poor-house, the jail, the almshouses, the theatre, the hotels—if they are equal in merit to the average of provincial towns, it is as much as we can say for them. But we ought, perhaps, to mention in passing, that in High-street the house is still standing in which Felton assassinated George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, on the 23rd of August, 1628.

Portsea, so far as concerns its streets and non-official buildings, is a little smaller than Portsmouth. Its chief street, Queen-street, is not equal to the High-street of Portsmouth. There is a tolerably open place called St. George's-square, in which St. George's Church is situated. Considered as a commercial port, the dock or harbour of the two towns is a piece of water called the Camber, which forms a sort of small bay within a bay; and which would be rendered yet more efficient if there were any prospect of Portsmouth being made a packet-station for the West Indies.

Let us, however, get out of the towns as soon as we can, and ramble about and among the fortifications which surround them.

The various barracks, within the lines of fortification, are the first of the Government establishments that meet the glance. There are in Portsmouth the Four House Barracks and the Marine Barracks (still so called, though the marines are no longer stationed in them, having been removed to Forton barracks, Gosport), on the south-west margin of the town; the Cambridge Barracks, on the east; and the Colewort Barracks on the north; while new barracks have been erected at the end of High-street. The fortifications beginning at the great Circular Tower in Broad-street, and passing by where stood the old Semaphore House, and proceeding thence round Portsmouth, comprise the following portions:—First is the Platform, where honorary salutes are discharged on various occasions of military and naval etiquette; then come, in succession, the Main-Guard, the Spur Redoubt, the King's Bastion, the King's Counter-guard, the King's Ravelin, Pembroke Bastion, Montague Ravelin, East Bastion, East Ravelin, Town Mount Bastion, Landport Ravelin, Guy's Bastion, and Beeston Bastion. A sheet of water, called the Mill-dam, intervenes between the Portsmouth fortifications and those of Portsea; and across this sheet of water two roads, or passages, are formed, well overlooked by the neighbouring ramparts. Then, in crossing over into Portsea, we have the Mill Redoubt, the Right Demi-Bastion, the Right Ravelin, Townshend

Bastion, the Lion Ravelin, the Duke of York's Bastion, the Unicorn Ravelin, the Left Demi-Bastion, and lastly the Sluice Bastion, which abuts against the harbour near the dockyard, and thus completes the warlike envelope of the two towns.

A right pleasant stroll it is along these ramparts. They are open to pedestrians from end to end. Generally speaking, the line of fortification consists of a raised earthen terrace, exterior to all the streets of the town, and elevated several feet above their level. This terrace is gravelled at the top, and has in many parts rows of fine elms, which contribute eminently to its beauty as a promenade. On the outer edge of this terrace is a breast-work, or earth-work, connected with the outer fortifications, and raised four or five feet higher than the terrace. The bastions, of which there are several, are deeply embayed recesses, into which the terrace recedes farther from the centre of the town. These recesses are mostly four-sided spaces of ground, surrounded by the breast-work, through which are pierced holes for the mouths of cannons. Without being deeply learned in military matters, we can manage to form a guess at the use of these bastions, when we stand on the terrace and see in what direction the guns point: they command the exterior fortifications on all sides; so that should an enemy gain possession of the latter, he would still have a warm reception from the defenders within. The external fortifications here spoken of consist chiefly of ravelins, which are triangular spaces of ground, where ditches, ramparts, covered ways, and the sloping glacis, spread over an immense area, and give one some foretaste of the machinery involved in the terrible art of besieging and defending a town. These fortifications are for the most part kept in perfect order; but still the nice green sward with which most of the earth-works are covered, renders the ramparts or terraces a very acceptable promenade; and when the garrison band is playing on the green in front of the governor's house, near the King's Bastion, the enlivening scene is only such as can be displayed in a garrison town.

But how, it may be asked, do the Portsmouth people gain access to their green fields or their suburbs? At three different points in the circuit of Portsmouth are roads, cut through the ramparts, by means of arch-work, and communicating from the interior to the exterior. One of these is the Quay-gate, another the Landport-gate, and a third the Spur-gate; and there are two of a similar kind at Portsea, called the Lion-gate and the Unicorn-gate. These gates and roads are so completely overlooked by lines of fortification, that the out-goers and in-comers, whether men, or horses, or vehicles, are wholly at the mercy of those who govern the ramparts for the time being. The ramparts, or terraces, pass continuously over these roads; and there are at intervals flights of steps, or sloping paths, to lead down from the ramparts to the streets within the town, but none to the exterior. Thus the interior and the exterior are certainly widely different in appearance; for while the town presents a mass of streets, cooped up within limits incapable of expansion, the suburbs present much liveliness and openness of view.

The reader will probably be prepared to believe that the wealthier portion of the Portsmouth inhabitants do not reside within the two walled towns. The shopping and shipping streets are not the most respectable for private residents; and thus it arises that the suburbs (of which we shall speak by-and-by) present long rows of good-looking private houses. The private society has, of course, a considerable sprinkling of the military and the maritime about it.

The Dockyard.—Sir John Barrow makes an observation, which is useful, as illustrating and explaining the somewhat scattered arrangement of all our dockyards: "From the first establishment of the King's dockyards to the present time, most of them have gradually been enlarged and improved by a succession of expedients and

makeshifts which answered the purposes of the moment; but the best of them possess not those conveniences and advantages which might be obtained from a dockyard systematically laid out on a uniform and consistent plan, with its wharfs, basins, docks, ships, magazines, and workshops, arranged according to certain fixed principles calculated to produce convenience, economy, and despatch. Neither at the time when our dockyards were first established, nor at any subsequent period of their enlargement as the necessities of the service demanded, could it have been foreseen what incalculable advantages would one day be derived from the substitution of machinery for human labour; and without a reference to this vast improvement in all mechanical operations, it could not be expected that any provision would be made for its future introduction; on the contrary, the docks and slips, the workshops and storehouses, were successively built at random, and placed wherever a vacant space would most conveniently admit them, and in such a manner as in most cases to render the subsequent introduction of machinery and iron railways, and those various contrivances found in the large manufacturing establishments of private individuals, quite impossible, even in the most commodious and roomy of the royal dockyards."—(*Encyclop. Brit.*)

If we look at the form and position of Portsmouth Harbour, we find that, after having passed the entrance between Portsmouth and Gosport, the width greatly expands, and a jutting point of land has the sea both on the north and the west of it. At this point is the dockyard situated, occupying the north-west corner of Portsea, which is itself northward of Portsmouth. On the land sides a wall bounds the yard, so that the dockyard in reality forms a town of itself, wholly separated from Portsea and Portsmouth. It is a town, too, of no mean dimensions. Sir John Barrow remarks, that "Portsmouth Dockyard will always be considered as the Grand Naval Arsenal of England, and the head-quarters or general rendezvous of the British fleet. The dockyard, accordingly, is by far the most capacious; and the safe and extensive harbour, the noble anchorage at Spithead, the central situation with respect to the English Channel and the opposite coast of France, and particularly with regard to the naval arsenal at Cherbourg, render Portsmouth of the very first importance as a naval station; and in this view of it every possible attention appears to have been paid to the extension and improvement of its dockyard."

We apply at the gate for admission: we are shown into a little ante-room, where others join us, until a tolerably numerous party is made up. A dock police-officer then causes each visitor to inscribe his name and residence in a book (if either his looks or his name indicate him to be a foreigner, he will find admission a much more difficult matter). We move on, and logs of timber, and heaps of stone, and smoky smitheries, and drawbridges, call for a little circumspection in picking our steps. We form a little party, with the officer as a *cicerone;* and he takes us round to all those parts of the establishment which the Admiralty thinks proper to make generally public. The points of exclusion are not many; and the visitor will find abundant food for observation during the time of his visit.

The different portions of this establishment are, indeed, very extensive. Near the entrance-gate are the Port Admiral's house, the Admiral Superintendent's house, the Guard-house, and Pay-Office, and the Mast-pond, over which a very large Boat-house has been recently erected. On the left of these are mast-houses, store-houses, rigging-houses, and sail-lofts. Farther north are the chapel, another range of storehouses, and the ropehouse. Then we come to the central part of the yard, having a statue of William III., west of which is the School for Naval Dockyard apprentices, and beyond are carvers' shops, mould-lofts, sawpits, and joiners' shops. Westward of these, near the water's edge, are a large basin, two jetties, and seven vast docks for

ships. Farther north, again, we come to the building where the exquisite block machinery is deposited, the foundry, the blacksmiths' shop, the boat-houses, the boat-house pound, and the numerous 'slips' where new ships are built.

Many of these buildings present scenes and operations which, once witnessed, will not soon be forgotten. In the mast-houses we see the immensely long pieces of timber destined to be built up into the form of a mast; in some, which are mast store-houses, the masts of the ships in ordinary are laid up, each one carefully marked to indicate the ship to which it belongs. Never does a Portsmouth seaman or dockyard officer fail to draw your attention to Nelson's *Victory*, whenever a fair opportunity occurs for doing so: the *Victory's* masts are carefully laid up in one of the store-houses; and these, as well as every bit and scrap of that old ship, are carefully treasured. The whole assemblage of pieces comprising the main-mast of a first-rate, are about 212 feet in height—higher than the Monument. As the main-mast is far too thick to be furnished by any tree of sufficient height, the thickness is made out in a curious way, by a succession of exterior pieces; the mast is truly 'built up,' and all the pieces bound together by iron hoops. When we consider that the lower main-mast alone of an East Indiaman, about ninety feet long, weighs upwards of six tons, we may form some guess of the enormous weight of the complete *suite* of masts for a first-rate man-of-war.

The Ropery, about 1200 feet in length, gives us some idea of the mode in which the almost interminable cordage and rigging of a ship are made. How the spinner wraps a bundle of hemp round his waist; and how, by fastening the hemp to hooks, which are made to revolve, and by walking backward and drawing out the hemp, he causes the latter to assume the form of yarn; are matters which a little close attention will render clear to every intelligent observer. Then the further stages in the process: the spinning of many yarns into a 'strand,' the twisting of three of these strands into a 'rope,' and the ultimate twisting or 'laying' of three ropes into a 'cable'—all are interesting. Captain Huddart's rope machinery has been brought so much into use, that the hand-wrought rope is not now made in such large quantities as in former days; while the adoption of iron cables instead of hempen cables in large ships, has further reduced the manufacture of the latter. Some of the largest hempen cables used to contain upwards of 15000 pounds weight of hemp! From the causes above alluded to, the ropehouse is shorn of some of the interest that once attached to it.

In the Tarring-house, we see the means whereby the hemp is so saturated with tar as to render the ropes better able to resist the action of sea-water. The caldrons of boiling tar are so placed, that the hanks of hempen yarn, after unwinding from a beam or heap, are made to dip into the melted tar, and then to pass between two rollers, the pressure of which forces the tar into the innermost fibres of the yarn, and expels the remainder. This house is as little of a holiday-place as any of the buildings in the yard; and the visitor is very likely to become 'tarred,' though not 'feathered.'

The anchors which are lying about in well-arranged heaps between the storehouses, every anchor painted to protect it from rust, are astonishing for their vastness and from the labour required in their fabrication. The largest anchor for a first-rate man-of-war weighs somewhere about ninety cwt., or 10,000 pounds, and used to cost from three to four hundred pounds sterling; it is upwards of twenty feet in length, and the main part of the shank varies from eight to twelve inches in thickness. Most picturesque used formerly to be the scene of anchor-making—the glowing mass of iron as taken from the forge-fire; the six or eight men ranged in a circle around it, each with his hammer of sixteen or eighteen pounds weight; and the successive descent of

their hammers, as each man in his turn struck his blow—all formed a scene which Rembrandt would have loved to study. Science often destroys the picturesque. When the steam blowing-machine superseded the smith's bellows, and when Nasmyth's steam-hammer did the duty of the hand-worked hammers, the deep lights and shadows, the animated groups of the old forge, ceased to form a picture. This steam-hammer of Nasmyth's is indeed a wonderful worker. It is a complete steam-engine which hovers over the article to be struck. There is a cylinder and a piston within it, and when steam is conveyed up through a flexible pipe to this cylinder, the alternate ascent and descent of the piston causes the alternate ascent and descent of a hammer—a hammer so enormous, that it could give a blow more forcible than that of all the smiths who could stand round an anchor. And yet so delicately is this monster adjusted, that it can be made to fall so gently as to crack a nut without crushing the kernel within! The use of this steam-hammer in anchor-making, in forging large masses of iron generally, and especially in driving piles for hydraulic engineering, is almost beyond price, on account of the saving of time which it effects. Anchor-making is, we believe, not carried on so largely at Portsmouth as at some of the other dockyards; but the steam-hammer can be seen at work in the large, dark, sooty, smoky, and fiery-looking smithery, where many large masses of iron are forged.

Brunel's block-making machinery is one of the finest exhibitions of art in the dockyard. A ship's block, as most persons may perhaps be aware, is an oval mass of wood, with one or more grooves running round the edge; holes perforating it in various directions; and sheaves or wheels fixed on axles so as to revolve: the case, or 'shell,' of the block is made of elm or ash, and the sheaves of lignum vitæ. The object of these blocks is to serve as pulleys, for hauling-up and drawing-in the various ropes, sails, yards, &c., on shipboard. These blocks were made by hand wholly (with the exception of a short period in the last century, when water-worked machines were invented to do some of the work). But in 1802, the late Sir Mark Isambard Brunel invented and patented a complete series of machines, by which the entire block is made; and the Government soon availed themselves of the invention, which has ever since been one of the triumphs of Portsmouth Dockyard. There is an oblong square building, filled with machines from end to end; and these machines can be so connected with a steam-engine as to put them into or out of work in an instant. A great beam or log of elm is presented to one machine; it presently cuts it up into cubical masses. One of these masses is presented to another saw; it is speedily cut into pieces of the proper thickness. One of these pieces is pressed for a few seconds against a boring-machine, and holes are bored through a thick piece of elm as easily as a carpenter would bore into soft deal with a brad-awl. So the operations go on; the sawing, boring, mortising, and external rounding, all are done by the machines—for it must be borne in mind that this is not one machine, but a family of machines, all related one to another, and all working to one common end.

It would be difficult to conceive a system of machinery more complete and efficient than the block machinery at Portsmouth. It is said that if this were worked to its full limit, it might supply the whole of the blocks required for the Royal Navy, the Board of Ordnance, and the Transport service. During the war, 130,000 blocks was the average annual demand for the public service; and as ten men can with the machine make as many blocks as 110 men can without it, it will be seen how great has been the saving of time effected. There are 200 sorts and sizes of blocks used in the royal navy, all of which can be made by machinery. A seventy-four gun man-of-war has more than 1100 blocks. It is said that the whole cost of erecting the buildings

and machinery, and paying Brunel a satisfactory sum for six years of unremitting attention to the details of this extraordinary system of mechanism, was defrayed by the *savings* of four years, as compared with the cost of the blocks if produced under the old method. Sir John Barrow states, that the original purpose of the building, in which the machinery is deposited, "was that of a wood-mill, in which all manner of sawing, turning, boring, rabbeting, and the like, were to be performed; and that the block machinery was superadded to the first design, with which, however, it has interfered so little, that in addition to the immense number of blocks manufactured at the mill, upwards of 100 different articles of wood-work are made by other machines put in motion by the same steam-engine, from the boring of a pump of forty feet in length, to the turning of a button for the knob or handle of a drawer!"

The docks and building-slips (as the places are called where the ships are built) are all open to the visitor, so far as there is time to devote to them. Here we may gather some crumbs of information as to the vastness of these floating masses, and the countless pieces of timber of which they are composed. Consider that a first-rate man-of-war contains 3000 loads of timber; being as much as can be grown on forty acres of land in a century. Just reflect that this monster fabric is to afford a home for nearly 1000 human beings, floating on the waters for many months, and you cannot fail to see an all-sufficient reason why it should be made strong enough to resist a mighty array of accidents and hard blows. There are at the present time ships of the very first-class building at Portsmouth; and the different stages of completeness at which these ships have arrived, afford an instructive means of observing the order in which the building processes are conducted. At the north end of the dockyard is the New Victoria Dockyard for steamers, which will, of course, claim a share of the visitor's attention. It is a basin of great extent, formed a year or two back especially for steamers; and has along its entire western side an extensive range of engineers' workshops, fitted with every needful mechanical appliance.

The storehouses are, for the most part, not open to inspection without a special order; but some judgment may easily be formed of their vast extent. The storehouses on the north-east side are 600 feet in length; the rigging-house and the sail-loft are 400 feet; the hemp-houses and the sea-storehouses present a range nearly 800 feet in length. Thus it is on all sides:—wherever we turn, there do gigantic buildings meet the view. The whole yard is about 3500 feet in length from north to south, and 2000 feet in width from east to west, covering upwards of 100 acres; and there is not an acre of this space but is applied to some useful purpose.

The dockyard is an establishment distinct from the other government establishments. It has its own entrance-gates, its own officers, its own hours and condition of admission; so that a visitor, wishing to see all that can be and ought to be seen, must move about in different directions, and carve out his time in the most efficient way he can.

The Gun-wharf.—The reader must now accompany us to the *Gun-wharf*, another of the sights of Portsmouth. This large area of ground may be considered to be partly in Portsea, and partly in Portsmouth; for it fronts the harbour opposite the junction of those towns. Here we come to the Ordnance department of the navy—the guns and other weapons, offensive and defensive, employed on shipboard. Field-pieces and military artillery are not here deposited; for the navy, not the army, is the service to be supplied. That the supply of guns for the navy is an important matter may be made clear by the following enumeration of guns for a first-rate:—On the lower-deck four guns, each 68-pounders, that is, capable of throwing a ball weighing sixty-eight pounds, and twenty-eight 32-pounders; on the middle deck, four 68 and thirty 32-

pounders; on the main deck, thirty-four 32-pounders, but lighter guns; on the quarter-deck, sixteen 32-pounder carronades; on the forecastle, four 32-pounder carronades; making 120 guns in all.

The numbers of these cannon and cannon-balls on the gun-wharf is truly astonishing. Range after range meets the eye; every gun placed in exact parallelism with the rest —instruments of death in holiday array. These guns comprise, not only new ones for ships yet to be built, but the guns belonging to ships now laid-up in ordinary. In the latter case, each ship's guns are ranged by themselves, with the name of the ship painted on the first gun of each parcel. Some of these guns are of such vast size and thickness as to weigh sixty hundred-weight each. Then the cannon-balls—what countless masses of these! They are all piled up in pyramids, having either a square or an oblong base, and some of these pyramids contain thirty or forty thousand cannon-balls each. Each size of ball forms a pyramid of its own; the 68-pound shot being by themselves, the 32-pound by themselves, the bombshells by themselves, and so on.

The *Small Arms Armoury* is a distinct and more ornamental building belonging to the same establishment. In front of it, in an open court, are a few curious specimens of guns brought from foreign countries. Within is a magnificent apartment, very similar to the small arms armoury which existed in the Tower of London, before the late fire. There are upwards of 20,000 stand of arms, all intended for sea service: muskets, bayonets, halberds, boarding-pikes, cutlasses, &c., all arranged in fanciful forms, and seeming to mock the destructive purposes for which they are intended. Here, too, the visitor is called upon by his guide to look at the mail-armour and plate-armour of former days; the armed buff-leather coats of the seventeenth century, the helmet and gauntlet of Cromwell's time, the Dutch boarding-pikes, and the innumerable specimens of small arms which have from time to time been accumulated from various quarters.

The Floating-bridge to Gosport.—As a means of extending our ramble to the various establishments on the Gosport side of the harbour, we will cross by the steam floating-bridge, which connects the two sides of the harbour, and is in itself a noteworthy object. Let us suppose that, on our jaunt towards the Victualling Establishment, we are about to cross the harbour. We proceed to the station, at a projecting spot called the 'Point,' a little northward of the Gun-wharf. We pay our penny at a toll-house, and descend a sloping beach to the edge of the water. Here we see before us a strange sort of structure, neither boat nor bridge, yet being something of both. It is very broad, and has a sort of platform stretching out to the dry beach. Presently we see a laden omnibus, fully supplied with its 'insides' and 'outsides,' descend the beach and pass along the platform to the floating fabric itself. Then another—come perhaps from the Brighton station, and going to the Southampton station. Then a cart or a waggon, a wheelbarrow, or Punch's theatre, saddle-horses, cattle, sheep, men, and women,—all get aboard this odd-looking boat! Presently a signal is given, gates are closed at the two ends of the vessel, and we find ourselves gliding over the water to the other side of the harbour: very little sound being heard, and very little seen to indicate how we are propelled. A few minutes suffice for the transit, and then another platform is let down from the other end of the vessel on the Gosport beach; the gates are opened, and away we depart—omnibuses, costermongers, Punch's theatre, people, and all. Another cargo is received, and without any distinction between stem and stern, back the vessel goes.

Now, how is all this effected? The bridge is a large flat-bottomed vessel, upwards of fifty feet long, and not much less in width. It is divided lengthways into three portions; the centre containing machinery, while the sides form two platforms, on

which the carriages and passengers are placed. At each end of each side of the platform is a kind of drawbridge, so hinged and suspended as to be raised or lowered to accommodate transit to and from the shore. At each end of the middle division are cabins and rather superior seats, for those who choose to pay twopence for the passage; the other passengers have seats provided for them at the sides of the platforms, in somewhat close proximity to the horses and vehicles.

Then for the mode of traction.—There is a steam-engine at work; but as there are neither paddle-wheels nor screw-propellers, neither sails nor oars, it is rather a puzzle at first how the laden machine gets along. However, we can see two long chains stretching from side to side of the harbour, dipping down deeply into the water, and running on both sides of the vessel; these chains help us to understand the mode of proceeding. In the middle of the vessel is a steam-engine, whose power is exerted in causing the rotation of two vertical wheels, seven or eight feet in diameter. These wheels lie in the direction of the length of the bridge; and round the circumference of each is a series of depressions and protuberances, corresponding in use and shape to the links of the chain. The chains are fixed at the Portsmouth side in the shore; they bend deeply into the water, to admit of ships passing over them; they pass upwards from the water into one end of the bridge, over the circumferences of the wheels, and down into the water again at the other end of the bridge; they then dip deeply into the water as before, and finally rise again to their fixed points on the Gosport shore. When the wheels are made to rotate, and the links of the chains are successively caught in the depressions on the circumference, one of two things must happen; either the wheels will wind up the chains upon their circumferences, or the chains will drag along the wheels, the steam-engine, and the whole floating fabric. The chains cannot be wound up in this way, because they are fixed at each end; and therefore the result is, that the floating-bridge is pulled along. When the bridge is near the shore, each chain makes one deep curve in the middle of the channel; when it is in the middle of its course, each chain makes two descents, one between the bridge and each shore; and the harbour authorities take care that these descending curvatures shall be sufficiently deep to allow of the largest vessels passing safely over the chains. The chains are not absolutely fixed at the end; they are balanced by very heavy weights, so as to yield slightly to any disturbing influences. The chains not only drag the bridge to and fro across the channel, but they prevent it from being driven far to the north or south of its proper line.

One of these bridges, plying every half-hour in the day from each end, is found sufficient to accommodate the traffic between Portsmouth and Gosport; and in case of repairs or accident, another bridge is kept at hand to supply its place.

The Royal Clarence Victualling Yard.—We land, then, at the 'Hard,' at Gosport. Gosport, as a town, is not more attractive than its neighbour, Portsmouth. Leland called it a "small fishing-village," as it existed in his day. The High-street is immediately opposite the landing-place, and extends the whole length of the town, from east to west. In it are the chief hotels, places of worship, and shops. There are a few other streets, parallel with, or at right angles to High-street; but they are not of much mark or note; and the rambler will gladly bend his steps either to the Victualling Establishment in the north, or to Haslar Hospital in the south.

The Victualling Establishment is situated in the north-western extremity of the town, near the railway station. It covers a large area of ground, and is wholly separated by walls from all other buildings. The visitor here, as at the dockyard, enters his name in a book, and is shown round the place by an officer of the establishment. There used formerly to be two departments for victualling the navy at Portsmouth; one at

Portsmouth town and this one at Gosport; but both are now consolidated, and the 'Royal Clarence Victualling Establishment' is really a vast place. The chief department shown to visitors is the Biscuit Bakery; but the other portions of the establishment are exceedingly large. The storehouses for bread, for beef, for pork, and for other articles of food—for wine, for rum, and for cocoa—all are on a vast scale; and the stores contained in them are generally of great value. The tanks for water are made of iron and lined with tin; the water is perfectly good, even after having been kept in these tanks fourteen years. There is also a large and very complete *abattoir*, or slaughter-house, for supplying the fresh beef which is always served to sailors in the navy while their ships are in harbour.

The biscuit machinery at Gosport is as complete a thing in its way as the block machinery at Portsmouth; and the saving which it has effected in manual labour is not less striking. To understand properly the improvement in this respect, it is well to know how sea-biscuits were formerly made. The flour and water were put into a large trough, and mixed up into dough by the naked arms of a workman called the *driver*—a slow and very laborious employment; this dough was then kneaded by a roller, which was made to work over and upon it in a very odd manner. Being rolled and kneaded into a thin sheet, the dough was cut into slips by enormous knives, and these slips were cut into small pieces, each sufficient for one biscuit; each biscuit was worked into a circular form by the hand, stamped, pierced with holes, and baked. The placing in the oven was a remarkably dexterous part of the business: A man stood before the open door of the oven, having in his hand the handle of a long shovel, called the *peel*, the other end of which was lying flat in the oven. Another man took the biscuits as fast as they were formed and stamped, and threw them into the oven with such undeviating accuracy, that they always fell on the peel. The man with the peel then arranged the biscuits side by side over the whole floor of the oven. Seventy biscuits were thrown into the oven, and regularly arranged in one minute, the attention of each man being strictly directed to his own department; for a delay of a single second on the part of any one man would have disturbed the whole gang.

But, well arranged as this system seems to have been, it could not maintain its place against the efficiency of machinery. Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Deptford have all of them biscuit-making machinery on a magnificent scale. We may almost say that we see the corn go in at one end, and the biscuits come out at the other. The corn is ground by mills in the usual way; and the meal or flour descends into a kind of hollow cylinder, where the requisite quantity of water is added to it. Round and round this cylinder revolves, and a series of long knives within it so hacks, and cuts, and divides the contents, that, as the meal and water become mixed up into dough, these knives knead it in a way that has never been equalled by human arms. Not a lump or an ill-regulated mass can escape the close action of these knives; all are cut through and incorporated in an equable state among the rest of the dough. But we ought not to say that the dough is *kneaded* by this means; it is only *mixed*. The kneading is performed by ponderous masses called breaking-rollers. The dough is spread out flat on an iron table; and two rollers, not much less than a ton weight each, are worked to and fro over it, until the dough is perfectly kneaded.

The celerity with which these operations are conducted, is quite marvellous. It is said that two minutes' time is sufficient for the thorough mixture of five hundred weight of dough in the cylinder; and that five minutes suffice for kneading this dough under the rollers. The sheet of dough is brought to a thickness of about two inches: it is cut into pieces half a yard square; and each of these is passed under a second pair of rollers, by which it is extended to a size of about two yards by one, just sufficient in

thickness for the biscuits to be made. A very remarkable cutting-instrument is then made to descend upon the thin sheet of dough, by which it is, at one stroke, divided into hexagonal or six-sided biscuits, each of which is at the same time and by the same blow punctured and stamped. The biscuits are not actually severed one from another; so that the sheet of dough still remains so far coherent as to be put into an oven in its unsevered form. A flat sheet of about sixty biscuits (six to the pound, on an average) is put into the oven, baked for about ten or twelve minutes, withdrawn, broken up separately, and stored away. All the sea-biscuits used to be circular; but it is found that there is less waste of time and material by making them six-sided. It is pleasant to think that our jolly tars are no sufferers by this expeditious mode of making their sea-bread. It seems to be admitted that the machine-made biscuits are better mixed and better kneaded than those made by hand. The three bakeries, at the three arsenals before-named, could produce when at full work seven or eight thousand tons of biscuits in a year.

We now retrace our steps back from the Victualling Establishment to Gosport, on our way to Haslar Hospital—another of the Government establishments in this busy spot. For brevity's sake, we speak of all on the west side of the harbour as being comprised in the name of Gosport; but there are distinct names given to the suburbs of the town: for instance, the Victualling Establishment is at Weevil, or Weovil; about a mile further is Forton, where a prison used formerly to exist for prisoners of war, who exercised their ingenuity in making little trinkets in bone, wood, and straw, and where the marines are now stationed; while Haslar Hospital is a little eastward of Alverstoke, south of Gosport.

Haslar Hospital.—This hospital is one of the many examples of the improved care taken for the health and comfort of the sick and disabled in the national service. Formerly, the disabled seamen and marines of Portsmouth had to be put on board hospital ships, where, from being crowded together too closely, the skill of the medical men was often unable to save the poor fellows from the ill effects of impure air. To serve as a hospital for seamen and marines, Haslar Hospital was built. It was constructed about a century ago, and presents a fine appearance from the opposite side of the harbour. A deep creek intervenes between Haslar and Gosport, which is spanned by a bridge.

On entering the gates of the Hospital, the principal front first meets the view, to which we gain access across a grassy open court. This front is four stories in height, and not far short of 600 feet in length. No particular architectural effect is aimed at, for the building is of plain brick. An archway in the centre of this front gives entrance to the central court; and on each side of this archway are doors leading up to the sick wards in the upper ranges, together with the steward's room, the butler's room, and so forth. The buildings extend on three sides round the open quadrangle. There is an open arcade round all the sides, where the seamen and marines may walk and sit and talk and smoke, when their returning health permits them so to do. On one side of this quadrangle, a range of apartments is devoted to a Museum of Natural History: not very closely connected, perhaps, with naval affairs or Hospital affairs; but still, as the contents have resulted from various donations, and as they relate in part to the professional knowledge of the medical officers of the establishment, they ought to be welcomed. The fourth side of the quadrangle is occupied by the Chapel, around which is a pleasant garden or rather lawn, on which the invalids love to walk. This lawn extends to the boundary wall close to the harbour; and in it is erected a little observatory, the stage of which is just high enough to allow a peep over the wall at the busy harbour. Here the hardy, but somewhat

battered veterans resort, when well enough; and, if a stranger joins them, he need have no lack of information as to the ships lying in the harbour. This is the *Nelson*, that is the *St. Vincent;* up the harbour is the Royal Yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, beyond it is Nelson's *Victory*. Very probably they fight their battles over again; although not so often as at Greenwich; for Greenwich is really a home for superannuated seamen; whereas Haslar is more a temporary hospital for their recovery. At the northern extremity of the point of land on which Haslar Hospital is built, stands an extremely strong fort and barracks, recently constructed, for the protection of the entrance of the harbour.

The Harbour and Environs of Portsmouth.—We have before had occasion to state that Spithead, the channel of the sea between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, is an important rendezvous for ships of war. It is an anchorage where ships, fully equipped for sea, may remain for a time till favourable winds, or definite orders received from head-quarters, shall lead them to depart. Spithead is never without some of our fine large ships, whose majestic appearance has been the theme for so many encomiums. The first-raters have become greater and greater in tonnage as the art of ship-building advanced. A 'first-rate' is a ship-of-war with not less than a hundred and ten guns. The tonnage of such a ship, in 1677, was about 1600 tons; in 1720, 1800 tons; in 1745, 2000 tons; during the American war, 2200 tons; in 1795, 2350 tons; in 1804, 2500 tons; in 1832, 2705 tons; while, at the present time, they are upwards of 3000 tons. But the disparity will be made more evident by stating that the Victory, of 104 guns, which was launched in 1765, rebuilt in 1800, and is still in service, is 2164 tons; while the Vernon *frigate*, of 50 guns, built on Symonds's plan, and launched in 1832, is 2082 tons.

Passing up the harbour, we see some of those huge, clumsy, floating masses, known by the general name of 'ships in ordinary.' They are men-of-war, from which the sails, masts, rigging, guns, and most of the heavy fittings have been removed; they are, indeed, as seen externally, very little other than mere hulls of ships. At most of our naval arsenals, a certain number of ships when put out of commission, or new ships not commissioned, are thus laid-up 'in ordinary;' they may be compared to artizans out of work and waiting for a job. Such ships, until within the last few years, used to be placed under the immediate charge of the commissioner, the master attendant, and other officers of the dockyard. But a new system has been adopted, both with regard to the fitting of the ships for their better preservation, and also as to the care and management of them, by naval commissioned officers being constantly on board. Thames voyagers down to Herne Bay or Margate may see such ships in ordinary off Sheerness; and in Portsmouth Harbour there are always several.

The most interesting of all these ships in ordinary, perhaps, is the *Victory*, stationed between the dockyard and the Victualling Establishment. Never is this old ship allowed to get into a disordered or ruinous state. Never does the sailor forget that this was the *Victory* which bore Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. Whether it be an officer, or a mere dockyard man, or a waterman who rows you from Portsmouth 'Hard' to the ship—all seem to look upon the *Victory* as part and parcel of Portsmouth's wealth; something which they would not willingly be without. It is one of the lions of Portsmouth. You hire a boat to be rowed to the spot; you mount a ladder, which gives entrance to one of the decks; and you are then courteously shown round the vessel, which is kept in perfect order. The spot where Nelson fell, marked by a copper plate, on which the fact is recorded, and his famous signal is also engraved; the little dark corner of the midshipmens'-room in which he died; the oft-repeated yet never-tiring sentence,—"England expects every man to do his duty"—written on the wall

of the room; all are shown to the visitor, and all bring back his thoughts to events which occurred more than forty years ago. This vessel now bears the flag of the Port-Admiral. The flag of the Rear-Admiral, superintendent of the dockyard, is at the present time borne on board the *Britannia*. The *Blenheim*, screw steam guardship, is anchored to protect the advanced steam-squadron twelve of which are in the harbour; three of them being always ready for sea. On the north side of the harbour, off the new steam basin, lies the *Excellent*, gunnery-ship, in which the marine cadets, gunnery-mates, and lieutenants, and seamen gunners are instructed in gun-practice. There are generally about seventy or eighty ships-of-war in the harbour.

The Queen's splendid steam yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, is generally anchored in Portsmouth Harbour, when the royal owner is not engaged in one of those cruises which so remarkably distinguish the present reign. It is not difficult to gain access to the vessel, and the inspection is worth the time to those who would see how far comfort and splendour may be carried on shipboard. The little *Fairy*, the tender which waits on the royal yacht, is also generally anchored in Portsmouth Harbour. In order to accommodate the Royal Family as much as possible in their trips to the Isle of Wight, the South-Western Railway Company have laid down an extension line of rail from the Gosport terminus to the shore of the harbour, for their exclusive use. The little *Fairy* then takes the royal passengers on board, and conveys them to the larger yacht, which forthwith steams over to Osborne House. This little tender is always employed in such services as these; and it seems to be quite a favourite among nautical and engineering men. It was launched in the spring of 1845. It is an iron vessel, built by Ditchburn and Mare, and has a screw-propeller driven by steam-engines made by Messrs. Penn.

Let us devote a few lines to the suburbs of Portsmouth; the quiet spots where visitors and the wealthier inhabitants take up their abode.

On the western or Gosport side of the harbour, between Gosport and the sea, is the newly formed watering-place of Anglesey, where many handsome villas, with the usual accompaniments of marine parades, hotels, bathing establishments, &c., are met with, as in such places of sojourn generally. It is, in truth, a pleasant spot, from which the Solent, Spithead, Cowes Road, St. Helen's, Stokes' Bay, Ryde, and Southampton Water, can be seen. Alverstoke, immediately contiguous to Anglesey, is a small village, remarkable for very little, except the high triangular stone erection, which serves as a landmark for shipping entering the harbour, and which receives the odd name of the Gill Kicker.

A castle was built on the extreme southern corner of the peninsula, or Island of Portsea, by Henry VIII., to which the name of South Sea Castle was given; this castle has been ever since kept up; in 1850 it was greatly strengthened; it is mounted with heavy cannon. Opposite to this, on the western or Gosport side of the harbour, is Fort Monkton, another strongly fortified place; and the two together effectually protect the open roadstead, while the fortresses at Point and Block House protect the entrance to the harbour. Along the beach, between South-Sea Castle and the Bathing-rooms, an excellent esplanade has been formed; it is adorned with statues of Nelson and Wellington.

Between Portsea Island and Portsmouth is an open spot of ground, called South-Sea Common; and on parts of this Common, near the sea, a new town has sprung up, under the name of South-Sea, which has assumed many of the features of a fashionable watering-place. It has its rows of terraces; its fancy villas; its 'squares' and 'groves;' its 'king's rooms' or baths; its hotels and assembly-rooms; and the views of the shipping at Spithead, with the Isle of Wight opposite as a very pleasant adjunct to

the scene. At the north-west angle of the South-Sea promenade, is a beacon light, to assist mariners in marking their course; and nearly opposite may be seen the floating Bembridge light, near the eastern end of the Isle of Wight. Near the Castle is the Laboratory of the Royal Marine Artillery, where the members of that corps, privates as well as officers, are taught to make gunpowder, fusees, and all the *matériel* they are likely to require in war. By the shore eastward of the Castle, are two forts, named Lumps and Eastney; and beyond these is another very strong defence called Fort Cumberland, which was commenced about a century ago, but was only brought into an efficient state in 1820; it has barrack-room for 3000 men, and on its ramparts may be mounted 100 pieces of ordnance. Any enemy's vessel about to enter Spithead and Portsmouth Harbour from the east, would find this Fort Cumberland a dangerous neighbour.

The eastern suburb of Portsea, that is, the belt of houses beyond the east fortifications, is called by the general name of Landport, or rather, the three suburbs of Landport, Somers Town, and South Sea form a north and south continuation, with no particular boundary to mark their respective limits.

Altogether eastward of Portsea Island, and indeed eastward of Langston Harbour, is Hayling Island, which the inhabitants are doing their best to raise into repute as a pleasure spot, or neighbour and rival to South-Sea. This island is connected with the mainland by a bridge and causeway, together about a quarter of a mile in length. The island itself is nearly four or five miles long, and nearly the same in breadth. It has two old churches which will interest the antiquary; and extensive salterns and boiling-houses, where the curious may observe the several processes of saltmaking.

Portsdown is a long ridge northward of Portsea, and situated about five miles from Portsmouth. From it a most commanding prospect may be obtained. In one direction we see Chichester and the South Downs; in another, a fine woodland country, stretching nearly to Petersfield and Alton, meets the view; in the south, Portsea and Portsmouth, Hayling and Langston Harbour, Spithead, &c., the Isle of Wight, are comprised within the range of vision: a little to the west the view extends completely over the New Forest to the white cliffs of Purbeck. Near the western extremity of the hill a monument to the memory of Nelson is erected, for which a fund was raised by a subscription of two days' pay from all his companions in arms at Trafalgar: it is not only a pleasing memorial in itself, but it serves as a useful beacon to mariners on approaching Spithead, whether from the east or the west. Along this eminence is a strong line of fortification, intended to prevent the Isle of Portsea, Portsmouth, and the harbours from being approached by foes from the country at the back.

Porchester Castle is on the northern margin of Portsmouth Harbour, beneath Portsdown. It is very ancient, but its date is uncertain. The castle now comprises an area between four and five hundred feet square. A Norman tower gives an eastern entrance to the court or quadrangle; and there is another Norman tower on the west. There are a keep and several towers yet remaining; and during the French war, many prisoners were confined in one of these towers. Within the area is a very picturesque and interesting Norman church. A part of the grounds are laid out as a summer pleasure-garden—a kind of minor Vauxhall, or rather Cremorne.

CHICHESTER.

CHICHESTER is situated near the termination of the eastern branch of the Creek known as Chichester Harbour, and at the foot of the South Downs. It is on the Brighton and South Coast Railway, about twenty-eight miles east of Portsmouth. The old city, it is believed, occupies the site of the Roman station Regnum, while the walls (which are a mile and a half in circuit) stand on the foundations of the Roman walls, and are constructed out of their materials. The two main streets, it will be observed, still run in straight lines, east and west, and north and south, through the centre of the old city, with the lesser streets running off at right angles, according to the fashion of Roman encampments. A part of the old wall, on the western side of the city, is now converted into a public walk, from which a beautiful view is obtained of the Cathedral. The town is said to owe its present name to one Cissa, an Anglo-Saxon chief, who restored the ancient foundations. Chichester is a corruption of Cissanceaster—the castle of Cissa.

The Bishopric was founded originally in the seventh century at Selsey, and removed to Chichester in 1071. Now Chichester is almost entirely agricultural. At the census in 1841, it contained 8152 inhabitants. It is still considered to be the county town for the western division of the county, but the assizes are held only at Lewes. To the stranger there is not much that is very attractive in the old city, besides the Cathedral and the Market Cross: the Cathedral, of course, is the principal attraction.

There is little in the architecture of Chichester Cathedral, and not much in its history, that will need a lengthened notice. The original Cathedral was founded and the building completed towards the close of the eleventh century. In the year 1114, it was greatly injured by fire; and, though soon restored, it was entirely destroyed by a second fire in the year 1186. Bishop Seffrid, who had been appointed to the see about this time, immediately commenced the renovation of the Cathedral. According to some of the historians, he built the church from its foundations; while others say that he 'engrafted upon the remaining walls a new work, adapting it to the style and architectural ornaments peculiar to the age in which he lived.' Be that as it may, it is agreed that his building is the nucleus of the existing Cathedral; it consisted of the 'present nave with its single aisles, the centre arcade with its low tower and transept, and of the choir.' It was consecrated by Seffrid on the 13th of September, 1199; but he had not quite completed it at his death in the year 1214.

There is little remarkable about it, except that it presents one of the earliest specimens of a stone groined roof: the Cathedral having been twice burnt already, owing chiefly to its wooden roof, Seffrid resolved in his church to prevent, if he could, a similar disaster. Great additions and alterations were made to Seffrid's structure during the next three centuries, and its architecture consequently shows the marks of many periods. The lateral towers belong, at least up to the second tier, to the original church; that facing the south exhibits four elegant examples of early Norman arches the arches in the third tier are of the tall lancet shape. The central tower was begun by Bishop Neville in the year 1222; the spire was raised about the year 1337—it is nearly three hundred feet high, and bears a considerable resemblance to that of Salisbury Cathedral, though much less graceful. In the interior of the Cathedral may be seen some of the earliest applications of the Sussex, or Petworth, marble, so much

used in our ecclesiastical edifices of the 'early English' period. We cannot say much for the appearance of Chichester Cathedral; it is by no means one of the handsomest of English cathedrals. The outside is unadorned; and there is little in the general form to redeem the inelegance of the details. During the great Revolution it suffered much from the Commonwealth soldiers, and part of its present uncomely appearance may be laid to the charge of their fanaticism and the want of taste displayed in the subsequent restorations. The entire length of the Cathedral is four hundred and seven feet; of the transepts, one hundred and fifty feet; the nave and aisles are seventy-eight feet wide. The interior is chiefly remarkable for having extra aisles at the sides—an arrangement that is rather peculiar than pleasing. At a short distance from the north-west angle of the Cathedral stands a detached campanile, or bell-tower, one hundred and twenty feet high. It has four turrets at its summit, exactly similar to those at the base of the spire, whence it is thought that it was built at the same time, to receive the bells from the old tower.

The only noticeable circumstance in the history of Chichester Cathedral is its treatment by the parliamentary soldiers, to which we have just alluded. When the city was taken by Waller, in 1642, some of the troops were quartered in the church, and the devastation they committed was terrible. They threw down the organ and destroyed the screen, stripped the tombs of their brasses and defaced the sculptures, broke down the pulpits, pews, and tabernacle-work, and tore into fragments the Bibles and service books, scattering their leaves over the church; in addition to which they defaced the carvings both of the interior and exterior of the church, and broke the stained windows. Yet a few years afterwards another party was sent, under the command of Sir Arthur Haslerig, to finish the work of destruction, which it was alleged had been left incomplete: and they did finish it. As we have said, the subsequent restorations were made without the least regard to propriety; but in 1829, the interior was restored to much of its original character, and many improvements have been made lately. Particularly, we may remark, that within the last few years a large number of the windows have been filled with stained glass, in most instances at the cost of private individuals. The restoration of the tracery of the west window, and the very rich stained glass with which it has been filled, are especially deserving of notice. Extensive alterations and improvements are still going on, and it is believed that the Cathedral will ultimately be restored to its original splendour.

On the walls of the south transept are some remains of two singular pictures painted about the year 1519, for Bishop Sherbourne, by Theodore Bernardi, an artist he had invited from Italy for the purpose. They were designed to represent two "principal epochs" in the history of the Cathedral of Chichester—the foundation of the see of Selsey by Caedwalla, and the establishment of his own four prebends—rather unequal epochs, it should seem. These pictures were defaced after the siege, and repaired without much skill after the Restoration: there is little artistic merit in them; whatever value they may possess is for the antiquary. Another painting by the same hand contains a series of portraits of the Bishops of Chichester, and of the Kings of England, from the Conqueror to Henry VII. These have been since brought down to George III. When the interior was repaired some years back, four stone coffins, supposed to be those of bishops, were discovered, in one of which was the skeleton, it is thought, of Stigand (1070), with episcopal robes and insignia, and a large and curious thumb-ring, an agate set in gold. One was the black marble coffin of Bishop Ralph, having his name engraved on it—being one of the oldest with a name existing in England. There are some interesting monuments in the Cathedral. Among others

the splendid chantry of St. Richard; the tomb of William Chillingworth, the learned and able defender of Protestantism; Flaxman's monument to the poet Collins, &c. One of the chapels is appropriated to the monuments of the family of the Duke of Richmond; a large vault was constructed under it in the year 1750. Over the entrance to this vault is a stone with the inscription "DOMUS ULTIMA," on which Dr. Clarke, one of the Residentiaries, wrote an epigram that has been classed among the first in our language. It has so much point that, though often printed, we may quote it as a little relief to our dull details :—

"Did he who thus inscribed this wall,
Not read, or not believe, Saint Paul,
Who says there is, where'er it stands,
Another house, not built with hands?
Or may we gather from these words
That house is not a—House of Lords?"

Passing up the south choir aisle, we find on the wall two very curious bassi-rilievi, which are certainly of Saxon date. The first represents the raising of Lazarus from the dead; the other, Mary and Martha before Christ: they were discovered behind the stalls, when repairs were being made in 1829, and are supposed to have been brought from the old Cathedral of Selsey in 1072. They are singularly rude and ungainly, much reminding one of the men and women which children draw upon slates.

Passing into the Presbytery, we find ourselves in the most beautiful part of the Cathedral. Here we see clustered Purbeck marble columns of the most beautiful proportions, and pointed arches inclosed within round-headed ones, showing that this portion of the Cathedral was built whilst the early English style was beginning to be substituted for the Norman. The ornaments of the Triforium and of the east end are in excellent taste, and evince the thorough knowledge of beauty of line possessed by the architects of the period. The Presbytery is full of marble tombs of the bishops of the see.

The Lady Chapel has long been converted into a library for the dean and chapter. It contains some very curious relics, which are pointed out to the visitor. These relics were taken out of the tombs mentioned above. When the tombs were opened, the mouldering dust was found still enveloped in sumptuous dresses. The pastoral staffs, chalices, patens, and rings, belonging to these ancient rulers of the church, were found lying beside them, in an excellent state of preservation. One of the pastoral staffs or crooks is made of jet, or some such substance, enriched with gold. The chalices are of exquisite form and workmanship. Among these curious specimens of workmanship, there is a leaden cross, found in the grave of Bishop Godfrey, and inscribed with an absolution.

Before leaving, we must not forget a curious apartment over the south porch, which is now used as the Consistory Court. This apartment is reached by a flight of circular stone steps. It is, perhaps, the most modern addition to the Cathedral, having been built in the time of Henry VI. Here it is said many Lollards were tried, and perhaps tortured. The chair in which the judge sat is still pointed out, and the visitor is strongly reminded of the times of old, as the verger throws open a concealed sliding panel, and shows him another apartment, of which the enormous bolt and lock that form the fastening would seem to indicate that it served the purpose of a prison.

The cloisters are built in the later style of Gothic, and enclose a small space on the south side of the Cathedral, called the Paradise. Some of the windows have been made 'comfortable' by the addition of glass.

In the centre of the four great thoroughfares of the city stands the High Cross, built near the close of the fifteenth century, by Bishop Storey. There are few market crosses in the kingdom that have a more imposing appearance than this structure, which has been kept in an excellent state of repair. The cross was intended to shelter the market people. Its vaulted roof is supported by a thick central pillar, and by a series of arches octagonal in form, and highly ornamented with coats of arms and other ornaments.

The other buildings deserving of notice are the old Town Hall, which was formerly a chapel belonging to a Monastery of Gray Friars, and the Palace of the Bishops of Chichester. Besides these, there are modern buildings appropriated to various purposes of religion, education, public business, and charity. Of these the chief are the the Council Chamber, the Market House, the Corn Exchange, the Grammar School, the Infirmary, and the Museum of the Philosophical Society. There are three or four churches, but none of much architectural mark. There are also two or three Dissenting Chapels, but they are nought.

Goodwood House, the splendid seat of the Duke of Richmond, is not very far distant, and forms one of the chief sources of interest to the strangers visiting these parts. Goodwood races take a high place in the sporting calendar.

The Distance Table of the Brighton and South-Coast Railway, has been given, as far as Arundel, in the number devoted to Brighton and Arundel: we add the continuation to Portsmouth. The terminus of the Gosport branch of the South-Western line is at Gosport, but a short line running off at Fareham connects the South-Western with the Brighton line, and enables the South-Western Company to avail itself of the Portsmouth Station of the Brighton Company.

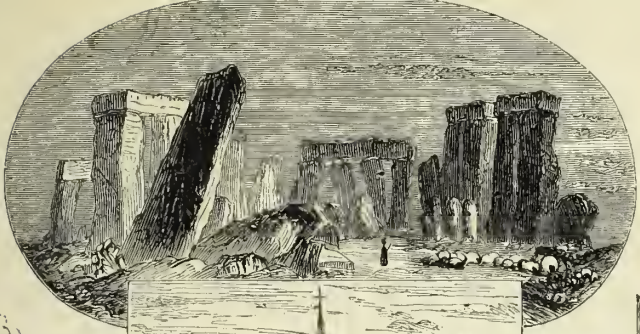
TO CHICHESTER AND PORTSMOUTH, BY BRIGHTON AND SOUTH-COAST RAILWAY.

	From London Bridge.	Stations.	From Ports-mouth.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
Old village on left: old Church	70	..... Ford	25	Tortington: slight remains of old priory.
Yapton. Barnham, 1 mile ...	71½	.. Yapton ...	23½	Binstead, 2 miles.
Bognor, 3 miles: a genteel watering-place	74	.. Bognor ..	21	Aldingbourne, 1 mile.
Merston, ½ mile	77	.. Drayton ..	18	Goodwood, 2¾ miles; Seat of Duke of Richmond: celebrated races.
City on left. Cathedral, Cross	79	.. Chichester ..	16	Lavant, 2 miles.
Village on left. Chidham, 2½ miles	82	.. Bosham ..	13	
Emsworth: a fishing village, at northern end of Chichester Harbour, opposite Thorney Island ...	86	.. Emsworth ..	9	Leigh, 1 mile.
Havant, small market town; Hayling Island, 5 miles; Bedhampton, 1 mile ...	88	.. Havant .. (Junction of South Western line.)	7	Forest of Bere, 3 miles.
	95	PORTSMOUTH.		

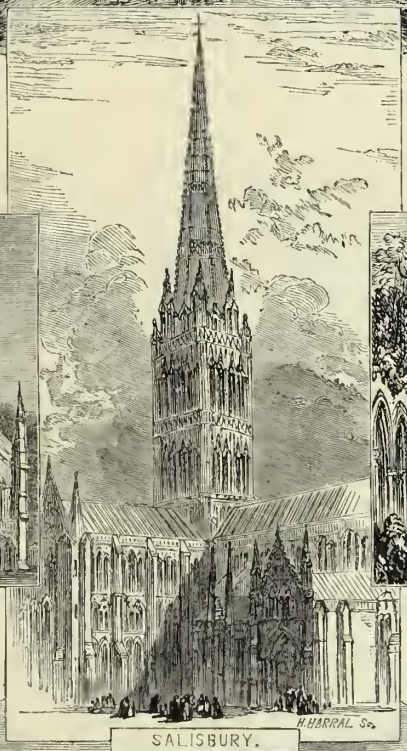
TO GOSPORT AND PORTSMOUTH, BY SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

	From Waterloo Bridge. Miles.	Stations.	From Gosport. Miles.	
	2	.. Vauxhall ..	88	
		(Windsor Branch on right.)		
Clapham, 1 mile	5	Clapham Common.	85	
Merton, 1 mile; a place of consequence in Saxon times. Merton Place was the residence of Nelson.	8	.. Wimbledon ..	82	Wimbledon Park and Common.
Malden, 1 mile	10½	.. Malden ..	79½	Combe House and Wood.
Kingston Common: Surbiton.	12	.. Kingston ..	78	Kingston on Thames; an old market-town: Stone on which Anglo-Saxon Kings were crowned.
		(Branch to Hampton Court, 3 miles.)		
Esher, 1 mile. Esher place a seat of Wolsey's: a garden tower alone remaining. Claremont, 1½ mile	15	.... Esher	75	
Walton Heath	17	.... Walton	73	Walton on Thames, 1 mile; an old town: Church contains several curious monuments, also a Brank or Scold's Bridle.
St. George's Hill; a Roman encampment, now covered with plantations	19	.. Weybridge ..	71	Weybridge, 1 mile; handsome new church: Oatlands Park: neighbourhood very picturesque.
		(Branch to Chertsey, 3 miles.)		
Station on Woking Heath: Woking, 1½ mile; a quiet old-fashioned village	25	.. Woking ..	65	Basingstoke Canal runs nearly parallel to Railway.
		(Branch to Guildford and Godalming; unites with Dorking Branch of South Eastern line.)		
Farnborough Place	33	.. Farnborough ..	57	Frimley, 2 miles. Sandhurst College, 3½ miles.

	From Waterloo Bridge.	Stations.	From Gosport.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
	37	.. Fleetpond ..	53	
Odiham, 3 miles; a market-town of 2817 inhabitants	40	.. Winchfield ..	50	Hartley, 1 mile. Strathfieldsaye, 7 miles, Seat of Duke of Wellington.
Basingstoke: a busy market-town of some 5000 inhabitants. Ruins of Holy Ghost Chapel, erected in reign of Henry VIII. close against Railway station	48	.. Basingstoke .. (Branch to Great Western Railway at Reading.)	42	Old Basing, 1 mile. Ruins of Basing House, famous for its gallant defence when besieged by Cromwell in 1645.
Stratton Park, 2½ miles: Sir T. Baring's; contains a fine collection of pictures	58	.. Andover Road ..	32	Andover, 10 miles.
City on left: Cathedral, College. St. Cross, 1 mile	67	.. Winchester ..	23	Roman Road and Entrenchment.
Village on left	74	.. Bishopstoke .. (Branch on right to Salisbury, 12 miles.)	16	
	80	..Southampton..	10	
Botley, ½ mile	79	.... Botley	11	Bishop's Waltham, 2½ miles; ruins of castle.
Fareham, a place of considerable trade ..	85	.. Fareham .. (Branch along North side of Portsmouth Harbour to Brighton line.)	5	Tichfield, 2 miles.
	90	.. GOSPORT ..		
	94	.. PORTSMOUTH ..		

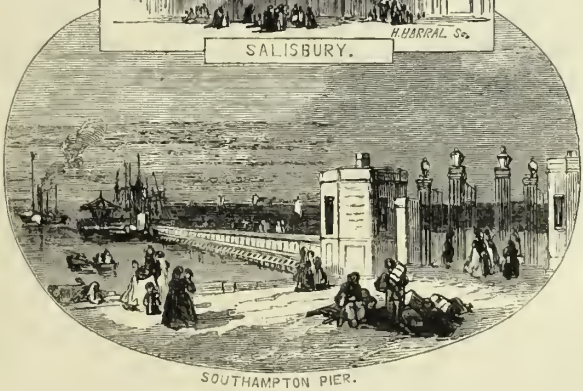


WINCHESTER
WEST FRONT.



SALISBURY.

BAR-GATE AND
NETLEY ABBEY



SOUTHAMPTON PIER.

KNIGHTS
EXCURSION
COMPANION.

WINCHESTER,
SOUTHAMPTON,
AND
SALISBURY.

WINCHESTER, SOUTHAMPTON, & SALISBURY.

WINCHESTER.

Of all our old cities, Winchester is perhaps the most often mentioned in our ancient chronicles. In British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman times, it was the dwelling-place of princes, and the seat of government; and it was the place of sepulture of the Saxon, Danish, and Norman kings of England. Its origin is lost in the mist of antiquity, unless indeed the account given in the fabulous British History of Geoffrey of Monmouth be accepted, which makes it to have been built by Hudibras, "in whose time reigned Capys, the son of Epitus; and Haggai, Amos, Joel, and Azariah were prophets in Israel!" Without, however, going quite so far back, it appears pretty certain that a British town was situated here, and that it was wrested from them by the Belgæ when they made themselves masters of the South of Britain. The British name of the town was Caer Gwent; and this name, as modified and corrupted by its successive possessors, it has retained to the present day. It is curious, and not without use, to trace the changes which the name of a city may undergo without quite losing its original form. The Belgæ were a Teutonic race, and Gwent would be somewhat altered to suit their organs of speech. What they called it is not precisely known: but the alteration could not have been very great, as by the Romans the city was named Uenta Belgarum, the Uenta (pronounced Wenta) of the Belgæ. The Saxons called the city at first Wintanceaster, the city of Winta; and afterwards Winceaster; whence the present name is of course immediately derived.

It is with the Romans that the historical importance of Winchester really commences. It was their chief station in these parts, and several main roads from the coast and the interior met here. The city appears to have been rebuilt by them, the streets being laid out, according to their custom, at right angles, the two main streets intersecting in the centre of the town, and four gates, named respectively the east, west, north, and south gates, giving entrance and egress to the citizens. The present walls are believed to be formed partly on the foundations, and out of the materials of those constructed by the masters of the world. As long as they retained possession of the island, Uenta, or, as it is commonly written, Venta Belgarum was a flourishing place. When Cerdic the Saxon conquered this part of Britain, in 519, he made Winta the capital of his kingdom of the West Saxons; and it continued to be the seat of government of the West Saxon princes until the reign of Egbert, when it became in reality the capital of England, and so continued to be till the reign of Stephen.

Of the events of which during this period Winchester was the scene or the centre, it would manifestly be impossible to give even an outline. It was about 648 that Coinwalch, the second Christian king of the West Saxons, erected Wintanceaster into

a bishopric, and built the first cathedral. In 860 the city was plundered and wholly destroyed by the Danes—a fate which more than once subsequently befell it. The credit of rebuilding the city has been assigned to Alfred, who was a great benefactor to it, and who, it will be remembered, like most of his immediate predecessors and successors, died and was buried here. Winchester continued to be the capital of the Saxon kings till 1013, when Sweyne the Dane obtained possession of the country, and made Winchester his seat of government.

After the Norman Conquest, Winchester continued to be the capital and the residence of the sovereign. William built a strong castle on the west, and another on the east, and rebuilt the walls, and otherwise strengthened the defences of the place. The Norman king dwelt here in much pomp; and Winchester, especially at Eastertide, wore a right royal aspect. That he might have a hunting-ground in the vicinity, the tract still known as the New Forest was afforested, and many a gallant hunting party we may be sure set out from the old city with a regal hunter at its head. One such party led to the tragical death of his successor. The corpse of William Rufus, after his fatal hunt, was borne through the streets of Winchester, on a charcoal-burner's cart, to the Cathedral, where it was interred.

But it was in the reign of Henry I. that the city attained its highest splendour. In 1102, the city suffered from a great fire, which destroyed the palace and several other buildings, and—what was of still more importance—most of the city records. Yet, notwithstanding the devastation caused by this conflagration, we find the city shortly afterwards contained three royal minsters, a great number of religious houses, and upwards of sixty churches. It also boasted its sumptuous palace, its strong castle on the hill, and the fortress of Wolvesey, the palace of the bishop. If we are to put credence in its records, it covered at that period much more ground than it does at present—extending at least a mile in four given directions further than it now does. Thus on the south it extended to the Hospital of St. Cross, whilst to the east it stretched to the foot of St. Magdalene's Hill; on the north it extended to Worthy, and on the west to Week. At that time Westminster Abbey (now the resting-place of so many kings) was a new building, many parts of it not even built; whilst Winchester contained the ashes of most of the Saxon kings, and was the richest of all the religious establishments in the kingdom. One of the greatest fairs in the kingdom annually drew crowds of the young to its gates, and its manufactures made its name known to foreign countries. This flourishing state of things did not long continue, however. In the contests between Stephen and Matilda, Winchester suffered very materially. The opposing armies of the two factions—the one led by Matilda herself, and the other by Stephen's queen—made the city their battle-ground for many weeks; Matilda's forces holding possession of the north side of the High-street and the Castle, Stephen's party occupying the Bishop's fortified palace, the Cathedral, and the south side of the High-street. Matilda's party was at length driven into the Castle—from which we are told she ultimately managed to escape in a coffin, it having been previously given out that she was dead. In this sanguinary contest nearly all the southern part of the city was destroyed, the royal palaces, twenty churches, the abbey of St. Mary, and the monastery of St. Grimbauld. Henry II rebuilt the palace; in which he resided much of his time. In his reign a charter was first granted to the city, and it was ordered to be governed by a mayor and corporation; forming the first municipality, it is said, in England. That the treasury must have been very rich at Winchester, at the death of the king, is evident from the fact that his son, Cœur de Lion, found no less than £900,000 worth of gold and silver in the treasury, besides costly pearls and precious stones. Henry III. was born in this

city, and hence his surname, "Henry of Winchester." In the contests between the king and the barons, during this reign, the city frequently suffered considerably, yet on the whole it regained much of its former prosperity. The canal connecting it with Southampton was opened, and conduced much to its foreign trade. It imported, we are informed, large quantities of claret wine, exporting wool in exchange. But from this time the monarchs began to show a decided preference for London; and the splendour of Winchester was due rather to its ecclesiastical and scholastic establishments than to the favour and presence of the sovereign: and to its famous bishop, Wykeham, it owes much more of its present eminence than to any sovereign who ever resided in it. The first serious check given to the trade of Winchester occurred in the reign of Edward III., when the wool trade, of which this city formed one of the six markets established throughout the kingdom, was transferred to Calais; a measure which resulted in the emigration of all the persons connected with the staple, and the choking up of the canal. Whilst the commercial importance of the city, however, was thus receiving its death-blow, its ecclesiastical establishments were being magnificently renewed and endowed by Wykeham, one of the most celebrated of her sons. This able and munificent Churchman almost entirely rebuilt the Cathedral, and left the signature of his genius and care on most of the religious edifices of the city. The trading interests of the city continued to decline with every succeeding reign: though after the court had long taken up its permanent residence at London, Parliaments still continued to be held here until the reign of Henry VI., and the king occasionally visited the city to a much later date. In 1449, the inhabitants stated in a petition to Henry VI., that there were no less than 997 houses destitute of occupants, and seventeen parish churches shut up. The reign of Henry VIII., and his seizure of the remains of the religious houses, completed the ruin of the city. All the four orders of friars,—the Carmelites, in Kingsgate-street; the Augustines, near Southgate; the Dominicans, at Eastgate; and the Franciscans, in Middle Brook —all of which had been established here since the thirteenth century—were at once dissolved, and the revenues of their different houses seized; together with those of the Postern, or hospitable houses, in Southgate. The priory of St. Swithin and the royal abbeys of Hyde and St. Mary's were suppressed. The hospitals of St. Cross, St. Mary Magdalene, St. Elizabeth, and St. John the Baptist, were also greatly despoiled. The crowds of persons who were wont to receive the bounty of these splendid establishments, were at once reduced to poverty, and the city speedily became a wreck of what it once was. Henry VIII. spent a week here in 1522, with Charles V., emperor of Germany, viewing its antiquities; and who knows but the sight of so much wealth in the different establishments of the city had some influence in inducing him to determine upon seizing the revenues of the Church? A few years later the two children of these monarchs, Philip and Mary, each the monarch of a great country, were married with much pomp in the Cathedral.

During the civil wars Winchester took its part in the general strife, and, like every other cathedral city, suffered miserably. Winchester, shorn of its commercial, royal, ecclesiastical, and military advantages, at the close of the strife was sunken to its lowest pitch of degradation. At the Restoration a momentary flash of prosperity succeeded to this gloom. In 1682, Charles II. resolved to make this city once more the seat of the court during the recess. He accordingly commanded Wren to build a palace somewhat after the manner of Versailles, the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1683; and in two years the extensive but ugly brick buildings we now see arose upon the site of the ancient castle. The death of Charles put a stop, however, to the works, and to all hopes of Winchester ever recovering its former importance.

We may defer an examination of the city till we have hastily surveyed the CATHEDRAL. The appearance of the Cathedral, as seen from the railway station, is simple, massive, speaking of an early, if not of a rude age. Its low heavy tower, its immense length from east to west, and the gray ancient colour of its walls, tell of a time and a civilisation strangely different from our own. Those old builders seemed to provide for the wants of all time, instead of, as in our moving age, providing only for the wants of the moment. The first structure, as we mentioned, was commenced by Coinwalch, in 648; but that which may fairly lay claim to the title of predecessor of the present edifice was erected by Ethelwold, in the latter part of the tenth century: a portion of it yet remains. This Cathedral, which was finished in the year 980, was dedicated with great pomp to St. Swithin; the body of that celebrated saint, which had before lain in the churchyard, being sumptuously enshrined before the high altar. The extent of St. Ethelwold's Cathedral appears to have been, with the exception of some additions at the east end, the same as at present. Of the yet visible remains of St. Ethelwold's Cathedral there are the crypts beneath the choir, which have been with some show of reason presumed to be his. The tower and the transepts were erected by Bishop Walkelyn, the chaplain and relative of William the Conqueror. The tower is a noble specimen of the Anglo-Norman style, and seems as perfect now as the day it was built. The windows are long, narrow, and round-headed, giving much light into the building. The transepts are good examples of the massive simplicity of the early Norman style. The two aisles of the choir were rebuilt by Bishop Godfrey de Lucy, in 1200, in the early English style, just then introduced. Their clustered thin pillars of Purbeck marble, and their long narrow windows without mullions, are very characteristic of the infancy of the Gothic, which will be observed more extensively in the neighbouring cathedral of Salisbury; the east end of which is said to have been built after the model of De Lucy's Chapels. But the great renovator of this ancient structure was William of Wykeham, who held the see of Winchester from 1366 to 1404. This prelate during the plenitude of his power seems to have breathed a new soul into the city of his diocese; the stranger who lingers amid its antiquities meets his name at every turn—it seems written on each ancient stone, and his spirit yet breathes in many of its great institutions.

The nave of the Cathedral,—one of the grandest and most imposing in the kingdom, measuring 250 feet in length and 85 feet in breadth,—is as far as the eye can see entirely his work. This is the old Norman nave converted into a Gothic one by the genius of Wykeham. The arches which divide the grand central from the side aisles, were planned in a double tier, as they are now seen in the remaining Norman portion of the nave: those Wykeham converted into the present pointed arches, by turning the two into one, and giving them Gothic heads. The massive round pillars were at the same time encased by him in clustered columns; which are however somewhat deficient in lightness, while they miss the majesty of the huge shafts of the olden time. That this method of proceeding was really adopted there can be no doubt, for portions of the old columns, and two of the arches, rising one above the other, are still to be seen near the entrance of the choir. These were originally hidden by the screen, upon the removal of which further back the defect was not remedied. In this noble-looking nave rise the chantries of several of the bishops who contributed to the beautifying and building of the Cathedral; conspicuous among them for the delicacy of its tracery is that of Wykeham himself: it is placed between the fifth and sixth arches. The delicacy of this beautiful tomb is scarcely equalled in the kingdom: it was erected when Gothic architecture had realised its richest point of embellishment. The effigy of Wykeham, robed as a bishop, with mitre and crosier, lies upon the tomb, whilst three

figures at his feet kneel in the attitude of prayer, and represent the three monks chosen weekly of old to pray for his soul. And here the charity-boys of the chapel in the ancient time used to sing every night an anthem in honour of the Virgin. The tomb has lately been most beautifully restored by the authorities of New College, Oxford. Near to the choir is another splendid chantry, somewhat similar to that of Wykeham, in which repose the remains of Bishop Edington. Several of the other episcopal monuments are of admirable design and execution. In the east aisle of the south transept, is a tomb which every visitor will look upon with interest—that of Isaac Walton, who was buried here in 1683.

The choir is entered through a rather paltry screen, designed in the bad taste of the early part of this century. When the stranger enters the choir, he is at once struck with the beauty of the stalls, carved in dark Norway oak, in all the quaint and elaborate style of the fourteenth century. The choir is divided from the side aisles by two richly wrought screens, which are supposed to have been erected by Bishop Fox in 1525, on the top of which, at regular intervals, the eye is attracted by a number of chests of carved wood, richly painted and gilt, and surmounted with crowns. These, we are informed, contain the remains of Saxon kings, prelates, and other distinguished persons of the Cathedral. The inscriptions on the chests declare, that in them rest the remains of the kings Edred, Edmund, Kenulph, Egbert, Cynegil, Adulphus, Canute, and Rufus; and of Emma the Saxon queen, who, according to the well-known legend, sustained unharmed the ordeal of walking barefoot over red-hot ploughshares: the scene of this fiery trial is laid at Winchester. From the inscriptions on these mortuary chests, it would appear that Winchester Cathedral is rich in the remains of our Saxon kings. A considerable doubt arose, a few years since, however, whether all this royal dust was quite authentic; the contents of the chests, upon being opened, exhibiting anything but the due proportion of royal bones. In short, they were found to be the depositories of a collection of bones, out of which it would have been ludicrous to attempt the construction of the due amount of skeletons. This disorder might have arisen, however, from the outrages committed during the great civil war, since we are informed that the troops of Cromwell broke open these tombs, and threw the bones at the stained-glass windows. They appear, from the inscriptions, to have been collected afterwards, and cast promiscuously into the chests.

The great architectural feature of the choir is the magnificent altar-screen; the most beautiful specimen of tabernacle-work, undoubtedly, to be found in a similar structure in England. It rises to a great height, and contains within the most intricate lace-work a vast number of richly canopied niches, which, before the Reformation, were filled with the statues of saints, the larger portion of them wrought in silver. The effect of this altar-screen, when thus viewed from the entrance of the choir, must have been superb indeed; and even now that the naked frame-work alone remains, it is most impressive. The east window, over the altar-screen, is the only perfect specimen of the ancient stained-glass of the cathedral. It was taken out and hidden from the iconoclasts during the civil wars.

In the area leading to the high altar is the tomb of William Rufus; from which, however, the remains were removed to the mortuary chest. Richard, the second son of the Conqueror, also lies near here. In the north and south aisles, which are on each side of the choir, there are two sanctuary-chapels, which the visitor should not overlook. In the southern aisle we have that of Bishop Fox, the Founder of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In the northern aisle is the chantry of Bishop Gardiner. Proceeding further eastward we come to the presbytery—the portion of the Cathedral built by Godfrey de Lucy, in 1200, and one of the most beautiful parts of the fabric.

In this space are two exquisite chapels, those of Cardinal Beaufort and Bishop Waynflete. The chantry of the former has been much mutilated; but the effigy of the Cardinal, the completer of the restorations of Wykeham, and the refounder of the Hospital of St. Cross, still rests on the tomb, in the red dress and hat representing his spiritual dignity. Bishop Waynflete's chantry exhibits the most beautiful chapel in the Cathedral; it has lately been restored with great care. In the presbytery we find a grave-stone nearly twelve feet in length, which was once supposed to have covered the remains of Saint Swithin; but it has since, with more appearance of truth, been considered to belong to Prior Silkstede. Near this tomb is the "Holy Hole,"—the entrance to a stone staircase, which once led down into the western crypt. It is so called because it contained the bones of sacred persons. Walking still further eastward, we at length come to the extreme end of the Cathedral, or the Lady Chapel, prolonged beyond the chapels on each side of it for a distance of twenty-five feet. This chapel was dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and here Queen Mary was married to Philip of Spain. The walls are adorned with fresco paintings, representing the miracles wrought by the Virgin, and which have, by great good fortune, escaped the activity of the whitewasher. This was the last addition to the Cathedral, and was made by Priors Hunton and Silkstede. The manner in which the Cathedral has been lengthened by successive additions is a very striking feature in the fabric, especially when viewed from the outside,—the entire length eastward, from the high altar, being no less than 160 feet. The dimensions of the Cathedral will assist in forming a notion of its general form and extent. The entire length is 545 feet: from the west entrance to the choir is 356 feet: the length of the choir is 135 feet; and the Lady Chapel is 54 feet. The nave is 250 feet long, 86 feet wide, including the aisles, and 78 feet high. The choir is 40 feet wide. The transepts are 186 feet long. The square of the tower is 48 feet by 50 feet; its height is 138½ feet.

Viewed from the outside, the Cathedral is wanting in that grand pyramidal form of composition which marks the Gothic. But to the architectural student it is extremely interesting. Every style, from early Norman to the latest Gothic, is plainly written upon its walls. At the extreme east the Lady Chapel tells of the over-elaborate embellishment which preceded the fall of Gothic architecture. In the presbytery we have, contrasted with it side by side, the exquisite proportions which marked the style when in its full vigour and beauty at the commencement of the thirteenth century. Still further on we find in the windows of the north transept old Norman arches mingled with those in the pointed style, and in the centre of the building the Norman tower, massive without being rude, carefully finished, and yet bold in its outline; beyond this again we have the immense nave with the western entrance erected at a time when the Tudor style was just beginning to lavish its ornaments on the sterner and purer forms that obtained of old.

At an early period the monastery entirely covered up the southern side of the Cathedral, and consequently buttresses and pinnacles were not here needed. Upon the destruction of the adjoining buildings, however, the required additions were not made, and the north side consequently has a very unfinished appearance. The Chapter House, in which King John resigned the sovereignty of the kingdom into the hands of the people, and was absolved from the fearful sentence pronounced against him, was demolished by Bishop Horne, the first Protestant prelate of the see; who also destroyed the cloisters and other portions of the monastery in 1563. The buildings in the close still retain, in their broken and picturesque outlines, many remnants of the old monastery.

The City of Winchester.—The city of Winchester consists principally of a great

thoroughfare, the High-street, which is terminated at one extremity by the west gate. A walk up this street gives the stranger a pretty good notion of the city itself, and of its more modern buildings. One of the features which instantly strikes his attention is the Cross; which is supposed to have been erected in the reign of Henry VI., a short time after he had instituted the fraternity of the Holy Cross. It is placed in an out-of-the-way corner of the street. It is forty-four feet high, and is composed of three tiers of Gothic arches, with confined niches, orginally adorned with statues; only one of which at present remains, representing, as is supposed, the martyr St. Lawrence. Many years ago the Commissioners of Pavements sold this structure, and were about to take it down; but the citizens, properly indignant at the Vandalism, drove the workmen away. Proceeding up the High-street we come to a turning on the right, which leads us in front of the county jail—a respectable building, which is however, we believe, about to be taken down. The ground on which the building is erected is hallowed by being the burial-place of the great Alfred. Here used to stand Hyde Abbey, the religious house built by the monks of Alfred's Newan Mynstre, who removed here in the early part of the thirteenth century, bringing with them the remains of their immortal founder. After surviving many calamities, the fraternity was dissolved at the Reformation, and the abbey speedily became a heap of ruins. A barn, an arch or two, and a doorway, long since walled up with other buildings, are the only vestiges of this once splendid abbey; but it remains a reproach to the citizens that the only monument reared over the remains of England's greatest king is a felons' prison! Let us hope that when once more the ground is cleared, means will be taken to mark, by some public testimonial, the resting-place of Alfred.

The west gate, which terminates the street, is a very interesting structure, and is the only remaining portion of the fortress erected by William the Conqueror. The tower which surmounts the gateway, is built in the Norman style; but here, as in every other place, the hand of Wykeham is believed to be recognised—the old round-headed windows having been replaced by pointed Gothic ones, very similar to those in the nave of the Cathedral. The tower is now used as the Corporation muniment-room. Close at hand is the County Hall—once the chapel of the castle, erected in the reign of King Stephen. The interior is divided into three aisles, by double rows of clustered columns. Its proportions—which were originally good, it being 110 feet in length by 55 feet in breadth—are now destroyed by the partitions which have been made at each end, in order to form the Assize Court for the county. The most interesting feature in the hall is the table suspended over the judge's-seat in the Nisi Prius Court. This table was for a long time believed to be the veritable Round Table of King Arthur; and some historians have gone so far as to say that Winchester was the head-quarters of that redoubtable king and his band of knights. The table itself is a curious one, and is adorned with a full-length portrait of that monarch, and the names of his twenty-four knights are inscribed around it. Another curious relic of the past is the celebrated Winchester measure, which is still preserved in the old hall.

The vast brick building called the King's House, and which was to have formed the centre portion of the palace which Wren commenced for Charles II., is contiguous to the County Hall. It is built upon the site of the old castle, demolished by Cromwell; and its elevation commands a grand view of the city, which slopes gradually towards the river Itchin at the other end of the town. Wren's intention was to have built a grand façade, somewhat similar to that of the Palace at Versailles. The king laid the foundation-stone in 1683, and in two years the building had advanced as far as we now see it, when the king died. Wren, with his usual magnificent ideas,

intended to have added two vast wings to the building, to have laid out the Down behind as a park, where the king might have enjoyed the pleasures of the chase; and to have run a magnificent street, seventy feet wide, direct from the Palace to the Cathedral. If Charles had lived, Winchester might once more have held up its head. The influence his two years' residence had upon the city is still apparent. The courtiers flocked here and built houses for themselves in great numbers. Peter-street, which runs in the direction of the Palace, is full of the rich old brick houses of the period; the most prominent of which is the one built by the Duchess of Portsmouth, the king's mistress. In the High-street the architecture of the period is also apparent; and Bishop Morley built his palace under the direction of Wren. Upon the death of Charles all these were deserted, and the King's House was left unfinished. It stood one more chance of being completed, however, in the reign of Queen Anne, when the prince consort, liking its situation, determined to finish it; but death again interposed. In the middle of the last century it was used as a French prison; and upon the breaking out of the revolution, it was turned into an asylum for the refugee Roman Catholic priests. At the present time it is employed as a barrack; and gives accommodation with ease to two regiments of infantry.

The Cemetery is situated at the south-western corner of the King's House, and is very prettily laid out; directly behind rises the New Model Prison, a red-brick building, more imposing by its size than its beauty.

Towards the lower part of the town runs the Itchin river, and several little streams issue from it and traverse the streets. The delightful clearness of this water, running as it does over a chalk and pebbly bottom, gives a freshness and healthy appearance to the district which we fear it does not possess, the cholera having been rather destructive in the low-lying neighbourhood during its last visitation. There are several charitable institutions in this part of the city, which are well worthy of a visit. The Hospital of St. John, for instance, originally founded in 1304, the main apartment of which is fitted up as an Assembly-room. It furnishes accommodation for several poor persons, both male and female. Christ's Hospital, founded in 1607, for the support of six old unmarried men and four children, is also worthy of notice. These poor men, like those of St. Cross, wear a peculiar dress—a light-blue cloth cloak, cut in the fashion of the time when the Hospital was founded. The churches, once so numerous, have dwindled down to ten, exclusive of the Cathedral, the College, and St. John's Chapel: none of these are remarkable for their architecture nor for their size; but, together with the Dissenting places of worship, they are amply sufficient for the spiritual wants of the city, which, at the last Census, did not number more than 10,732 inhabitants.

The Hospital of St. Cross.—About a mile out of Winchester, situated amidst the beautiful water-meadows, lies the ancient Hospital of St. Cross, or St. Croix, which after the Cathedral forms the most interesting sight of Winchester and its neighbourhood. This Hospital was founded in the early part of the thirteenth century—the period at which the majority of religious houses and charitable institutions sprung up—by Henry de Blois, bishop of Winchester, and brother of King Stephen. It was originally founded for the support of "thirteen poor men past their strength," and it was provided that they should have lodging, clothing, and a daily allowance of wheaten bread, meat, and ale; and it was also provided that a hundred others, the poorest that could be found in the city, of good character, should be dined in a common hall, called "The Hundred Menues' Hall," with the right to carry away so much of their allowance as they could not consume. According to the foundation there was to be a master, a steward, four chaplains, thirteen clerks, and seven choristers for

the church. The masters, one after another, however, had so succeeded in absorbing the income of the charity by the time that Wykeham was appointed bishop, that he was obliged to have recourse to the law to recover the alienated property. This property was then of the annual value of £400,—no inconsiderable sum in those days. A vast addition to this income was made by Cardinal Beaufort, bishop of Winchester, —who endowed it, in 1444, with land to the value of £500 yearly; at the same time appointing, that in addition to the existing number of persons in the establishment, there should be maintained two priests, thirty-five brethren and three sisters to act as nurses to the sick of the community. To accommodate this large number of persons he almost rebuilt the Hospital, giving to the enlarged building the beautiful title of *Domus Eleemosynaria Nobilis Paupertatis*—or the Alms-House of Noble Poverty.

The Hospital was deprived of a considerable portion of its revenues by Henry VIII.; nevertheless, enough was left for the maintainance of thirteen brethren, a master, steward, and chaplain—the present establishment; and the funds have within the last hundred years so increased in value, that the post of master has been a sinecure of considerable emolument. Ale and bread are still supplied to such applicants as apply before the daily provision—a sadly diminished one—is exhausted. But the ale is very *small*, and the bread needs a hungry appetite: the whole affair is, in short, a most discreditable farce. Let us look at the buildings.

The principal court, which is entered from the gateway of the Porter's lodge, is occupied by a neatly kept lawn surrounded by flower-beds. The north side is bounded by the master's house and the Refectory; on the eastern side runs the ambulatory for the use of the brethren in wet weather; over this are the rooms once occupied by the three nuns, and the Infirmary. On the western side are the abodes of the brethren, each of whom has a distinct set of three chambers to himself; and the south is partially formed by the old Anglo-Norman church of St. Cross. An opening which now occurs in the court allows us a peep at the adjoining water-meadows, and the venerable old trees which make a charming picture, framed-in as it were by the old gray walls on each side.

The Refectory is a very interesting old room, as it exhibits a genuine specimen of the dining-halls of such places in the olden time. The antique timber roof—the gallery from which the benediction was given of old before meals, and from which, on festive occasions, the stream of music used to issue—the very black-jacks out of which the old fellows used to drink, are seen upon the ponderous side-table. The brethren no longer dine here daily as they used to do, being allowed to take their daily rations of one pound of meat, one loaf of bread, and three quarts of beer, home to their own houses; but on certain occasions they still dine here, and after their meal make merry round a raised hearth in the centre of the room; an extra allowance of beer being given for the occasion.

The 'Nunnes' Chambers' is a range of apartments anciently used as the Infirmary of the establishment; at the south end of those apartments is a window which opens directly into the church—so that when it was opened, the sick lying in their beds might listen to the service when it was going forward.

The most interesting portion of the establishment, in an architectural sense, is the church, built in the reign of Stephen, which exhibits some admirable specimens of Anglo-Norman architecture. This structure, which is of no inconsiderable size, being 160 feet in length by 120 feet in width, is built in the form of a cross with a stately tower rising in the centre, which is open to a considerable height above the vaulting of the nave, and which serves as a lantern to the choir, in the same manner that the tower in Winchester Cathedral is supposed to have done. Those who wish to study

the Anglo-Norman style, could not do better than pay a visit to this very curious and interesting old church. The ponderous pillars, with their capitals and arches ornamented with the chevron, the wavy, the indented, and other ornaments in very perfect preservation, present us with an excellent specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of the early part of the twelfth century. Here and there Gothic encroachments have taken place, showing the manner in which those who have restored it from time to time adopted the style of architecture prevalent in their day. The choir is floored, as are also some parts of the church, with glazed tiles, some of them ornamented with very antique emblems, and here and there one is seen bearing the words, "Have mynde;" intended doubtless to call back the wandering minds of the brethren to holy thoughts. There are in the church some ancient tombs of the masters of the establishment.

The whole hospital presents, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of an ancient charitable institution to be found in the island. On some occasions the imaginative mind might almost fancy that the old time was returned. To look in, for instance, upon this little fraternity, on the anniversary of the birthday of the Founder, when collected round the ancient hearth of the Refectory, robed in their long sable mantles, on which the silver crosses glitter in the light, and drinking out of the huge black-jacks to the memory of their benefactor, a man might imagine himself living in the time of the early Henries. On such festivals, too, still more picturesque scenes and remnants of ancient hospitality are going on in the court-yard. Here, on six particular eves of the year, doles of bread are given away to the crowd of poor, who on these occasions gather in the outer court; and when all the loaves of bread are gone, a halfpenny is given to every person who demands it, no matter how great may be the number.

Although the successive masters have kept up, so far, the ancient customs of the hospital, they have not, most certainly, had the interests of the poor brethren so much at heart as their own. St. Cross, and the manner in which its funds have been administered, has been the standing example of corrupt management, in the mouths of declaimers, for many a past year. Happily, the Government have at length determined to put the whole management on a new footing, and a Commission of Inquiry has been appointed to consider the best method of employing the funds, which the master and other officers have hitherto appropriated so largely to their own use. The last master, it is said, received no less than £2000 a year, for his sinecure office—and many of the poor brethren have had as much as £70 at a time, as their shares of the renewals of fines and leases of the hospital lands, divided amongst them—so much have the revenues of the establishment increased of late years. Let us hope that with the financial reform of St. Cross, may be a really honest return to the spirit of the Founder—that the old customs may be kept up, and that the porter may no longer be allowed to make the Founder's bequest to all poor travellers merely a source of profit to himself.

We can return to Winchester by way of the water-meadows and the clear river Itchin, which gives fertility to the narrow valley that runs through the vast down-country which surrounds us on each side.

Winchester College.—Pursuing our road by the side of the water, we speedily reach the gateway of St. Mary's College,—one of the great scholastic establishments of the country, founded by Wykeham, in connexion with New College, Oxford,—which, as we mentioned in our notice of Oxford, he founded at the same time. As we are about to enter this College, we see above us the statue of St. Mary, with the infant Jesus,—a group we meet with more than once in the building: Wykeham dedicated

the building to the Blessed Virgin, his chosen patroness. The College of St. Mary consists of four courts, surrounded with the different offices belonging to the establishment. On entering the first court, which is bounded by the residence of the Warden, and several outbuildings, we see before us a second gateway surmounted by a lofty tower, adorned with statues of the Virgin, the angel Gabriel, and the Founder. On passing beneath this second gateway, we come at once upon the chapel, the hall, and the dormitories. The chapel has a lofty tower, which contains a fine peal of bells, but they are never rung, on account of the vibration affecting the masonry. The interior of the chapel is solemn and beautiful; and the grand east window, which has recently been restored, is a pictorial representation of the genealogy of our Saviour. There is much exquisite carving, by the hands of Grinling Gibbons, we believe, near the altar; of a character and design, however, which renders it quite out of place in a Christian church. Among the monuments are several touching inscriptions to the memory of scholars who died whilst on the Foundation. Passing into the cloisters, which adjoin the chapel, we tread again upon the graves of those who perished, as it were, upon the very threshold of life. The walls and pillars of the old arcades are carved with the initials and names of the boys who have for centuries made it echo with their footsteps; and many of whom, in after years, wrote their names on the still more enduring pages of history. On one pillar the name of Kenn (afterwards Bishop) is pointed out by the porter with no little pride. Pious sentences, too, are carved here and there with a care which seems to indicate that the youthful chiseller's heart was in the task. In the centre of the cloister is a small chapel, formerly used as a mortuary chapel, which has for a long time been occupied as a library, and contains a valuable collection of books, and some curious illustrated manuscripts. The Refectory Hall, which adjoins the chapel, wears a very conventual appearance;—its lofty roof, richly covered and supported with oaken timber-work, and its noble dimensions, are very striking.

The Buttery Hatch is separated from it by a screen, and all the furniture and arrangements are the same as have existed there for centuries. During dinner the boys of the Foundation are waited upon by the poor scholars, who receive an inferior education, and are afterwards apprenticed at the expense of the School. At the termination of the meal all the scraps are collected together, and given to a certain number of poor women, together with a handsome allowance of good ale. These women do some little weeding in the Master's garden for the food, and are therefore known as the 'Weeders.'

On the stairs which lead to the kitchen, we see the often-described and singular painting called 'The Trusty Servant,' a figure habited in the Windsor uniform, with the extremities of an ass, a deer, and a hog. The dormitories lie on the eastern side of the second court. As we pass along we can peep into them through the open windows: each boy has his bed, his desk, and a bookcase; and little inscriptions incentive to good conduct and diligence are scattered everywhere on the walls. The boys all sleep on iron bedsteads: until very lately, however, they were of wood, constructed in the rudest fashion, and furnished with a little ledge or canopy just over the head of the sleeper, to save his sconce from the *boots* and other missiles that used to fly about rather unceremoniously at night-time.

The School-room is situated in the fourth court, and is comparatively a modern building, having been erected in 1692, by the Wykehamites who had previously received their education in the College. It is a plain and rather ugly brick building, adorned with a statue in metal of Wykeham, modelled by the statuary Cibber. This room is 90 feet by 36 feet, and the roof is adorned with the arms of many

of the benefactors. On the east end is inscribed a table of the scholastic laws, some of which are singular enough.

The boys on the Foundation are seventy in number; and out of these two of them, of the Founder's kin, are, if qualified, elected to exhibitions of New College, Oxford, —and others of the age of eighteen or nineteen, who have distinguished themselves, are nominated candidates for other scholarships. The College is subservient to the Warden and Fellows of New College, both in government and discipline; and visitors from among them come to St. Mary's every year, listen to complaints, and elect the scholars. After these offices are completed, the vacation commences; the celebrated song of 'Dulce Domum' being sung in the evening, by the boys in the court and school-room of the College. A band accompanies the happy choristers; and the effect produced by the collection of glad voices singing this merry old song, is very beautiful.

This celebrated school at the present time educates three classes of scholars;—those on the Foundation; those gentlemen who are not on the Foundation, and called commoners, who are educated in a contiguous building, immediately under the care of the head master; and the poor scholars who receive a plain education, and, as we have before stated, attend upon the young gentlemen of the Foundation. There is no public school in the kingdom that has turned out better scholars than those of Winchester, and 'a Wykehamist' is a designation as well known as 'an Eton boy.' The discipline is certainly calculated to turn out able men; and the associations of the College and neighbourhood, to give that poetic tone to the mind which is its sweetest finish and ornament.

SOUTHAMPTON.

SOUTHAMPTON is one of those few places which, after a gradual decay, has had the good fortune to spring into renewed life and prosperity. This prosperity it owes to its excellent port, and to the comparative want of harbours on the south coast. Even as early as the time of King John, the town had arrived at some little importance through this advantage; for the revenues of this place and Portsmouth were farmed by that monarch for the sum of £200 yearly—no insignificant sum in those days. At that time it had at its back the cities of Winchester (then the second in wealth in the kingdom) and Salisbury. It was the noted place of export of wool for its own and the adjoining county; and it imported in return clarets and canaries for the abbots and other bountiful livers of that day. In the reign of Henry II. it became by royal charter an incorporated town, and long before that it had been walled, and defended by a ditch filled every tide by the sea; and even without the fortified part, it appears that as early as 1334 Above Bar-street existed. In the middle ages it was used by our kings as the most convenient place of embarkation for troops to France; and its banks witnessed the departure of the brave Englishmen who won the fields of Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt. At the time of the approach of the Spanish Armada, it supplied no less than 420 men fit to bear arms: and in the year 1658 the port had eight ships above 100 tons, seven above 80, and forty-seven under 80—a tolerable fleet for one port in that age. The Protestants driven from the Netherlands by the persecution of the Duke of Alva, about the same time, settled in Southampton, where they introduced several kinds of cloth not before known in England; and contributed very largely to the prosperity of the town. The first cause of decay was the

great plague, which desolated the place in 1665. The people fled from the town in despair, and so deserted did it become, that grass grew in its streets. Its commerce did not recover the blow for the next century and a half, and the decaying houses of the ancient merchants afforded a constant theme for the traveller to lament over.

The entrance to Southampton is by the way of Above Bar-street, a handsome thoroughfare, which of old lay without the walls. This street is full of excellent shops and hotels. It is separated from High-street, which is in a line with it, by the Bar or North Gate of the town. This frowning old portal was erected at a very early date, some portions of it perhaps as early as the Conquest. Its northern side is in form "a sort of semi-octagon flanked with two lower semicircular towers." The arch of entrance is highly pointed, and adorned with a profusion of mouldings, which now end abruptly, a part of the flanks of the arch having been cut away to enlarge the carriage-way, which was inconveniently narrow. In ancient times the corporation received a toll for goods and merchandise passing over the bridge (which here crossed the moat) at Bar Gate; and this was not given up until the year 1679.

The two buttresses which flank the arch of entrance, are adorned with two rude painted figures, larger than life. One of these figures represents the famous Sir Bevis of Hamptoune, as Southampton was called of old; and the other a giant who attended him as his servant. Their history is the subject of a famous and very singular metrical romance. Passing through the Bar Gate, we find the south front decorated with a statue of George III., in the Roman Imperial costume!

We now enter High-street—a long, handsome street, which Leland, who visited it in Henry VIII.'s time, called "one of the fairest streets that is in any town in England." At the bottom of this we come out upon the Quay, and have before us, stretching north and south, Southampton Water, dotted with yachts, and brushed on its opposite side by the New Forest, whose wood fringes the very water's edge. Straight before us, running out a good way into the water, is the Royal Victoria Pier, with its steamers just ready to start for the Isle of Wight. This part of Southampton is very beautiful, and the bustle going on gives a great air of life to the place. If we turn by the Royal Yacht Club House, a handsome new building, we shall be able to trace the ancient wall, which for some distance runs parallel with the river, and is sufficiently low to allow us to see over it. At low tide the water scarcely covers the mass of sand and weeds which here looks a perfect morass. The wall as it turns to the north becomes much higher, and in some places puts on quite an architectural appearance, running, however, through the poorest portion of the town until it gains the Bar Gate. If we pursue the quay southward, we come at last to an ancient and strong tower with a gateway beneath it. This tower at one time guarded the sluices which filled at every tide the moat surrounding the town. It is said to have been built by Henry VIII.: it is now used as a prison for debtors. The old gray walls, half covered with ivy, have a very picturesque effect, and are well seen from the battery close to it; where, among other heavy guns, is a very long brass piece, which bears upon its breech the date 1542: it was a present to the town from Henry VIII. A short distance from us we see the walls of the New Docks, and the masts and funnels of the large steamers they contain. We shall visit them presently.

The ecclesiastical architecture of Southampton is not remarkable. St. Michael's is by far the oldest and most curious church. It contains portions of old Norman masonry in its west front and in other portions of the building; its chief feature, however, is the slender octagonal spire, which is very high, and serves as a land-mark to the shipping: in the church is a curious font of the twelfth century. Holyrood Church, situated in the High-street, has the most imposing appearance. Along the street-front runs a

colonnade, which goes by the singular name of the Proclamator, among the common people, no doubt from announcements of public importance, such as proclamations of peace or war, the accession to the throne of a new sovereign, &c., having at one time been made from this place. The visitor is struck as he passes along the street, by a marble slab placed against the wall of the church, which records the fearful fate of twenty-two persons who, in attempting to rescue property from a calamitous fire which took place here in 1837, lost their lives. All Saints', St. Mary's, St. Paul's, and Trinity Chapels, are comparatively modern structures. In addition to these churches of the Establishment, most of the Dissenters have places of worship.

The Town-hall is situated over the Bar Gate. This room is 52 feet long by 21 feet wide: the ascent to it is by a massive stone staircase. Four windows of very ancient date light the hall. The fish and general markets are both excellent—as indeed they ought to be, considering they have such a coast and county to supply them. The charities of the town are also numerous: the South Hants Infirmary is admirably managed, and has accommodation for forty-five patients.

The Quays and the beautiful Southampton Water are, however, the chief sources of attraction, and here the visitor speedily finds himself lounging. Those who love a fresh breeze can enjoy it to their hearts' content on the Victoria Pier, which runs out into the estuary a considerable distance. The Pier was erected in 1832, before which time passengers were embarked from the muddy bank which was oddly called a 'hard.' The formation of the railroad to London had such an effect upon the passenger-traffic to the Isle of Wight, that this new accommodation was imperatively called for and provided. From the Pier steamers leave for Cowes, Ryde, and Portsmouth several times in the day. From the sheltered Round-house, which stands at the head of the Pier, the invalid whilst enjoying the sea-breeze, can command a view of the whole estuary, as far as Calshot Castle, a small fortress erected by Henry VIII., to protect its entrance. The old Custom House is situated upon the Quay, close to the Pier. It now stands the representative of the past: the enlarged commercial life of the town being transferred to the Docks, a new Custom House has been erected in its neighbourhood. Before these Docks were built, ships used to unload alongside of the Quay at this spot; but those of larger tonnage have now deserted it for the better berthing and security of the basin, and only vessels of small size unload at the open Quay.

Pursuing our way alongside of the water we come to what is called the Platform—a place where the battery of guns is situated. These guns stand on the open shore, without the protection of a breastwork. They are used for firing salutes and notifying the arrival of the large steamers. The shore, or beach, a little further on, is planted with trees, which afford a delightful shade: this is the favourite promenade of the townsfolk. It must have been near here that Canute reproved his flatterers.

The Docks.—Close at hand are the Docks, the source of the sudden revival of the port's prosperity. These works were commenced in 1836, on what was termed the Mudland—a large space between the town and the river Itchin. The first of these Docks—the Tidal Dock—was finished and opened in the year 1842; and the second, the close basin for the unloading of ships, was excavated at the same time, but has not yet been furnished with quay-walls or faced with stone.

The Tidal Dock is certainly a very fine work, paved with granite, and surrounded on three sides with commanding ranges of warehouses. The entrance to the Dock is from the Itchin river, which runs alongside of it, and empties itself just here into the Southampton Water. The area of this basin is 16 acres, and it has 3100 feet of quay-room, with a depth of 18 feet at low water at spring-tides, or of 21 at low water at neap tides. The entrance to the Dock is 150 feet wide, and steamers of 2000 tons

burden can enter it at low water; but it is generally thought more prudent to wait for high tide. In addition to this splendid water area, there are two Graving Docks, capable of admitting the largest class ships and steamers, and many vessels are now repaired there which were formerly obliged to go round to Portsmouth. When these two Docks were commenced, it was not known that Government would make it the starting-place for one of its line of mail steamers; and the joy of the town was great when it was decided to make it the port for the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, and for the vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.

The advent of these splendid vessels was the commencement of a new era for Southampton; and the impetus they gave to the port may be judged by the fact, that in the year 1846, the value of its exports was £2,196,275,—a sum only a little inferior to those of Glasgow, in the same year. It might be said that the valuable nature of the cargoes taken out by the Atlantic and Mediterranean steamers would account for much of this high amount; but the returns of the ships frequenting the port give proof that a great progressive increase has taken place in its general shipping. The Southampton Dock Company, in their Report, Feb., 1851, say that the increase has been so great, "it is now frequently found scarcely possible to accommodate all the vessels requiring quay berths." And that the inconvenience will be so much increased by the additional ships of larger tonnage now building for the Oriental and Peninsular and Royal Mail Companies, that the Dock Company have resolved at once to extend the accommodation, by enlarging the inner dock and deepening the excavations. There are few finer commercial sights in the kingdom than the Southampton Floating Dock, when it is full, as it often is, of gigantic steamers, many of which are upwards of 220 feet in length, and when unladen standing higher out of water than many a three-decker. Interspersed with these leviathans of the deep, are the Havre steamers, of beautiful mould and most graceful rig, and trading vessels of all kinds, from the coal-smack to the West Indiaman. The United States' frigate, St. Lawrence, which brings the American contributions to the Great Exhibition, is to lie in this Dock, and will no doubt prove a very attractive feature.

The Railway is in immediate connexion with the Docks, running its iron rails round to the doors of the warehouses and the Dock walls, so that cargoes may be lifted from the holds into the trucks, and transferred to London without delay. The new Custom House is a handsome and commodious building, situated just outside the walls of the Docks. The terminus of the South-Western Railway is close to the Docks; indeed, these two points seem to form the *nuclei* of the new life of the city. All around, what a few years ago was a bare common, is alive under the hands of the builders; streets and squares have sprung up like magic; and the "New Town," as it is very properly called, is rapidly becoming a very important portion of the place.

Netley Abbey.—Among the many charming rides in the neighbourhood of Southampton, the one most frequented by the stranger is that to Netley Abbey. The world-wide fame of this ancient ruin has made it a place of great resort; and few people leave the neighbourhood without wandering among its crumbling walls. The walk thither is charming. Passing the Custom House we come upon the Itchin river—at least a quarter of a mile broad at its mouth—which is crossed by the new floating-bridge; a huge iron structure propelled by means of a steam-engine in its centre, which works on a chain attached to each bank of the river. As we pass over, the picturesque old Dutch-looking village of Itchin is seen a little way up the river on the opposite shore. On landing, we soon arrive at the shore of Southampton Water, which we skirt for two miles or so, leaving on our left a pleasant common. The ruins lie embosomed in wood on a gentle hill-side, and are completely hidden until the visitor is close upon them.

This Abbey is supposed to have been founded in the twelfth-century, and belonged to the Cistercian order of monks. The community consisted of an abbot and twelve brethren. When in the height of its prosperity, this Abbey must have presented a rather imposing appearance; the chapel is somewhat small, but the ruins of the conventual buildings are extensive. This chapel is far gone to decay; and what time has not been able to destroy, man has. On the dissolution, the buildings passed into lay hands; and at the commencement of the eighteenth century, a portion of the ruins were sold for building purposes. Huge heaps of rubbish, covered with grass and wild flowers, are piled in the centre of the chapel testifying to the wreck that has taken place. This chapel was cruciform, but the north transept has been destroyed. Many of the windows of the nave remain, and are of excellent proportions, with admirably finished tracery.

The profusion of ivy which clings to the walls, and hides the handywork of time, gives a charming effect to the building; whilst large trees have sprung up, and now spread their ample arms where once the vaulted roof was suspended. The kitchen is still roofed, and the refectory is not so much decayed as many portions of the building. All the domestic offices of the Abbey, indeed, were preserved long after the Chapel, the Earls of Hertford and Huntingdon having transformed them into a dwelling-house: the remains of the Tudor additions of those noblemen are very evident. The situation of this ruin is delightful. From the summit of its walls the sea is seen shining over the fringe of wood that interposes between it and the shore. Horace Walpole, in a letter to his friend Bentley, has given a sketch of the ruin in his usual lively style, but it is marked with his usual exaggeration. A pretty but still fanciful sketch of the Abbey ruins is also given by the poet Gray, in one of his letters. (*Letter to Mr. Nicholls, Nov.*, 1764.) The fort spoken of by Horace Walpole has been restored, and the tower he wished for, has been built; and it now makes a charming residence—its embattled walls looking over the noble estuary.

Some very charming excursions can be made from Southampton into the New Forest, which extends from the opposite shore, in a south-westerly direction, for many miles. We have not time to conduct the excursionist thither; but as a Committee has been considering what had better be done with this national property, and it appears probable from recent ministerial announcements, that in a few years we shall see farms dotting the thousands of acres of waste, and the wood divided into properties, and in the hands of private individuals; and as with the New Forest the country will lose the last of its noble forests, with all their unimaginable poetry—we counsel the reader who is able to do so, to visit the forest ere it be too late for ever.

SALISBURY.

Old Sarum.—In this country a perished city, the site of a once populous place, is almost a unique and strangely melancholy spot. To see the coney run, the sheep feed, the corn wave, and the trees rustle their innumerable leaves over a space once covered with the habitations of man, is indeed a sight to set the mind musing. This vast mound of Old Sarum, the dead mother of the flourishing city whose cathedral spire is seen rising in the misty valley at its feet, no one can tread without reverential and sad thoughts. Here, within its girdle of fortifications, rose the beautiful Cathedral, the stately keep, and the crowded city;—here Briton and Roman, Saxon, Dane, and

Norman, have severally held sway, and from its commanding height held the neighbouring district in subjection.

Naturally strong, the famous hill was strengthened by its successive occupants. The Romans brought their art to bear upon it, making it the starting-point of six of their military roads, and surrounding it with a vast fosse. King Alfred drew another circle of yet wider diameter round it; and the Normans contributed considerably to the keep, which rose from the centre of a still steeper mound. It was surrounded by two walls—one which circumscribed the city, and was twelve feet in thickness, strengthened with towers, and the other served as a defence to the keep. The whole space protected by the outer wall was 16,000 feet in diameter; that by the stronghold or keep, 500 feet, a space sufficient for the whole city to retire into in case the outer works were lost. Within the larger space stood the city, the cathedral, erected in 1092, and two churches, St. John and Holywell. The cathedral appears to have been an extensive structure, if we may judge from the outline which the sun draws, in a dry summer, upon the cornfields now occupying its site. The city was also, for its size populous, and was the seat of the royal authority in the county, the sheriff residing here. The circumscribed nature of the place, the quarrels of the canons with the soldiers, and the coercion to which the priests were subjected by the governor, made Herbert Poore, the bishop, resolve to remove the Cathedral. In 1220, the first stone of the present Cathedral of New Sarum was laid by Henry III., and Divine service was performed within the building in 1225. With the Cathedral establishment went the majority of the inhabitants, and one generation witnessed the removal of an entire city. The old Cathedral did not, however, immediately fall to decay, a "perpetual" chantry being established in it; but the stone walls of the edifice were granted to the bishop and chapter of New Sarum in 1331.

As late as the time of Henry VII., the County Jail was still continued here, but in the next reign the hill was entirely deserted. Dr. Stukeley, who visited the place in 1722, says, that all the walls could then be traced, and some parts of them were still left. At the present time a few large heaps of concrete, forming the eastern entrance to the keep, and some portion of the outer wall, are all that remain of the once formidable fortifications; if we except the moats, which are still quite perfect. The one surrounding the keep is covered with dense underwood, a few large trees here and there showing themselves; the outer fosse remains as it was when first excavated,—a precipitous trench about 100 feet deep; and the main entrance to the camp is yet protected by the half-moon constructed there by Alfred the Great. A clump of trees, and two or three fields, now cover the site of that ancient city; and under these trees the election of its two members of Parliament used to take place, prior to the passing of the Reform Act. The view from the summit of the hill is extensive and beautiful. The green valley, watered by the Avon, is visible for a great distance, marking with a line of fertility its passage through the bare and open Downs, which undulate in vast waves as far as the eye can see, in almost every direction. Looking towards Salisbury, or New Sarum, the tall spire of the Cathedral pierces the misty air, and the city encircled and bound in elm-trees gleams in the sunshine.

New Sarum, or Salisbury: The Cathedral.—To know the exact date of a city saves the historian a vast deal of trouble, precluding any necessity to search back, and, in all probability, to lead himself, as well as his subject, into the mists of obscurity. At the beginning of the thirteenth century smiling meadows and swift streams existed where now run the old-fashioned streets of Salisbury.

The history of the city dates from the erection of its Cathedral, the first service in which was held in 1225. It was not finished as we now see it until 1258, when it

was finally consecrated by Bishop Egidius, or Giles of Bridport. The distinguishing feature of the Cathedral is the uniformity of style which pervades the whole building, and the beautiful composition of its outline. Erected in the brightest and purest period of the early English, it offers an admirable example of solemn majesty and dignity, uncontaminated by the admixture of any other period of the Gothic. Its composition is, perhaps, the most purely pyramidal of any cathedral in the island, every portion of the building leading up to the magnificent tower and spire, 400 feet in height. As a minute view of the edifice, from an architectural pen, may be interesting to the more critical of our readers, we subjoin the following account of it :—

"The Cathedral consists of a nave and side aisles, with transepts forming a double cross. On the east of each transept is a side aisle. The nave, choir, and transepts rise into an elevation of three tiers; the lower arches are of the lancet kind, supported by clustered columns, each comprised of four pillars, with as many slender shafts. In the second tier or gallery, running to the roof of the aisles, the double arch of the Norman style is replaced by a flat pointed arch, subdivided into four smaller ones, which are round, with different sweeps or divisions, and ornamented alternately with quatrefoils and rosettes of eight leaves. The upper or clerestory consists of triple windows of the lancet shape. Between the middle arches are central heads, supporting clustered shafts with a capital of foliage. From these rises the vaulting, which is plain, and turned with arches and cross springers only. The columns dividing the principal transept from its aisle consists of clusters of four, without shafts; those of the smaller transept, of two columns, with as many shafts. The upper stories of both transepts are similar to those of the nave. The lower arches of the choir, as well as those of the transepts, are enriched with an open zigzag moulding; and the space above the small lights of the upper windows is relieved with an ornament resembling an expanded flower. * * * The windows of the side aisles are double lights of the lancet kind, unornamented without, but with slender shafts within. Those of the upper story, both internally and externally, are relieved with shafts. The mouldings are plain curves, and the bases and columns of all the shafts are exactly similar. * * * On examining the exterior, we observe that the walls are strengthened with buttresses of considerable projection introduced in the intervals between the windows, as well as the principal angles. Flying or arched buttresses are also concealed within the roofing of the aisles, to support the walls of the nave. The projecting parts are marked with additional ornaments. The arches of the east end, the terminations of the transepts, and the front of the north porch, are embellished with shafts and mouldings, simple, yet tasteful. * * * The whole building, and likewise the cloisters, are surmounted with a parapet wall, the style of which has been much admired. * * * The Lady Chapel consists of a body and two side aisles, of the same breadth as the choir, divided from each other by alternate single and clustered columns of peculiar lightness. These are scarcely nine inches in diameter, yet almost thirty feet in height, and are rendered stable only by the vast weight of the vaulted ceiling."

The most beautiful part of the Cathedral is undoubtedly the exterior, all the different portions of which lead to the central point—the lofty spire. The different heights to which the nave, transepts, and choir rise, together with the spire, produce this pyramidal effect. There is a want of light and shade, perhaps, in the walls, owing to the absence of niches or deeply wrought ornaments, all the enrichments consisting of a delicate kind of interlaced arch-work which does not cast much shadow. The spire, which is much loftier than any in this country, though not so high as those of Strasburg and Mechlin, is of more modern date than the other parts of the building, having been

erected in the fourteenth century. Originally a lantern finished the building, such as at present exists in the church of St. Cross, Winchester. The walls were only two feet thick at the time, yet the builder of the spire had the daring to erect a structure of such gigantic proportions as now rests upon it. To enable him to support its vast weight, flying arches were introduced in the walls of the interior, by which the nave, transepts, and choir, were made to bear their proportion of the burden. The spire has, notwithstanding, declined from the perpendicular twenty-four and a half inches south, and sixteen and a quarter west. When this declination was ascertained the interior was strengthened by clamps and other framework in the middle of the last century; since which time no further sinking has taken place.

On entering the Cathedral the spectator is struck by the extreme plainness and simplicity of its appearance. The vaulting is supported by cross-springers, rising to the height of 80 feet, and the arches of the pillars are adorned with a simple zigzag moulding; the slender columns supporting which look still more slender from their division into many shafts of dark Purbeck marble. Great airiness is gained by this light arrangement, and the length of the nave—299 feet 6 inches—gives a vastness to this portion of the building, which is almost peculiar to it. The choir is 151 feet in length, and the Lady Chapel 68 feet. When the very injudicious restorations of the Cathedral took place, under the direction of Mr. Wyatt, at the latter end of the last century, the altar was removed from its proper situation to the further end of the Lady Chapel; the screen dividing which from the choir was then removed, and this arrangement remains to this day. The chapel is dark, from the admission into its window of a copy on glass of Sir Joshua Reynold's picture of the Resurrection. We hope the old and proper arrangement will be speedily returned to. Mr. Wyatt seems to have had the entire Cathedral at his disposal, and to have re-arranged its ornaments and proportions just as arbitrarily as he would those of an ordinary house. He even changed the position of all the tombs, and actually lost one in the course of his alterations. Many of the tombs are of a much older date than the Cathedral itself, having been brought from the mother Cathedral at Old Sarum. These ancient monuments are now arranged between the pillars dividing the nave from its side aisles. Among the most curious is one to a chorister, or boy-bishop, who is supposed to have died during the short period of his episcopal reign. It seems that one of these boy-bishops was annually elected of old in the Romish Church, in celebration of St. Nicholas, the patron of children: the effigy is that of a child dressed in pontificals.

A great number of the early bishops of the see have monuments, but the only one that has any pretension to architectural effect is that of Bishop Audley, who died in 1524. It is executed in the very elaborate style that marked the Tudor age, and its roof is certainly very rich, but the ornaments are far too delicate for the material in which they are executed.

The cloisters are in perfect condition, having been repaired by the present bishop Dr. Denison, and for architectural beauty they may vie with any others in the country. The chapter-house, a beautiful and interesting structure, is also in very perfect order: here may be seen to full perfection the slender shafts of Purbeck marble, so profusely adopted in the architecture of this Cathedral. The vaulting of this apartment is 52 feet from the ground, and the centre is supported by one splendid pillar, which branches from its capital into beautiful interlaced ribwork, which covers the vaulting. The entrance to this room is adorned with admirable sculpture in relief, representing the different vices with their opposite virtues. The leading events in Scripture history, from the Creation to the Passage of the Red Sea, are also depicted on the space below the bases of the windows.

The view from the spire is extensive and beautiful, a vast tract of country being exposed to view. The whole city lies like a map at the spectator's feet; and immediately beneath him, the cloisters in the Bishop's palace seem diminished to the size of mere toy-buildings. "A crow's nest," for the use of the Ordnance Surveyors, was perched upon the very summit of the spire all last summer,—the last thirty feet of ascent to which was outside; a series of iron pins in the masonry affording the men the only means of communicating with this fragile-looking eyrie.

The Cathedral is open on the east, north, and west sides; the Bishop's palace and gardens hiding the south side from public view. From the meadow, which thus surrounds the building, a fair view of its light proportions is always to be had. On a moonlight night the appearance of the venerable pile is glorious, especially when looking at its north side, deeply plunged in gloom, lit up here and there by silver rays falling upon some delicate tracery, or catching a portion of its richly wrought spire. The west front by daylight is very grand. The great window is flanked by two wings, with towers and pinnacles attached. The whole of its vast surface, together with the sides of the tower, 130 feet in height by upwards of 200 feet in breadth, is covered by intersecting arches which embroider the front from base to summit. The entire length of the fabric is upwards of 450 feet.

The immediate neighbourhood of the Cathedral—the houses in the close, surrounding the green,—wears that picturesque look so peculiar to such places. Many of the houses inhabited by the canons and other clergy belonging to the church, are ancient. Two, especially, will arrest the lover of the picturesque; one called the King's House, said to have been a residence of King Richard III., and, still later, of Charles II. It is evidently of very ancient date; and from its size and architectural beauty must have been a mansion of some importance. Close to this is another, called "The Wardrobe," from being supposed to have been attached to the King's House for that purpose.

The City of Salisbury.—A feature which at once attracts the notice of the visitor to this venerable cathedral-town is the abundance of water which flows through its streets. Beside every pavement is a channel, varying from a foot to four or five feet in breadth, through which courses a crystal-looking stream. This water is let in by flood-gates from the river Avon, upon which Salisbury is situated, and after threading the streets in every direction, it again returns to it. In old times fearful floods used to occur here. These floods now no longer affect the city in this manner; and the people attribute the exemption to the formation of these very channels, supposed to have been cut in 1338, and to the sluices, constructed to irrigate the meadows on the banks of the Avon.

The city of Salisbury sprung up immediately upon the erection of its Cathedral. Henry III. granted a charter to it in 1227, or before the completion of the Minster; and in all probability the city was originally laid out pretty much in the manner we find it now. But Salisbury has that ancient aspect which cannot be mistaken. The streets are collections of gable ends; and the walls are ornamented with red tiles, some arranged in patterns, which give a very Dutch appearance to the streets. Many of the old houses are very curious.

The city is built in squares, or chequers; and between the different blocks of houses, the courts and open spaces (which one sees through the different passages as one does in Paris) must tend to render it as healthy as its situation will allow it to be. The city is divided into three parishes, named after their churches,—St. Martin's, St. Thomas's, and St. Edmund's. None of these churches possesses any architectural beauty. Among the more interesting relics of antiquity in the city, is the Halle of

John Halle, a relic not only interesting in an architectural point of view, but because it testifies to the commercial importance of Salisbury, at an early date. The "Halle" is situated in the street called the Canal, and is a large apartment, enclosed in a modern-fronted house. The Hall once formed the refectory to a mansion belonging to a merchant of the city, and it is supposed to have been erected at the latter end of the sixteenth century. The dimensions are noble, and down one side of it runs a range of windows of the Tudor style, enriched with stained glass, and devices having reference to the builder. In one of these windows there is a most singular effigy of the merchant himself, habited in a rich dress, and holding in one hand the banner of Edward V. (heir-apparent to the throne), and with the other grasping his dagger, as though swearing fealty to the dynasty. This John Halle appears to have been a merchant of the Staple in the time of Edward IV.; and it is said, that in conjunction with another merchant, he bought all the wool of Salisbury plains. Be that as it may, it is certain that this banqueting-room, with its noble timber roof, must have formed part of a princely establishment; and the wool trade must have been in a very flourishing condition to allow the merchants of old Salisbury to live so magnificently.

Another interesting building is the Poultry Cross, erected in the early part of the fourteenth century. It is much mutilated, only the lower portion now remaining; which is of hexagonal form, and sufficiently spacious to allow of the Poultry Market being held under it. Anciently, it rose in three tiers, a canopy, and cross; but a sun-dial now takes the place of the Catholic emblem. It must, judging from what remains, have been a very handsome erection. Of old, there were two other crosses in the city, at which time this one was called the chief cross. Salisbury is full of examples of domestic architecture, but we would particularly draw attention to a house in the High-street that is supposed to have served the purpose of a hostelry for pilgrims visiting the Cathedral in the Roman Catholic times. At a later date, it became a resort for gallants; and in the reign of Charles II. Mr. Pepys slept in it one night in 1668, and records in his Diary that he had "a silken bed and very good diet," for which he had to pay an exorbitant price, however; which, as was usually the case under such circumstances, made the worthy gentleman "mad." The charitable institutions of Salisbury, like those of most other cities, are numerous. It has no less than seven hospitals for the maintenance of old men and women. The city workhouse is the remains of an ancient monastic establishment, and has many points about it of interest to the antiquary. Portions of the ancient refectory are yet distinctly to be traced.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Salisbury there is more, perhaps, to attract the attention of the stranger than in the city itself—if we except its Cathedral. At a distance of three miles only stands *Wilton House*, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke. This noble mansion, which is placed in the midst of a magnificently wooded park, was built by Inigo Jones. The interior is as richly furnished with all the gems of art as the exterior is princely and commanding. The gallery of pictures is an admirable one; and the hall is filled with suits of armour and curious weapons, the veritable trophies of war won by the owner's warlike ancestor, the first Earl of Pembroke, and founder of the family. In the mansion which preceded this, the 'Arcadia' was written; in these broad-walks walked and mused the spirit of chivalry, the gentle poet and the heroic soldier, Sir Philip Sidney. Close at hand is the new church of Wilton, erected about seven years ago, by Mr. Sidney Herbert, which has become so celebrated throughout the island. This splendid edifice is in the Lombardian style, having its tower only connected with the building by an open corridor. Whatever munificence could command, or genius and taste execute, has been accomplished

in this beautiful building, whose interior is, without doubt, the richest of any similar building in the country. Not far from Salisbury is *Bemerton*, where are the parsonage and church of that fine old church poet, George Herbert. *Stourhead*, the seat of Sir H. Hoare, with its magnificent collection of pictures—is not very far from Salisbury. There is one small portion of wall, overgrown with ivy, within two miles of the city, which is a remuant of the Royal Palace of Clarendon, so famous as the place where the Coustitutions of Clarendon were devised, which served as the first barrier against the claims of secular jurisdiction in the island by the see of Rome.

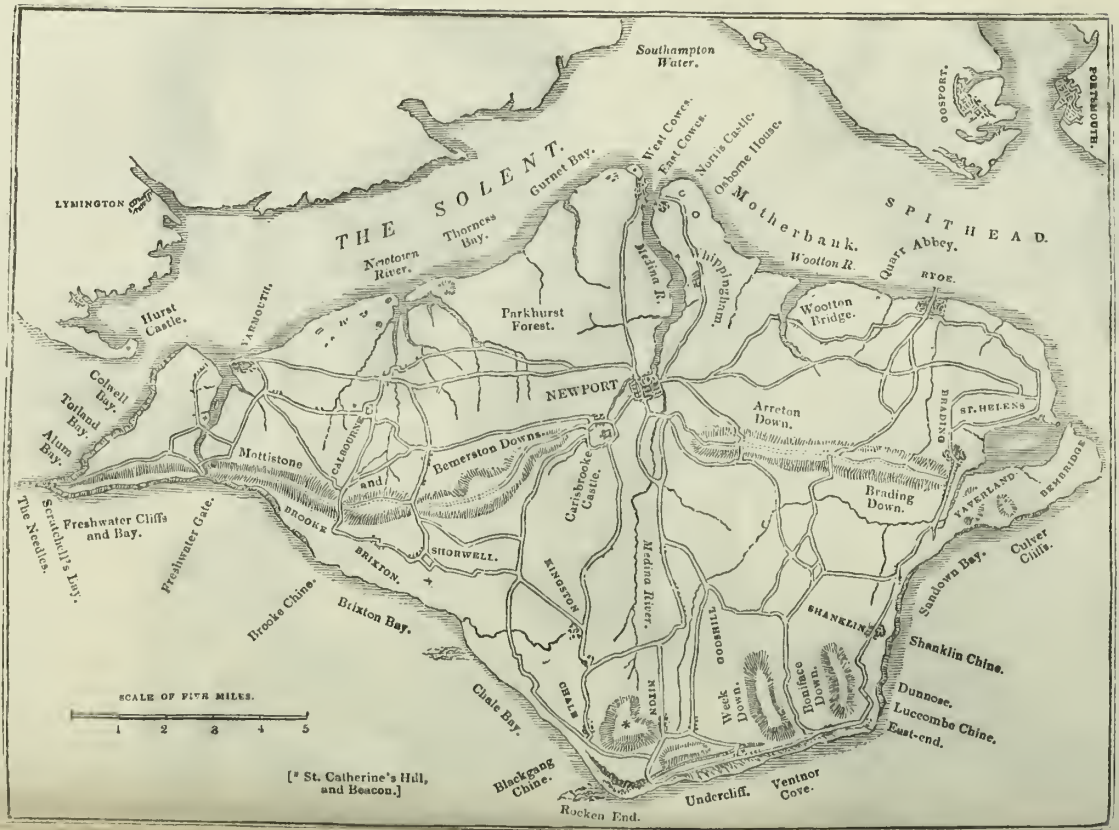
But the most extraordinary spot of the 'Hill country of the Giants,' as the neighbourhood of Salisbury is not inaptly called, is the world-famous STONEHENGE—that gigantic puzzle wrought in stone, which a remote age has left upon the fair plain for us moderns to wonder and guess at. This Druidical Temple, as it is commonly called, is situated upon the Downs, about two miles from Amesbury, and about ten miles from Salisbury. It consists of two circles, which include two ovals, forming the sanctum, in the centre of which is a stone, supposed to have borne the sacred fire. The great circle consisted originally of thirty stones, of which seventeen only now remain. The upright stones are about twenty feet in height, seven feet in breadth, and three feet in thickness; these bear others placed at right angles over them, and secured by tenons and mortices. This circle measures 300 feet in diameter; about eight feet within this is the second circle, composed of more regular-shaped stones, and much smaller in size. Outside of these circles are several stones of large size, scattered at intervals, one of which is of the immense circumference of twenty-four feet. The entire number of stones is about 130. The various conjectures made relative to this famous temple would fill a respectable-sized volume. Some of them are absurd enough; Inigo Jones, for instance, who ought to have known better, would have it that it was the remains of a *Roman Temple of the Tuscan order;* and another writer, who has only lately given his hypothesis to the world, tells us that, with other stones and the tumuli which are spread over the neighbouring Downs, *it represents the Solar System.*

We gave the Table of the South-Western Railway to Winchester and Southampton in our last Number—PORTSMOUTH: we therefore here merely add the Stations on the branch to Salisbury, which diverges from the main line at Bishopstoke.

LONDON TO SALISBURY.

	From Waterloo Station.	Stations.	From Salisbury.	
	Miles.			
Chilworth, 2 miles	76	.. Chandlersford ..	20	Hursley, 2 miles.
Town on left—population 5432—in a picturesque situation. The noble old Norman church, part of an ancient monastery..	81	.... Romsey	15	Knap Hill, Amfield Wood: picturesque neighbourhood.
East Dean	85	.. Dunbridge ..	11	East Tytherly, 1 mile: church in park.
	89	.... Dean	7	
	96	.. SALISBURY ..		

BLACK GANG
RYDE
COWES
NEEDLES.


Southampton Water.
OSPORT.
PORTSMOUTH.
THE SOLENT.
Gurnet Bay.
West Cowes.
East Cowes.
Norris Castle.
Osborne House.
Motherbank.
SPITHEAD.
LYMINGTON
Thorness Bay.
Newtown River.
Medina R.
Whippingham.
Wootton R.
Quarr Abbey.
RYDE.
Hurst Castle.
YARMOUTH.
Parkhurst Forest.
Wootton Bridge.
NEWPORT
Colwell Bay.
Totland Bay.
Alum Bay.
Arreton Down.
ST. HELENS
BEMBRIDGE
Mottistone
CALBOURNE
and
Bembridge Downs.
Carisbrooke Castle.
Brading Down.
YAFFARLAND
The Needles.
Scratchell's Bay.
Freshwater Cliffs and Bay.
Freshwater Gate.
BROOKE
SHORWELL.
BRIXTON.
KINGSTON
Medina River.
Culver Cliffs.
Sandown Bay.
Brooke Chine.
Brixton Bay.
SHANKLIN
Shanklin Chine.
Dunnose.
Luccombe Chine.
East-end.
Chale Bay.
CHALE
NORTON
Week Down.
Bonlace Down.
SCALE OF FIVE MILES.
1 2 3 4 5
[* St. Catherine's Hill, and Beacon.]
Blackgang Chine.
Undercliff.
Ventnor Cove.
Rocken End.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The scenery of the Isle of Wight may be classed under the Coast, the Downs, and the Valleys; and each has its varieties. The coast, ranging as it does from the flat sandy bank to chalk cliffs of loftier and bolder elevation than in any other part of England, and including the wild Undercliff, and the singular Chines, is naturally the most attractive and celebrated part of the island. The Downs in themselves are not to be compared with the broader ranges of Sussex and Wiltshire, but they afford prospects at least as varied and splendid. While in the valleys may be found quiet rural districts, with here and there a pretty rustic cottage, embowered among trees, and covered with roses, or a neat comfortable-looking farmhouse lying in some bright verdant dale, and surrounded with abundant signs of moderate prosperity; picturesque homely villages, with their old weather-beaten churches, and often rich groves and woods reflecting in a brook or a pond their deep verdure, or perhaps through some casual opening among the boughs revealing a glimpse of the distant sea—recalling the memory of some half-forgotten or fancied picture, but glowing in colours fairer and brighter than ever painter's art could hope to imitate.

Ryde.—In order to look even cursorily over the different scenes we have enumerated, it will be convenient to regard them apart. We shall commence with a stroll round the island. Ryde being the usual landing-place of the visitor, we may make it our starting-point. When first distinctly seen from the steamer's deck, its appearance is very promising. Along a hill side, of moderate elevation, rise in orderly clusters, or separately, the white houses from amidst dark masses of foliage. As we near it the houses begin to look bare and regular, the long black pier increases the formality; the whole puts on somewhat too much the ordinary air of a watering-place. Ryde is a neat regularly built town; the streets are wide and clean, the shops many of them handsome, and there are private houses in the town as well as in its environs of a rather superior grade. It has a population of some 4000 souls. There are churches, a town-hall, a theatre, and other public buildings, but none of them of any noticeable character. One of the best-looking, perhaps, is the recently erected club-house. The whole town is of quite modern growth, and the buildings have too much of the baldness as well as the pretension of watering-place architecture. When Fielding was here, in 1754, "the whole parish did not seem to contain above thirty houses:" there are now considerably above a thousand; but the place has the look of being over-built.

Brading Haven, Brading.—We will not stay now to speak of the pleasant walks around Ryde, though some of them are very pleasant; nor of the gentlemen's seats, though some of them are handsome mansions, and have fine prospects from their grounds. We will rather proceed eastward on our journey. The sandy meadow, which we soon reach, called The Dover, was formerly distinguished by a number of small grassy mounds, which marked the graves of many of the seamen drowned in

the *Royal George*, whose bodies were washed ashore near this spot. "We did not much like," said a fisherman, of whom Sir Henry Englefield inquired about these graves, "we did not much like drawing a net hereabouts for some weeks afterwards: we were always bringing up a corpse." The graves have long ceased to be distinguishable. From the Dover, from what is called the Sea View, and indeed nearly the whole way to the mouth of Brading Harbour, the seaward prospect is very striking. The famous anchorage of Spithead stretches along, and there, in the bay of St. Helen's, a glorious array of our noble ships of war may generally be observed, imparting a singular air of majesty to the scene, which is increased by the bold fortifications that guard the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour, and the harbour and town which are seen less distinctly beyond. From the slopes, a little more inland, the views are also often of much beauty. About Puckpool Bay, and Nettlestone, the coast is high and rocky; and being richly wooded on the summit, and in some instances down to the water, has a very fine appearance as you sail slowly under it.

Brading Harbour is at low water a large muddy swamp, along the middle of which a narrow streamlet works its way to the sea. But at high tide it seems a handsome lake of 800 acres area. At such a time it is indeed a very beautiful object. From the mouth of the harbour you see a really noble lake embayed between hills of moderate elevation, which are covered pretty thickly with trees, in many places down to the very edge of the water; along the banks and on the sides of the hills are scattered many neat houses, and a church or two, and the head of the lake is surrounded by a lofty range of downs, whilst the surface, itself of a deep azure hue, glitters with numerous glancing sails, and is alive with hundreds of silver-winged seagulls. To one who has not seen, or can forget, a lake among the mountains, with the wondrous aerial fantasies which play about the lofty peaks that recede, ridge behind ridge, into the far distant ether, this will, if seen under favourable aspects, appear of almost unsurpassable beauty; to every one it must appear very beautiful. An hour or two should be devoted to a sail upon it. The views from the surface are very varied; those looking northwards derive much beauty from the way in which the sea, with its ships, and the distant shore mingle with the lake. The view from the head of the harbour is, especially at sunset, eminently picturesque and striking.

Close by the mouth of Brading Haven is the old tower of St. Helen's church. The church itself has long been destroyed; but the tower has been strengthened, and made to serve as a sea-mark. The present church of St. Helen's stands at some distance inland; it is but a mean building, and there is nothing about it to attract the stranger. The village is a collection of poor cottages, arranged rather picturesquely by the village green. On the opposite side of the haven is the little village of Bembridge, whose white houses, close down by the water, and the neat church rising from the woods above, look very pretty across the lake. But it is quite worth while crossing the ferry to the village. There are some very agreeable walks about it, and the sea views round Bembridge Point and the Foreland—to say nothing of White Cliff Bay—are very fine. Bembridge itself is a little sequestered watering-place that has risen into notice within ten or a dozen years: the houses, 'hotels,' and even the church, are therefore all quite new.

Brading, at the head of the haven, is a very different place. It is an old decayed corporate town, with old half-timber houses, an old church, an old town-hall, and even an old bull-ring in the Market-place, quite fit for use when Young England shall grow old and strong enough to practise the favourite diversion of his forefathers. The town has not much trade, though vessels of light tonnage can reach the head of the haven where there is a Town Quay. There is a population of some 2700 persons

in the parish, but their general appearance bespeaks poverty; and the town seems far from flourishing. The church is the most noticeable building: it is one of the oldest in the island, and looks as old as it is; but it is not remarkable for its architectural merits; nor, though large, is it particularly good-looking. Some parts of it are of Norman date, and there is a good deal about it that will reward the examination of the archæologist. A few of the old monuments are also rather curious. From the churchyard there is an excellent view of the haven; but it is generally visited on account of its containing some tombstones, the epitaphs on which have obtained a wider celebrity than often attends such productions. One of them is that on Mrs. Ann Berry, which contains the lines, beginning, "Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear," which Dr. Calcott set to music that has carried them wherever English music is cultivated. Another informs the reader that "Jane, the Young Cottager, lies buried here." Jane was the heroine of a little tale by the Rev. Legh Richmond, which obtained an almost unexampled popularity among religious circles; copies of the work having been multiplied literally by the million. Mr. Richmond was for some time curate of Brading; and another young person, whose humble piety he published to the world in a small tract, rivalling the Young Cottager in popularity—"The Dairyman's Daughter"—was also a resident in this neighbourhood. The scenery of Brading, Shanklin, and other places along this south-eastern part of the island, is in many of his writings portrayed with his usual floridness of language.

The country immediately around Brading is, as we mentioned, of uncommon beauty. Brading Down affords many wide and noble prospects, both seaward and inland; and the walks about Nunwell and along the park are extremely fine. Nor are those about Yaverland less pleasing; while Bembridge Down—one of the hills on which Brading is built—affords a series of views equal to any in the island. Yaverland should be visited: it is a small sequestered hamlet, whose little ancient church, and the manor-house contiguous—both lying half-hidden among noble elms—form a very pleasing picture. The church is a low barn-like structure, with a doorway of Norman date, having the characteristic moulding around its circular arch. The windows are of later insertion. The manor-house is of the Elizabethan era, or of the early part of the reign of her successor. The village itself consists merely of a few rural cottages.

The Back of the Island: Sandown Bay.—Bembridge Down ends on the seaward side in a steep chalk cliff of great altitude, known as Culver Cliff. The views from the summit are of extraordinary grandeur. Looking back over Brading Haven, and inland, they are as diversified as they are extensive; forwards the unbroken view over the sea, from the height of the cliff—some 400 feet—extends to an amazing distance; eastward the Sussex coast lies like a faint cloud on the distant horizon; while westward Sandown Bay, with its reddish clay banks circling the light green waves, the softly swelling hills above, dotted over with half-concealed villages and scattered cottages, may be looked on from day to day with ever new pleasure. Culver Cliff approaches the perpendicular, and has a rather fearful appearance in looking over its summit.

Culver Cliff, with White Cliff Bay, forms the eastern extremity of the island. The southern side of the island, which we have now reached, and along which we are to proceed, is generally termed, at least by the natives, the Back of the Island: it includes nearly all the scenery for which the Isle of Wight is ordinarily visited. The Culver Cliff itself may be said to be the first of the more favoured localities. It is particularly interesting to geologists from its presenting a section of nearly vertical strata of chalk, and on the western side of the plastic clays,—answering to the still more remarkable section shown by the cliffs at Alum Bay, at the other extremity of

the island. As we may allude to the peculiar features of these cliffs when we reach the latter place, it is unnecessary to make any further reference to them here. We may, however, just call the attention of the ordinary tourist to the singular nature of the flints which are imbedded in the chalk. Originally, of course, the strata were horizontal; but by some amazing upward pressure they have been raised to a nearly vertical position—lying in fact at an angle of 70°. So enormous has been the pressure, that the flints have been actually shivered, without however in the least altering their outward appearance; so that what seems a perfect flint splits into fragments when ever so slightly disturbed. The cliff is the haunt of innumerable gulls, and auks, and other sea birds. According to Pennant it owes its name to this circumstance—*culfre* being the Saxon name of the rock-pigeon, which builds in the cliffs, and is here exceedingly numerous.

Sandown Bay is a wide and deep bay, of very picturesque though not very remarkable character. The cliffs are of a ferruginous sand and dark-coloured clay, of varying height, and broken, with more or less deep recesses, which permit a pleasing play of light and shadow, as well as of much richness of colour. A few fishermen's huts and humble cottages are dropped here and there along the cliffs, and two or three boats may generally be seen hauled on the beach. In the early morning, when the cliffs lie in deep shadow, or about sunset, when their sombre tints deepen into a richer hue, while two or three shrimpers are plying their craft, or a wayfarer is winding along the sands to or from his day's labour, the scene has a quiet beauty that reminds one of the charming pictures of similar scenes which Collins used to paint so delightfully; not a few of his paintings were indeed taken from sketches made in this neighbourhood. In the little village of Sandown a neat church has been recently erected. There is also a fort here, known as Sandown Castle, but it has nothing to call for remark. Wilkes of '45 notoriety had a cottage—or as he commonly calls it in his Correspondence a villakin—at Sandown, which was the favourite retreat of the later years of his life, and is still standing. It is said in the neighbourhood that he used to buy all the birds which the children of the place could catch, and amuse himself by rearing them and watching their habits.

Shanklin.—Proceeding onwards, a pleasant walk, we soon reach Shanklin, the next noticeable place in our journey. The little village lies in a beautiful spot in the curve of Sandown Bay, and is admirably sheltered by Shanklin Down. The seaward prospects are very fine, and inland the village itself, as well as its vicinity, affords many charming prospects. The beauty of the neighbourhood, and the fame of its lion Shanklin Chine, have rendered it very attractive to strangers, for whose accommodation new houses and good hotels have sprung up to a degree that has within a few years considerably altered the character and appearance of the place.

This being the first we have had to notice of the Chines which occur so often along the south-side of the island, and which are thought to be so characteristic of it, it may not be amiss to explain briefly their general nature. They are, then, deep fissures which have been cut in the cliffs by the action of a streamlet falling over the summit. All of them have the same general features: there is a wide opening seaward which contracts inland with more or less rapidity according to the hardness of the rock, the greater or less quantity of water which ordinarily falls over, or other circumstances. In some cases the ravine reaches for nearly a mile inland, and is lost at length in the ordinary bed of the brook: in others it terminates abruptly in a waterfall. Although the stream must in every instance be regarded as the chief agent in cutting the Chine, its enlargement is perhaps as much or more owing to other influences. The action of the waves during great storms, when the sea is driven

violently against the cliffs, has tended considerably to enlarge the opening of the Chines; while the landslips, which continually occur after severe frosts, must have caused the steep slopes to fall in from time to time: but the deepening of the Chines is always brought about by the stream, as may be observed in any of them where measures are not taken to prevent the constant wearing away of the rock. At Shanklin it has been found necessary to have the ground above the fall laid with stones, and a large slab serves as a shoot to throw the water over without allowing it to touch the edge of the Chine. We shall borrow a description of the Shanklin Chine from Sir Henry Englefield; it is much superior to any other we have seen, and will give a tolerably fair idea of it. In some trifling particulars there have been alterations since Sir Henry wrote, but the general features are the same.

"The most eastern of these chines, and the most celebrated, is Shanklin Chine. The cliff, where the stream which forms it enters the sea, is about one hundred feet in height, and the chasm is perhaps one hundred and fifty feet wide at the top, and at the bottom not much wider than the channel of the stream. The sides are very steep, and in most places are clothed with rich underwood, overhanging the naked sides. At a small distance within their mouth, on a terrace just large enough to afford a walk to their doors, stand two small cottages, of different elevations. Rude flights of steps descend to them from the top, and an excavation from the sandy rock forms a skittle-ground to one of them, overshadowed by the spray of young oaks. During the war, a sentinel was placed on a prominent point of the slope, and added much to the scenery. After proceeding about a hundred yards in a direct line from the shore, the chasm makes a sudden bend to the left, and grows much narrower. Its sides are nearly perpendicular, and but little shrubbery breaks their naked surface. The chasm continues widening and decreasing in breadth, till it terminates in an extremely narrow fissure, down which the rill, which has formed the whole, falls about thirty feet. The quantity of water is in general so small, that the cascade is scarcely worth viewing; but after great rains, it must be very pretty. The sides of the gloomy hollow in which it falls are of the blackish indurated clay of which the greater part of the soil hereabouts is composed, and the damp of the waters has covered most part of it with shining green lichens, and mosses of various shades. The brushwood which grows on the brow on each side, overhangs so as nearly to meet; and the whole scene, though it cannot be considered as magnificent, is certainly striking and grotesque. Above the fall, the stream continues to run in a deep and shady channel, quite to the foot of the hills in which it takes its rise."

The beauties of Shanklin Chine may be inspected at leisure, and dry-footed. There is a good, though too formal, path all along it, which with the steps spoken of above, is kept in repair by a fisherman who pays rent for the Chine, and lives in a cottage at its mouth.

About a mile further along the coast is Luccombe Chine which, though inferior to Shanklin, is well worth visiting. It is altogether on a humbler scale than Shanklin, but it has the advantage of not being quite so ostentatiously trimmed and dressed. The water dashes boldly over the dark rock, and winds its way to the shore, beneath a canopy of luxuriant foliage. Two or three cottages vary the scene, without destroying its simplicity. The walk from Shanklin to Luccombe is singularly fine, whether the higher or the lower ground be taken. The cliffs at Dunnose Head are rent into vertical and parallel fissures in a very wild manner; large fragments of the rock are also here scattered along the foot of the cliffs; and in fact the whole of this part of the coast has a very marked character.

THE UNDERCLIFF.—At Luccombe commences a strange tract of country, quite

unlike any we have seen hitherto, and such as is hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. This is the famous Undercliff, a narrow strip of land, which has separated bodily from the hills of which it was originally a part, and sunk down a considerable way below them; and which now forms a lower or under cliff lying between the hills and the sea. It extends from Luccombe to Black Gang Chine, a distance of nearly seven miles, and varies from a quarter of a mile to nearly a mile in width. To understand its character and the cause of its subsidence, it is necessary to be acquainted with the geological nature of the rocks, and the influences to which they have been subjected, when the explanation becomes very simple. The strata, reckoning from the bottom, are first red ferruginous sand, then blue marl, next green sandstone, and at top chalk and chalk marl. The stratum of blue marl is soft and easily acted upon by land springs, when it becomes mud, and oozes out; and the sandstone and chalk being deprived of their support, must of necessity sink down. The subsidence, if thus brought about, might be gradual and scarcely perceptible, except in its ultimate results; but the sea was at the same time beating with violence against the lower strata, and washing out the sand and marl, which were already loosened by the springs. This double process would go on till the superincumbent mass became unable to sustain itself by mere adhesion to the parent rock, when it must necessarily break away and fall forward. That this was the way in which the Undercliff was produced is evident, from an examination of the phenomena it presents, and what may be observed still going on, though on a lesser scale. The great change in the level must have occurred at a very distant period: churches and houses of ancient date, which stand on different parts of the Undercliff, show that no very considerable alteration can have taken place for centuries. But there have been many sudden convulsions within confined limits. One, which occurred in 1810, at East End, destroyed thirty acres of ground; another, in 1818, above fifty acres; and there have since been several of more or less severity. The *débris* of many may be seen—especially of one that happened in the winter of 1847, when a mass of rock fell from above, sufficient to provide stone for building the walls and repairing the roads along here for some time, without quarrying. The most extensive of the comparatively recent slips occurred at Niton, in February, 1799, when a small farmhouse and above one hundred acres of land were destroyed. The evidences of this severe convulsion are still very observable in the unusually wild and chaotic character of the surface thereabouts. But these disturbances were, as we said, local, and of comparatively small importance; nor is any further great movement at all to be dreaded within this district. The Undercliff is, in fact, an immense breakwater, which perfectly shields the main cliff from the action of the waves. If any great change should take place, it would be beyond the limits of the Undercliff; and there, both east and west, the nature of the shore, and the manner in which the lower and softer strata are situated, render such an event very improbable.

The Undercliff is in its general appearance as wild and strange as would be expected from what has been said of the way in which it was produced. The main body of the Undercliff is a sort of terrace, or a series of terraces, of very unequal elevation and irregular contorted surface, rising from the beach in rugged slopes or abrupt cliffs, and resting against a lofty and precipitous wall of rock. The lower cliffs rise from the beach to a height of from twenty or thirty to a hundred feet; then comes the broad platform of a quarter to half a mile in width, from which rises to a further elevation of some two hundred or three hundred feet, the second or inner cliff—steep, strangely riven, its deep vertical fissures contrasting boldly with the regular horizontal bands of stratification. But the Undercliff is far from preserving

uniformity even of irregularity. At this eastern end, where we now are, Nature has clad the wildling in a garment of loveliness. The chasms and dells, the slopes and the precipices, are all alike adorned with trees, and shrubs, and ferns, and wild flowers, in exquisite profusion: at the western extremity there is almost as forbidding rudeness about the whole; the rocks are bare, or only thinly spotted with hungry lichens, about the slopes the coarser grasses and whin only seem to thrive, while scarcely bush or tree can gain a footing.

The Undercliff has a climate as well as scenery of its own. Lying under the vast cliffs, yet at a tolerable height above the sea, it is at once sheltered from the keener blasts, and free from humidity. Fully open to the direct influence of the sun, and also to its reflected rays,—completely sheltered from the northern and western winds,—the general temperature is much above that of almost every other part of the English coast; and it is said to be much less variable. When Dr. (now Sir James) Clarke published his celebrated work on 'The Influence of Climate in the Prevention and Cure of Chronic Diseases,' he called particular attention to the Undercliff, as a most suitable residence for invalids, especially for persons of a tendency to pulmonary diseases. Torquay, in Devonshire, is the only place in England which, in the opinion of the Doctor, will bear a comparison with it in warmth of temperature; but then the atmosphere of "Torquay will be found softer, more humid, and relaxing; while that of the Undercliff will prove drier, somewhat sharper, and more bracing."

Nearly all the peculiar features of the Undercliff are concentred around Bonchurch, the first village, if it may be called a village, on the eastern side of the district. The stranger should not content himself with viewing this tract from the road, nor from the foot-way merely. Both ways present charming and peculiar features, and both should be traversed. The village itself calls for no special remark. The very pretty new church which will be noticed, supplies the place of a rude but ancient one. Boniface Down, which rises to a great height behind the village, is a continuation of Shanklin Down, and affords views as extensive, as varied, and as grand.

Ventnor has been most affected by the sudden popularity of the Undercliff. Forty years ago it contained about half-a-dozen humble cottages; and until the publication of Dr. Clarke's work, its few inhabitants were nearly all fishermen. It was the most picturesque spot along the coast. The platform was broken into several uneven terraces. The huge hills towered far up aloft. Down to the broad, smooth beach the ground ran in rough slopes, mingled with abrupt banks of rock, along which a brawling rivulet careered gaily towards the sea: and the few fishermen's huts gave a piquant rustic liveliness to all besides. The climate seemed most favourable, and the neighbourhood most agreeable to the invalid. In the open gardens of the cottagers, myrtle, and other tender plants, flourished abundantly and without need of protection even in winter: snow hardly ever lies on the ground; sunny and sheltered walks abound; and the beach is excellent for bathing. Ventnor at once caught the attention of the crowd of visitors; and it was one of the first places to provide them suitable accommodation. In the tiny fishing hamlet soon sprang up hotels, and boarding-houses, and shops, and a church. Ventnor became the little capital of the Undercliff. Invalids came here for a winter retreat, as well as a summer visit. Speculation was stimulated. And now, as Fuller has it, "The plague of building lighted upon it;" and it spread until every possible spot was planted with some staring building, or row of buildings.

From Ventnor to Niton the whole way is delightful. The tourist is ordinarily confined to the main road, but even that affords a continuous pleasure. The little church

of St. Lawrence is one of the show places of the Undercliff. Many of the churches in the Isle of Wight are very small; but this was, with one exception—the church at Buttermere—the smallest in England. Its dimensions were: length, twenty feet, width, twelve feet, and height, to the tops of the walls, six feet: the roof, of course, was some feet higher; but, as will have been guessed by our manner of speaking, it has been enlarged, and is now neither one thing nor another. Not very far from the church is a rather celebrated well, over which a neat stone shelter, with seats along the sides, was built a few years back. The water from St. Lawrence's Well rises clear and sparkling, and is almost as pleasant to the sight, as it bubbles over the fount, as it is refreshing to the palate. On a hot summer's day it is quite a temptation to turn aside from the dry road, and sit a few minutes in that cool, shady grot.

Niton is a convenient centre to stay at for a day or two. The seaward walks are bold and fine, and there are several of much beauty inland. On the Undercliff is the favourite Sandrock Hotel, a neat villa-like house standing in its own very handsome grounds, and affording the most luxurious accommodation. Everybody who stays at it is pleased with the attention, the fare, and the situation. For those who desire a less costly hostel, there is, too, a plain, comfortable inn, the White Lion, in the village of Niton, which lies above the Undercliff, at the foot of Niton Down. Niton is a quiet, rustic village, which has changed little of its old-fashioned look in consequence of the influx of strangers to the neighbourhood. But only a few plain folks come here, and the place and the people remain tolerably primitive in habit. There are a couple or three streets of stone cottages—many of them thatched—and a shop or two, a church, and a school-house. The church is a building of considerable antiquity, and will repay a visit. It stands by a farmyard, in a lane just on the west of the village, and, with its accompaniments, is more than commonly picturesque.

There is one spot that must be visited, and Niton is a very convenient place to reach it from. This is St. Catherine's Down, the highest ground in the island. The path by the church leads direct to the old beacon, which is on the summit of the hill, and which is an effectual guide all the way. The summit of St. Catharine's Hill is eight hundred and thirty feet above the sea. Here, at least as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century, was a hermitage. A few years later, Walter de Godyton built a chapel here, and dedicated it to St. Catherine, whence, it is believed, the hill derives its present name. Godyton also added to his chapel an endowment for a chanting priest, whose duty it should be to sing masses, and to provide lights at night for the guidance of ships. Both duties were regularly performed till the dissolution of the smaller religious houses, when, of course, both ceased together. The beacon which is now here stands on the site of the original one, if it is not itself, as some fancy, the original. The beacon is an octagonal structure, thirty-five feet high: it is now dismantled, but its thick walls appear capable of braving for another century, the fierce winds that always seem to blow here. It is generally believed that the lower part of the building served as the belfry of the chapel, the upper part being employed as a lighthouse. A new lighthouse was erected close by, some years back, but it was abandoned, it being found on trial to be rather misleading than otherwise, owing to the mists and clouds which so frequently envelope the top of the hill, especially in stormy weather, rendering it seldom visible from the sea when most needed. The view from the hill is of wondrous extent—reaching over by far the larger part of the island, and including the New Forest and the hills of Hampshire, and the south coast as far as Beachy Head. In the opposite direction, the high lands about Cherbourg are said to have been occasionally seen: but it is a very rare occurrence. On a calm, clear day, the better part of the island lies spread like a map at

your feet; its bare hills, and its long valleys dusky with the thick foliage that everywhere crowds them; the villages and the towns, marked by the lighter or denser smoky vapour that hangs above them; the winding streams growing sometimes into lakes ere they fall into the sea; and the silver ocean that encircles it, alive with mighty ships of war and every kind of smaller craft; and beyond that, again, the far distant hills, losing themselves in a soft purple haze.

The coast off here is very dangerous; whence, on the failure of the lighthouse on St. Catherine's Hill, it became necessary to provide another. The new one has been built on a point of land close down on the beach. It lies in our way on resuming our journey along the coast. The new lighthouse is named St. Catherine's; it has only been four or five years completed, and the whole arrangements are on the most approved principles. Externally, it is rather an ornamental building—certainly the best-looking lighthouse we have seen: it is said to be found very serviceable. Here the rocks begin to assume a very wild character. Soon after passing the lighthouse, we lose sight of cultivation; the beach is strewed with huge blocks of chalk and sandstone; the surf is very heavy; and the whole scene wears an air of savage grandeur. At Rocken End this is especially the case. A long ledge of rocks stretches far into the sea; only one or two masses are visible at high water, and against these the sea breaks in vast sheets of spray, while it rushes roaring and foaming over those that are below the surface. The spot where the sea makes this mighty turmoil—and it ought to be seen as the tide is setting in—is called Rocken End Race. The black cliffs, too, are torn and riven into rudest confusion; only the lofty wall of rock that rises behind the Undercliff seems stable. It is altogether a wild spot. Beyond this the scenery grows rather less savage, and presently we come upon a sheltered nook, where is a fisherman's hut, and perhaps a boat or two may be seen on the beach. It is quite a place for the sketcher to delight in. The broken heights between Niton and this spot afford a series of grand views over the sea and coast. Chale Bay, with the sun sinking among crimson and gold behind the distant headland, is a glorious prospect.

We are now approaching the termination of the Undercliff—a very different kind of place to its commencement. Just where it ends we have another of the Chines, and one scarcely less famous than the first we saw. Some there are who have described Black Gang Chine as the finest sight in the island. Guide-books give very hyperbolical accounts of its "savage sublimity." To one who has read these accounts the first view is disappointing, especially if he has already seen the magnificent falls of Scotland or Wales, or the North of England. The ravine is bare of tree or shrub; but it does not retreat far,—there is not depth enough for solemnity of gloom, at least in ordinary weather. A sort of semicircular coomb has been hollowed out in the dark marl, over the top of which a thin line of water falls lazily, from a height of about seventy feet, and is dissipated before it reaches the "gloomy vault" below. The rocks, instead of the deep black he is led to anticipate, are of a dingy brown, banded with lines of red sandy strata. The banks on each side are of but mean height and lumpish form. Far above, indeed, soars to a height of some three hundred or four hundred feet, the lofty wall of cliff that has been our companion all along this district; but it is partly hidden here, and appears diminished by distance. Nine out of ten who see the Chine are disappointed; though perhaps they will hardly confess it. From the sea, indeed, the surrounding cliffs stands out majestically, and St. Catherine's Hill forms a noble back-ground; but then the Chine is a very inferior feature in the landscape. Seen, in stormy weather, however, the Chine will seem to deserve its fame. There is a "rude path"—a good deal ruder than that at Shanklin

—formed down the side of the Chine, by means of which it may be seen quite at ease: the key is kept close at hand. Above the Chine a neat hotel has been erected and a little collection of houses has grown up around it, also chiefly for the accommodation of visitors.

FRESHWATER.—Over the next few miles we need not linger. To one who is staying in the neighbourhood and has time to stroll about, the coast all along here will be found full of interest, and so will the villages above: here we need only mention their character. Chale Bay, in which Black Gang Chine is situated, is a wide and noble-looking bay; the cliffs are bold, precipitous, and deeply cloven; they are of the iron-stained sand and blue marl, crowned by chalk and sandstone. Huge masses impend over head; and numerous shattered fragments are strewed along the beach. Both here and in Brixton Bay, which immediately succeeds to Chale, the cliffs are broken by a number of Chines. Some six or seven of them occur in as many miles, and all of them have some differences of character. Some, as Whale and Brixton Chines, stretch far inland, without any positive waterfalls; others, as Brook and Chilton, would be thought sufficiently striking elsewhere to be sought after by strangers. The shore here is shallow and rocky, and the sea sets in, in rough weather, with a heavy ground-swell, which nothing can brave with impunity. Along Brixton Bay the cliffs are lower; but the beach is more rocky, and the bay itself no less dangerous than Chale Bay. At Barnes there is a cavern of considerable height, known as Barnes' Hole; and at Grange, not far from Grange Chine, is another, called Dutchman's Hole, from a Dutch ship having run into it. Several of the ledges of rock along here have received trivial names from a fancied resemblance to some object, and sometimes from ships to which they have proved fatal. This is the most dangerous part of the island, and many a spot in both these bays is pointed out by the old fishermen, as that where some vessel has been wrecked. The inhabitants of the villages along this iron-bound shore had, in olden time, a bad reputation as wreckers; in more modern days, they were no less notorious as smugglers. Their wrecking and smuggling propensities are both pretty well subdued now.

The villages along the summit of these cliffs have some attractions in point of beauty, and are full of interest to the antiquary. Chale, that highest Black Gang, is a very pretty place, its scattered houses straggling irregularly for a mile along both sides of the road. The church is a good-sized, a very good-looking, and a very old one. It has lately been thoroughly repaired. Chale farmhouse is also an old building worth looking at: it has some windows, and other details of a strictly ecclesiastical character; a peculiarity the rambler will notice in a good many of the oldest cottages and small farmhouses about the island. They were evidently built by church masons, and may probably have been the property of some of the religious establishments. Mottestone church is worth turning aside to see: it is of different dates, and has the peculiar picturesqueness that so many of these old churches possess, which have thus grown into their present form by the addition of new limbs in different ages. The old manor-house just by it, was the birthplace of Sir John Cheke, the tutor to Edward VI., and one of the revivers of Greek learning in our universities. The little secluded village of Brooke, lying in a hollow betwixt the hills, close by the Chine of the same name, and looking upon a rough rock-strewn beach, might also be seen; but it will be well to ascend the Downs, at Mottestone, and proceed along them to Freshwater. The views from these grounds are of vast extent, and are hardly surpassed in the island in any respect. The prospects from Afton Down have always been famous; the view over Freshwater is especially striking. Freshwater Bay stretches round in a splendid curve, the chalk cliffs rising perpendicularly to a height of some five or six

hundred feet from the sea, which rages constantly against their base, and crowned by the Needles' lighthouse. Beyond is the broad belt of ocean, along which ships of all sizes are constantly passing to and fro. In the extreme distance lies the coast of Dorset, which is visible from Poole Harbour to Portland Bill, while the foreground obtains boldness and strength from the shattered and detached masses of rock that lift their heads far above the waters at Freshwater Gate. Nor, though less grand, is that inland view less pleasing where the Yar wends "its silver winding way" along the rich valley to which it gives its name, enlarging rapidly from a scarcely traceable rivulet, till, in a mile or two, it has become a goodly æstuary.

The village of Freshwater is about a mile from the beach, and on the river Yar, where it begins to expand into a broad stream. The village itself is but a little gathering of cottages, with one or two houses of a better class on its outskirts. The church is old, but has been a good deal altered; it is, however, a noticeable pile: in the interior there are two or three curious monuments. A bridge crosses the river near the church; and a good-sized mill is worked by the stream. From various points of view these several objects combine in a very picturesque manner, and often find a place in sketch-books. From the village there is a pleasant walk over the fields to Freshwater Gate: it leads by the source of the Yar, which is only a very short distance from the beach. This little river thus rises close by the coast on the opposite side of the island to that in which it enters the sea, and thus nearly insulates the western extremity of the island. In rough weather the ocean waves frequently beat over the narrow barrier, and mingle with the fresh water of this spring.

Freshwater Gate lies in a deep narrow valley between the Downs, whence it is thought to owe its name—it serving as a gate, or opening, from the village of Freshwater to the sea. It is a very favourite resort of the tourist, and is in considerable repute as a bathing-place. There are a couple of large hotels here, as well as a few small houses; and there is a wooden box, which styles itself the Royal Museum, and contains a collection of sea-weeds, and shells, and bits of rock, and fossil remains. To one who should come down this little dale without knowing what he was to expect, the bay would be perfectly startling. On the one hand is a long ridge of chalk cliffs of enormous altitude with huge fragments scattered far into the sea; on the other are lower, though still high cliffs of sandstone and chalk, with several huge detached masses of strange forms rising boldly out of the waves; and on both sides the heavy billowy sea is beating furiously over the outlying fragments, and against the bases of the cliffs, which it has worn into grim-looking black-mouthed caverns. Both the caverns and the rocks are among the curiosities of the place. What is called Freshwater Cavern may be entered at low tide: it reaches to a considerable depth into the chalk cliff. The entrance is by a curious arch, some thirty feet high; the interior is rough and rugged. From the roof large pieces of chalk hang in a way that seems most unstable, and the many blocks that cover the floor show that they are little more stable than they appear. The look-out over the sea from the gloom of the cave is very singular: just outside, the waves are breaking over the rocky beach in spray of dazzling whiteness, while farther off, the sea is of the most brilliant emerald. Another of the curiosities is the Arched Rock which stands on the eastern side of the bay. It is a very large mass of chalk, which has been originally part of the cliff; but now stands insulated in the sea, some six hundred feet from it. The same power that destroyed the intervening cliff, has beaten a way through this rock, in the shape of a rude gothic arch; the surface of the rock is strangely worn and shattered: it has altogether a curious appearance, which is considerably increased if the sea-fowl be disturbed that roost about its ledges in vast

numbers. There is another, but more lumpish mass rising out of the sea at a little distance from the Arched Rock.

Alum Bay, The Needles, etc.—At Freshwater, you mount the cliffs, and continue along their summit to the Needles' lighthouse. The walk is a most exhilarating one. The view across the sea is glorious, and the balmy breezes come over the wide waters with that delightful freshness which is never felt but in wandering along the lofty hills that rise at once from the broad ocean. The Downs are open, and only employed for grazing sheep; you may therefore make your own path over them, the lighthouse is a sufficient landmark. The cliffs here rise precipitously from the sea; and they are the highest chalk cliffs in the kingdom. At High Down they attain an altitude of above six hundred feet.

Samphire grows abundantly on these cliffs, and is in common use as a pickle among the poorer classes. But the main inducement to practise the perilous craft of cliff climbing, is the profit arising from the sale of the eggs and feathers of the various sea-birds which build in amazing numbers on the ledges and in the crevices of the cliffs. In order to get at these eggs the men fasten a rope to an iron bar which they have driven firmly into the ground; and then placing themselves on a rude seat formed of two pieces of wood placed across, they lower themselves by means of a second rope down the face of the precipice. The practice is almost as dangerous as it appears to be; and many a bold man has lost his life in pursuing it.

The lighthouse stands on the brow of the hill, immediately above the Needles, to give notice of whose presence it is placed there. It is one of the show-places of the island: the prospect from it is, as will be imagined, of wide extent; and the lightmen have a good telescope, the use of which they proffer to the visitor. The inside of the lighthouse is worth seeing for the neat arrangements of the lights, and the perfect order and cleanliness in which everything is kept. It is a low building, but very substantial, as is indeed necessary; for the tremendous force of the wind just on this narrow tongue of land, is hardly conceivable. It is said that the lighthouse people often dare not venture out of doors for days together. A somewhat lower point of land, a little eastward of the lighthouse, is the best place for seeing the Needles from the land; but it is from the water they are seen to most advantage. A boat may be hired at Alum Bay, the path to which from the lighthouse will be pointed out by the keeper; and a row or sail round to Freshwater Gate will afford a series of views of a far more remarkable kind than any others in the Isle of Wight—and that are as fine of their kind as any in England.

Alum Bay itself will not be readily forgotten. You reach the shore by a deep and ragged ravine, which prevents you from seeing anything of the bay till you find yourself on the beach in the centre of it. On looking around, you perceive that the two sides of the bay present the most strange and striking contrast to each other: on one side the vast cliffs are of chalk of the purest whiteness; on the other, they are of sand and clay of the most varied and brilliant colours. But Alum Bay is best seen from a boat, and as so seen Sir Henry Englefield has described the appearance of the opposite sides of the bay with exceeding truth and beauty. He says:—"The chalk forms an unbroken face, everywhere nearly perpendicular, and, in some parts, formidably projecting; and the tenderest stains of ochreous yellow, and greenish moist vegetation, vary without breaking its sublime uniformity. This vast wall extends more than a quarter of a mile, and is hardly less than four hundred feet in height; its termination is a thin edge, not perpendicular, but of a bold broken outline; and the wedge-like Needle rocks, arising out of the blue waters, seem to continue the cliff beyond its present boundary, and give an awful impression of the stormy ages which have

gradually devoured its enormous mass. The chalk rising from the sea nearly perpendicular, being totally in shadow, while opposed to the blue sky above, and the pellucid green of the sea at its foot, it has a sort of aerial tint, as if it were semitransparent; while here and there a projecting point of the edge of the cliff, catching the sunshine, is of a whiteness so transplendent that it seems to shine by its own native white.

"The magical repose of this side of the bay is wonderfully contrasted by the torn forms and vivid colouring of the clay cliffs on the opposite side. These do not present rounded headlands, covered with turf and shrubs, as in some other parts of the coast; but offer a series of points which are often quite sharp and spiry. Deep rugged chasms divide the strata in many places, and not a vestige of vegetation appears in any part. The tints of the cliff are so bright and so varied, that they have not the appearance of anything natural. Deep purplish red, dusky blue, bright ochreous yellow, gray, and black, succeed one another as sharply defined as the stripes in silk."

These various coloured sands are collected by the cottagers' children, and are arranged fancifully in phials, or made into little ornamental articles, and sold to visitors. The white sand is of more importance, it being, on account of its purity, in considerable request among the manufacturers of the finer kinds of glass and china. The late Mr. Wedgwood fancied that the coloured clays would be found equally serviceable for some kinds of porcelain, and he caused pits to be opened, but they did not bear the process of firing well. The visitor will notice several door-like openings in the cliffs, and be curious to know their use. They are the entrances to some shafts that were commenced two or three years ago, in the vain expectation of finding coal.

The Needles consist of three vast masses of chalk, that originally formed part of the sharp point of land in which the western end of the island terminates, but now stand far out in the sea, detached from it and from each other. There are also two or three other blocks, but they are not ordinarily observable. The Needles resemble anything rather than the little implement whose name they bear: from some points they appear like a huge fortress, standing there to guard the island; from the sea they exactly resemble a fleet under full sail. But there was formerly another rock,—Lot's Wife, the sailors called it,—which stood out alone, rising from the waves like a spire to a height of 120 feet, which is said to have given the name to the group;—it fell in 1764. Their appearance from a boat is very striking. The sea rolls in here with great impetuosity, and the rocks are in constant course of disintegration; from being exposed on all sides the waves have full play upon them; the entire surface is deeply serrated, and the ledges and sharp spiry pinnacles, as well as the fragments which lie about the hollowed bases or hang ready to fall, proclaim the change that is going surely forward. In fine weather the most timid may sail, or be rowed, between the Needles: when there is a little wind abroad, it seems rather fearful to those not used to the water; but the visitor may always trust to the boatmen (whether of Freshwater Gate, Alum Bay, or Yarmouth), who will not advise the excursion to be made if there is any real danger. They who are not afraid of a roughish sea, nor mind a little spray or a whiff of salt water, will not need to be told that the run round this wild point in a bit of a breeze is a rare treat.

Scratchell's Bay, as the cove is called in which you find yourself on passing the Needles, is one of the most magnificent things in the island, and one which you must travel many miles to match. Precipitous and beetling rocks of from four to five hundred feet in height circle the little bay, which is bounded at one extremity by the rugged Needles, and at the other by a stern wave-worn promontory, called Sun Corner. The rocks are of chalk, divided into nearly perpendicular strata by bands of flint

nodules. Towards the eastern end of the bay the cliff is hollowed into a circular arch, perhaps two hundred feet high; and further still the waves have wrought a low gloomy cavern which penetrates far into the cliff, and the neighbouring rocks have been pierced and torn in a most strange fashion by the angry elements. If there is not a heavy ground-swell, the stranger should land on the little strip of beach near the middle of the bay: if he does, he should go forward to the extremity of the great arch, looking out from which he will be amazed by the grand aspect of the bay; the surrounding rocks and the vast overhanging arch assume almost a terrible majesty, especially if a stormy sky is gathering its forces over the distant horizon.

The cliffs between Scratchell's Bay and Freshwater are those lofty ones we spoke of above as being the highest chalk cliffs in the country. They rise, as we said, precipitously from the sea some six hundred feet. Like those we have passed, the strata are nearly vertical, the dazzling white chalk being banded by lines of black flint. The base of this enormous wall is all along worn into caverns, and arches, and columns, in a fantastic manner; and the ledges and crevices are crowded with sea-fowl: this is indeed their chief haunt, and it is worth while to carry a gun,—a bugle will do as well if the tourist likes not villanous gunpowder,—to see what prodigious flocks start when the report is heard, from every side, though not a feather was discoverable by an unpractised eye. It is over this tremendous precipice that the cliffmen lower themselves when searching for the birds' eggs.

The tourist may land at Freshwater Gate, or return to Alum Bay; at either there is a good hotel, which after such a sail he will be prepared to appreciate. The Needles Hotel, at Alum Bay, is a favourite one, and very convenient for examining the scenery of this end of the island. And if, as is quite likely, he be weather-bound there, the tourist may while away an idle hour in turning over the leaves of the Album, and reading how "Miss Gibbins and her mamma much approved of the scenery of Alum Bay," or how Alderman S. "thought the dinner very good—particularly the mutton."

Yarmouth.—But if he be of an economic turn, and do not mind walking an additional mile or two, he will find cheaper and very respectable inns at Yarmouth—a place at which tourists seldom stay, but which is not an inconvenient centre for exploring all this western end of the island from. There are a couple of inns at Yarmouth: the principal—a noticeable old high-roofed red-brick edifice—was once the mansion of the governor of the island, and has had a king as its guest. It was built by Admiral Sir R. Holmes, who entertained Charles II. here, in 1671. Now in its plebeian condition, it is known as 'The George,' and has a very creditable fame. The other inn, 'The Bugle,' is also a respectable one; and the host, Master Butler, being an excellent shot, very knowing in birds, and filling up his leisure hours in stuffing the best specimens his gun brings down, his guests may generally see such a collection of the various birds that frequent the island—whether common, rare, or rarest—as they will probably not find anywhere else. Butler is well known to naturalists and collectors of sea-fowl; and many a bird of his shooting and preserving has found a perch in foreign as well as home museums.

Yarmouth itself is but a poor place. Although a corporate town, with its mayor and burgesses, and all municipal addenda,—and one that used to send two representatives to the Imperial Parliament, and though it has a town-hall and market-place, a steam-boat pier, a church, and two or three chapels, it yet has only a single shop of any size or pretension; but that is sufficient—it being one of the 'general' order only met with in country towns, wherein everything is kept, from drugs and grocery, down to door-mats and letter-paper; and everything prepared, from physicians' prescriptions

to British wines. Half an hour will suffice to examine all that the town has to shew. The church is old, but has been repaired and modernised; the exterior may be called ugly, and the interior is anything but handsome. The town-hall is nought. The 'castle' is one of the 'blockhouses' built by Henry VIII., and of the plainest kind. But the town is pleasantly situated: it stands at the mouth of the Yar, which forms a convenient harbour for small vessels; while there is excellent anchorage for those of larger size in the Solent. From the opposite side of the Yar—to which there is a ferry—the town, lying along the side of the broad estuary, with the Solent before and beyond it, seems as though built on a tongue of land, which projects into the sea, and has a very picturesque air. As we spoke of some of its conveniences as a centre for the hardy tourist, we may add to these that the watermen are skilful, and moderate in their charges,—which cannot always be said of the island watermen; and there are good sailing as well as row-boats, for a run along the coast. Moreover, there are steamers plying daily to Lymington and Gosport, which also call at Cowes and Ryde. The neighbourhood around Yarmouth is pretty, but not such as to call for further notice here.

Before however we proceed onwards, we must turn back a little way, in order to glance at the coast between Alum Bay and Yarmouth. After crossing the ferry we pass Scone Point, and soon reach Cliff End, where the island approaches nighest to the mainland; the distance from Cliff End to Hurst Castle, which stands on the shingle bank known as Hurst Point, being only three-quarters of a mile. Geologists have little doubt that the Isle of Wight was once united to the mainland; and there has always been a tradition among the islanders to the same effect. Etymologists, too, fancy they perceive confirmation of it in the name of the strait which divides the island from the coast of Hampshire—Solent (which they remind us Bede wrote *Solvente*), pointing plainly to the manner in which it has eaten away the channel between the coasts. Colwell Bay, and Totland Bay, which we come to in succession, both deserve to be visited. Their banks are bold for some way from the beach, and are tossed about as though by an earthquake. The roughness is doubtless the effect of a long series of land-slips. Headon Hill, the noble headland which divides Totland Bay from Alum Bay, is one of the objects for which the geologist visits the Isle of Wight —it affording a good type of the vertical strata of chalk which we have already mentioned more than once: and we ought perhaps to remind the reader that we here quit the chalk and sandstone cliffs along which we have hitherto travelled. The chalk extends in a range of lofty Downs, so as to form a sort of spine, or long axis, to the island, and terminates at the opposite extremities in the steep Culver and Needles Cliffs. This elevated ridge rises to its greatest height towards the centre of the island, and, as we have seen, forms the cliffs along its southern side. The northern side of the island is of the tertiary formation, and nowhere rises into hills of any great height; the northern coast is for the most part low and shelving.

Cowes.—Beyond Yarmouth the stranger will not care to pursue the coast, which has nothing very characteristic about it, merely consisting for the greater part of the way of a sandy beach, with low sandy banks beyond. The best plan will be to take the steamer at once to Cowes. The only town that occurs near the coast between Yarmouth and Cowes is Newtown, which lies some distance up the river of the same name. It was once a place of some importance; but is now quite decayed; and though it still retains its corporate privileges, has altogether not a hundred inhabitants, and only about five-and-twenty mean houses and the ruins of a church. Till the passing of the Parliamentary Reform Bill, it returned two members to the House of Commons. Along the banks of the river there are some salterns, but they are not much used.

The river allows vessels of 500 tons burden to reach the town, but they do not ascend it. Newtown is rather prettily situated, and is worth going to see, if within a mile or two of it.

Cowes lies along both sides of the æstuary of the Medina; that part of it which is on the west bank being called West Cowes, while that on the opposite side is called East Cowes: they are connected by a ferry. West Cowes is the principal town, the other being little more than an adjunct to it, though it contains the Custom-house. The appearance of Cowes from the Solent is very fine. The mouth of the Medina is half a mile across, but it contracts rapidly, so that the town seems to lie round a good-sized harbour; and West Cowes being built on a steep hill, whose summit is crowned by a number of gentlemen's villas, it assumes a consequence far beyond its due. To add to its dignity, too, there are generally numerous vessels lying along the banks, and not a few of the handsome craft belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron moored off the mouth of the river; with perhaps one or more ships of war in the Solent.

Cowes has a good deal of traffic; it being the port of the island, and the point of communication with the mainland by way of Southampton. It carries on also a large internal trade; and it is famous for its ship-building: the craft which are constructed here being celebrated for good sailing—those built for the Royal Yacht Squadron indeed have few rivals. West Cowes, notwithstanding its appearance from the river, is a most irregular ungainly-looking place when you are inside it. The narrow streets run crookedly and awkwardly along the hill side, and there is no public building to engage the attention. Just outside the town there is an old church, and in the other direction there is a new one—but neither is very remarkable. Along the river, and on the parade, there are some buildings that the stranger will look at; but they are not eminent for any architectural merits. One of these is the castle; a rather unformidable-looking building despite the battery in front of it. Another is the club-house of the Royal Yacht Squadron. To this body Cowes owes a fair share of its prosperity: the influx of summer residents must be very materially increased by the members of the Squadron and their connexions; and the annual sailing-match brings many strangers; while the presence of so many vessels, and the constant trials of skill that take place, add to the general attraction of the town, by adding so much to its cheerfulness. The number of large hotels on both sides of the river speaks aloud for the demands for temporary accommodation. On the hill above West Cowes, and in the neighbourhood around, there are a great many gentlemen's seats, villas, and cottages, and some of them are of rather a superior character: the walks, too, around West Cowes are very pleasing. East Cowes is an agreeable little place; about it there are many very good private residences, but it has no very distinguishing features. What is most commonly pointed out as its lion is East Cowes Castle,—a so-called Gothic mansion which Nash, the architect of Buckingham Palace, built for himself, in a commanding position on the brow of the hill, just above the village. It looks best at a distance—but the view from it is very fine. East Cowes is much in repute as a quiet watering-place; indeed both West and East Cowes are very lively agreeable summer resorts.

From Cowes, steamers are in frequent communication with Ryde; and perhaps the ordinary tourist will be content with seeing as much of the coast between these places as he can from the deck of one of them. Indeed, if he wishes to see more of it, he can only do so from the roads some way inland—and they are not particularly tempting. But we must look a little more closely at one or two spots. On rounding the point, the lofty towers and long battlemented front of Norris Castle will catch the attention. From the Solent it is a striking object—appearing like some grim relic of ruder times;

but it is in reality a modern mansion, having been erected by Wyattville for Sir Henry Seymour. It commands one of the finest views of the Solent and the opposite shore, of any spot in the island. Somewhat farther we see Osborne, the seat of Her Majesty, which shows very well from the sea, and we should fancy has a nobler view over the strait, as it has in every other direction, than Norris. We shall visit Osborne from Newport. The coast along rises into gentle well-wooded uplands, and wears a very cheerful air. At King's Quay we pass a river that enters the sea between banks covered with foliage to the edge of the water. A little further is Fishbourne Creek, the æstuary of the Wootton river—in parts one of the most beautiful rivers in the island. The scenery about Wootton Bridge is celebrated, but the river is finer towards the sea—we mean of course at high water, for these tidal streams are little better than a mud-swamp when the tide is out.

At Quarr Abbey we might, had we time, stay a while: there are some remains of a Cistercian monastery, &c., with magnificent spreading elms about them, as old almost as the building. Binstead is a pretty secluded village of genteel residences, with a new church, which, though small, is of unusual gracefulness. Binstead is about a mile from Ryde.

Newport.—We have thus made the circuit of this island; it now remains for us to visit Newport, its capital; and from thence we may hastily glance over one or two places in the interior.

Newport stands nearly in the centre of the island, on a spot apparently marked out by Nature for the site of the miniature capital. It is built on a gentle slope rising from the west bank of the Medina, which is navigable for vessels of considerable burden up to the town; and the nature of the surrounding hills allows of easy lines of communication to radiate from it to every part of the island. The town itself is neat, clean, cheerful-looking, and apparently flourishing. It contains about 5000 inhabitants, is a corporate borough, and returns two members to the House of Commons, being the only place in the island that was permitted by the Reform Bill to retain Parliamentary representatives. The streets are well paved and lighted, and filled with good well-stored shops. The public buildings are mostly modern; the town-hall, and one or two other of the largest and showiest, were erected some thirty or forty years ago, from the designs of Nash, and are about on a level with what would be expected from the specimens of his genius which the metropolis possesses. The old church is very large, but plain and low, and far from pleasing in its external appearance, while the interior is blocked up and darkened by huge pews and galleries, and every kind of ungainly obstruction, till it would require a laborious search to discover any beauties there, if any there be. Among the monuments one or two are noticeable. There are a couple of new churches in the town; and Dissenting chapels abound. There is a literary society in Newport, which has one of the best buildings in the place. There is also a factory, wherein some hundred hands are employed in making the Isle of Wight lace, so much admired by ladies. There is, too, a theatre for the delectation of the town's-people, but it does not fill; and just by it there is a jail, of which no such complaint is heard. North of the town are extensive barracks; and not far from them is a House of Industry, or in other words a Union workhouse, for the poor of the island. With its grounds, which are laid out in fields and cultivated by the inmates, it occupies an area of eighty acres, and it has accommodation (happily never required) for 1000 persons. The Reformatory for juvenile offenders, or, as it is more commonly called, Parkhurst Prison, is also in the same neighbourhood,—all these three buildings being within the precincts of Parkhurst Forest.

Newport is not much dependent on summer visitors, who generally merely pass

through it. The population is a fixed, and not a fluctuating one, like that of Ryde and Cowes, and the town wears altogether less of a holiday look. But it is a convenient place to stay at for one who wants to see the island and its inhabitants. The stranger ought to turn out early on Saturday morning to see the market, which is of the most miscellaneous character possible. Every household requisite or luxury, from beef and bedsteads to prawns and pine-apples, is collected in it; and the market folks and market vehicles are almost as miscellaneous as the commodities they have brought together, and very much better worth seeing. There is also an annual fair; and there are two or three Michaelmas hiring or 'bargain-fairs,' which afford rare opportunities for seeing the country folk.

The walks in the immediate vicinity of Newport are many of them very beautiful; but there is one spot in particular which affords so splendid a prospect that it should on no account be left unvisited. We refer, of course, to Mountjoy, the lofty hill on the south of the town. From the summit of this hill you see, on a clear day, the whole lower valley of the Medina and the surrounding country,—a rich undulating tract, where shining meadows alternate with dusky lines of sombre foliage, and the broad Medina, winding through the midst, leads the eye along the curves of the valley to its union with the sea, where a forest of small craft and a light hazy vapour mark the sight of Cowes. Bounding the valley on the right is a range of low hills, from the highest of which the tower of Osborne rises out of a dense mass of trees. On the left, another range of uplands terminates near you in the brown heathy tract of Parkhurst Forest. In the extreme distance are the purple hills of Hampshire; between which and the northern side of the island the Solent breaks upon the sight at intervals, between the depressions in the uplands, gleaming in the sunshine like a number of small lakes. And at the foot of the hill on which you stand, lies the town of Newport; its regular rows of plain houses and dark red roofs, partly concealed by noble trees, which, with the gray tower of the old church and the masts of the ships that are lying by the town quay, not only break the uniformity and homeliness of the buildings, but render the little town a bold and striking relief to the open country beyond, and assist it in throwing the whole landscape into exquisite harmony.

Our first stroll from Newport shall be down the Medina to Osborne. The Medina rises on the south side of the island, and falls into the sea on the north,—as do all the streams in the island, with the exception of those little ones that fall over the Chines. Its source is at the north-eastern foot of St. Catherine's Hill, not far from Chale; at Newport it becomes a tidal river, and expands to a considerable width, and it continues of course to widen to its confluence with the sea five miles lower. It thus divides the island, as will be seen on referring to the map, into two nearly equal portions, which have been adopted as the legal divisions of the island, the eastern half being called East, and the other West Medina.

The Medina has a good deal of very pretty scenery along its upper course, but it altogether changes its character when it becomes a tidal river. At low water indeed it is but a narrow stream running through the centre of a wide bed of mud; but when the tide is up, it is a broad and noble river, and that is the time to stroll along it. Both the banks are hilly, and the slopes are well wooded; but it is on the right bank only that a footpath lies all the way along the water's edge—and it is on the right bank that Osborne is situated. The rambler may very well keep beside the river to Whippingham, occasionally ascending the uplands; and if he be a lover of river scenery, he will not regret the devious course it has led him. The broad sweep of the stream stretches before you in bold sweeping curves, its clear green water curling into light ripples and reflecting in long tremulous lines the white sails that are gliding rapidly

along; on each side are fine hanging woods, or slopes of "glad light green;" in front the view is bounded by softly swelling uplands, or when a turn in the path brings into sight the broad opening where the river falls into the sea, by the silver Solent and the hazy coast beyond. Looking back, Newport for some way forms the chief feature; but as it diminishes, the high mound with the gray ruins of Carisbrooke Castle on its summit rises into importance, and from many a spot you have a landscape of a high order. There are a couple of mills on the river's banks called respectively East and West Medina Mills, but they add nothing to the beauty of the scenery.

Whippingham has no such a collection of houses as could be called a village. The church, which is the chief attraction, stands quite apart, not far from a farmyard, on an eminence just above the river. Its spire has served as a landmark, visible at intervals above the trees, from East Medina Mill, but the church itself is hidden by the wood till you are close to it. Since Osborne has been the property of Her Majesty, Whippingham church has been her ordinary place of worship while residing there, and tourists are now accustomed to mark it in their list of visiting-places; else it would draw few aside. The church is of a moderate size, and more complete in its equipments than many of the island churches, having nave, chancel, transepts, tower, and spire; but it is as plain and unadorned as village church can be. The only possible thing to notice inside would be its scrupulous cleanness. Now of course the royal pews are looked at by the stranger, but they too are quiet and unassuming, only distinguished from the rest by a rather richer lining.

Osborne House is about three-quarters of a mile from the church. It stands in the midst of its grounds, and cannot be seen from the road. The grounds are rather extensive, and from their elevated site afford fine views in many directions; but they are *strictly private*, and neither house nor grounds can be entered by the stranger. It would be useless, therefore, to describe them, if even the very hasty glance we have had of them enabled us to do so. It may be enough to state that the house has been much enlarged and altered since it was purchased for Her Majesty. It now presents an extended façade with a very lofty campanile on one side, of the Italian palazzo style, very sparingly enriched. Perhaps the house is seen to most advantage from the Solent, but it may also be very well seen from the high grounds on the opposite side of the Medina. The campanile is a noticeable object from the higher hills all over the island, and the views from it are said to be of the most splendid description.

The tourist may take the road beyond the principal entrance to Osborne, which will lead him to the grounds of Norris Castle, which are open to him, and whose noble prospect across the Solent has been already spoken of. The road through the park will bring him out by East Cowes, where he may be ferried over, and return to Newport along the road above the west bank of the river; or, if he does not wish to proceed to Norris Castle, he will find a ferry below Whippingham church, kept by the person who rents the oyster-beds, by which he may cross, when the tide is up, to Werror Farm, whence he may make his way through the copse to the road, or by the river to West Medina Mill. He will find the lonely old farmhouse, and some other places on his way, very picturesque. But it will be well to view the scenery of the Medina from the water, and the tourist can do so very readily. There are good boats always to be hired at Newport; and there is a passage-boat which sails daily between Newport and Cowes as the tide serves; the fare by the passage-boat is very trifling. The traveller can take whichever his fancy or his pocket prefers. We would suggest that the best way to see the Medina, and the places spoken of above, is to sail to Cowes, and thence to return by Norris and Whippingham, where he can descend to

the river side and continue along it to Newport. If he like river scenery half as much as we do, and have a fair day and a flowing tide, he will thank us for the suggestion.

Carisbrooke.—William the Conqueror gave the Isle of Wight to his kinsman William Fitz-Osborne, and created him Lord of Wight. Fitz-Osborne, after overcoming the resistance of the islanders, took up his abode at Carisbrooke, which was already a fortified place. The castle which he built became the residence of the Lords of Wight, and the town of Carisbrooke the capital of the island. The Lords of Wight retained their insular sovereignty till the reign of Edward I., who purchased the regalities, and appointed a Warden of the island, with the old title, subject to removal at his pleasure. This arrangement was continued till 1445, when that feeblest of monarchs, Henry VI., created the Earl of Warwick 'King' of the Isle of Wight, and crowned the new sovereign with his own hands. But this title was of course never renewed, and the old one was dropped in the reign of Henry VII., who appointed a 'Captain' of the Island: the title was changed to that of Governor in the seventeenth century; and that title and office are still continued.

The chief historical interest attaching to the Castle arises from the confinement within it of the unfortunate Charles I. Charles, it will be remembered, on escaping from Hampton Court, repaired to the coast of Hampshire, and after some hesitation, resolved to place himself under the protection of Colonel Hammond, the governor of the Isle of Wight. He was lodged in Carisbrooke Castle. At first he was treated with courtesy, and even permitted to ride out with a small escort; but stricter measures were soon enforced, and the king became a close prisoner. Some wild projects were started for his release: but Carisbrooke Castle was too strong a place, and too well garrisoned to allow of hope from any plan which the Royalists were then capable of executing. Charles himself made two efforts to escape. The first time he tried to force his body between the bars of his window; but they were too close together, and he had difficulty in drawing himself back again. Then his followers succeeded in conveying to him acids for corroding the bars, and a rope, by which to lower himself; and a night was fixed for the attempt. When it came, he was made aware that his window was watched, and it was believed that if he had appeared outside he would have been shot. Charles was a prisoner here rather more than a year.

Carisbrooke Castle is now a mere ruin, but it is a very fine one. It stands on a lofty eminence, and the keep is raised still higher, by being placed on an artificial mound. It thus presents a commanding aspect from every side. The castle is of very different dates: some parts of it are probably as old as William Fitz-Osborne; but the castle was rebuilt in the reign of Henry I., and probably most of the older parts of the present remains are of that time. The grand gateway was erected in the reign of Edward IV., by Lord Woodville whose arms are sculptured upon the front. Woodville sold the castle to the king, and it has ever since remained an appanage to the crown. It was repaired by Elizabeth, who built the outer walls and the gateway outside the bridge, and also some domestic offices yet remaining, and now used as the residence of the keeper. The defensive part of the castle was permitted to go to ruin after the Restoration, though it was used for some time longer as a state prison.

The walls of the castle inclose an area of about twenty acres; and the whole is surrounded by a broad moat, long since drained. The entrance from the road is by Queen Elizabeth's Gate, a not unpicturesque little building in its present mouldering state, with the dark green ivy climbing over it; but the grand entrance is Woodville's Gateway, on the other side of the bridge. This is the finest feature left of the old castle. The gateway is strengthened by a portcullis and bold machicolations, and

flanked by round towers of noble proportions; it is altogether a very handsome specimen of its class of architecture. On passing through it, the person who shows the castle calls your attention to some ruinous walls on your left hand, as the prison wherein Charles was confined: the window, still preserved, is said to be that from which he attempted to escape. You are then directed to the 'Saxon' keep, and left to ascend, if you please, "the wearisome but necessary height." There are said to be some seventy-odd steps to this steep 'flight,' which leads to the keep, and there are some more from thence to the parapet. But no one will complain who ascends them. The prospect would be worth climbing for, were there no steps to assist the ascent; it embraces as wide a range of country as the summit of Mountjoy, and is perhaps more varied. The ramparts also afford very pleasing views; and on Wednesday evenings in summer, when the band of the regiment stationed at the barracks at Parkhurst plays in the meadow below, they form a favourite promenade for the Newport fair.

One of the most curious things in the castle is the well, which is above three hundred feet deep. The visitor is shown into the well-house; and while he is noticing the singular appearance of the room, one side of which is occupied by an enormous wooden wheel, a small lamp is lighted; and after being told to mark the time that elapses before a glass of water that is thrown down strikes against the bottom of the well, the lamp is lowered by means of a small windlass, making, as he watches its descent, a circle of light continually lessening till the lamp is seen to float on the surface of the water at a depth that makes him almost dizzy. A grave old donkey is then introduced, who quietly walks into the huge treadwheel, which he anon begins to turn—as ours in days of yore turned spits—whereby the bucket is lowered and drawn up again: which feat being accomplished, Jacob very soberly walks out again.

The village of Carisbrooke is built along the side of an eminence, which is separated from the castle-hill by a narrow dell, through which flows a small streamlet. Carisbrooke is a pretty rustic village; but showing few signs, apart from the castle and the church, of its antiquity. The church is still large and handsome; but it was once much larger, the chancel and one of the aisles having been pulled down to save the cost of repairing them. The tower, which has an enriched turret and pinnacles, is the most elaborate and handsomest, and it contains the most musical peal of bells in the island. The church, with several other of the island churches, formerly belonged to the Cistercian Priory, which was founded here by Fitz-Osborne, and so it remained till the spoliation of religious houses by Henry VIII. The only fragment left of the priory is an ivy-covered gate.

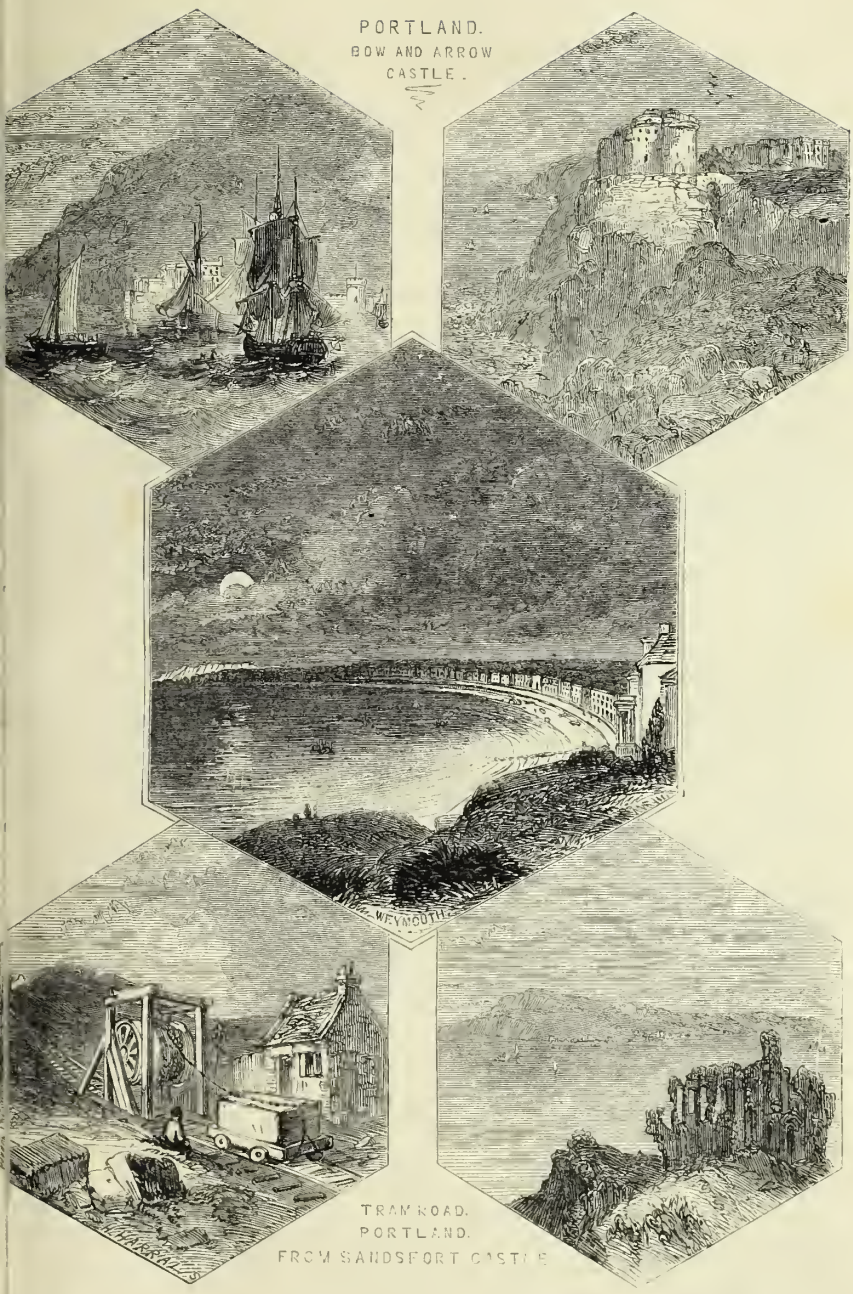
The country around Carisbrooke is very lovely. There are delicious green lanes where the trees interlace over head and form an exquisite roof to the informal avenue; there are again lone farmhouses shadowed by lofty spreading elms, and environed by broad tilths of wheat; little playful brooks running wild among the alder-spotted meadows; and downy heights with wide-spread prospects; and shadowy copses peopled only by the merry song-birds. You might roam about here for weeks and not exhaust the affluence of gentle pastoral loveliness.

Appuldurcombe must be visited from Newport, if it were not seen when at Shanklin or Ventnor. We may mention here that the interior of the mansion can only be seen by tickets, which must have been previously obtained at Newport. There are two or three ways to Appuldercombe, but there is little choice between them. Godshill is in any case the mark to aim at: it is a curious unformed picturesque place, with a church set up on the top of a broken hill, which is worth looking over. Appuldurcombe is little more than a mile from Godshill. The mansion stands in the midst of an extensive park, and both house and park are considered to be

among the most attractive of the island lions. Appuldurcombe House was begun in 1710, by Sir Robert Worsley; but remained unfinished until the succession of his grandson, Richard, to the title and estates. It is a large square building, with projecting wings to the principal front. The style is the so-called classic which prevailed in the last century, and the general effect is stately and imposing. The hall and principal apartments are of handsome proportions, and it is altogether an eminently splendid pile. But the chief attraction is the collection of pictures, statues, and antiquities, so famous as the Worsley Museum. The most interesting, perhaps, of the pictures are the historical portraits, many of which have been in the possession of the family for a very long period; some, as the portraits of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, having been presented to them by those sovereigns. The bassi-rilievi, statues, gems and other antiquities, were collected by Sir Richard Worsley, at a vast expense, during a tour made for the purpose in Italy and the Levant. The collection was, at the time it was made, considered to be one of the finest in England. The park is very famous, and it deserves its celebrity. It is very extensive, for the island, the ground is considerably diversified, and there are noble views over the wide glades. Oak, elm, and beech trees, of stately size abound; the plantations are well arranged, and it is well stocked with deer: the park and the house are, in short, on a correspondent style of grandeur. On the most elevated spot in the park a column seventy feet high has been erected to the memory of Sir Richard Worsley, and is a conspicuous object for many miles in every direction. Appuldurcombe is now the seat of the Earl of Yarborough.

We have not space to describe any more of the pleasant jaunts from Newport. We may just mention, as one that will very well illustrate the nature of the quiet out-of-the-way districts that are to be found in these parts that lie away from the ordinary routes, a stroll to Newtown by way of Parkhurst Forest, returning by Calbourne. The very finest ramble that can be had upon the central range of Downs is from Newport to Ashey Seamark. You reach Arreton Down by Long Lane; when, the moment you attain the summit, there bursts on the view upon each hand a wide and most brilliant prospect, which never loses its attractiveness till you reach the Seamark upon Ashey Down, where it is by far the finest, from any part of the island.

The route to the Isle of Wight is, of course, by the South-Western Railway from Waterloo Road, or the Brighton and South Coast Railway from the London Bridge Station. Steam vessels leave the piers soon after the arrival of the trains at the Gosport and Portsmouth termini, and several other times in the course of the day. The passage takes about half an hour; the charge to Ryde is fourpence and threepence, or sixpence and fourpence the double passage. Return tickets at a fare and a half, available for two days, are granted from the London termini to the Isle of Wight, conditional on their being marked by the captain on board the packet.



PORTLAND.
BOW AND ARROW
CASTLE.

TRAM ROAD.
PORTLAND.
FROM SANDSFORT CASTLE.

NO. XII.

KNIGHTS
EXCURSION
COMPANION.

DORCHESTER,
WEYMOUTH, AND
PORTLAND.

DORCHESTER, WEYMOUTH, AND PORTLAND.

If we take Weymouth Bridge as a centre, and draw around it a circle of about eight miles radius, we shall find within that circle many striking contrasts. We shall have the thoughts drawn back to a period when the ancient Britons, or their priests, built mounds and earthworks, which—whether intended for defences, as some think, or rude temples, as others deem more probable—have remained to this day a marvel both to archæologist and to peasant. We shall find the Roman period pictured to us, by the amphitheatre which has withstood all changes. We shall see, in the old town of Dorchester, a place which has had Romans, Saxons, and Normans for its occupants in succession, and still remains one of our southern boroughs. We shall see how, in Weymouth, by a dexterous adaptation of natural advantages, a small fishing-village has become a fashionable watering-place. We shall obtain, in the Isle of Portland, an epitome of certain remarkable geological changes, and a glance at the mode in which building-stones are obtained from the quarries. We shall have proof how inviting a harbour Nature seems to have formed between Portland and the main-coast, and how splendid a haven of refuge this will become, when the projected Breakwater is completed. Lastly, we shall witness the strange sight of the bustling, busy locomotive, rushing close past the Roman earthworks in one spot, and tunnelling beneath the British tumuli in another—a race, a contest, between time-enduring works and time-annihilating machines. All these features are to be met with in the circle whose limits are marked above.

Tracing out the district on a map, we shall find that Dorchester is about as far to the north, as the "Bill of Portland" is to the south, of the bridge that separates the town of Weymouth from its sister town of Melcombe Regis; while westward and south-westward of Weymouth is that most extraordinary ridge of pebbles, Chesil Bank, the like of which is scarcely to be met with in any other part of the world; and intermediate between these various points are the relics of antiquity to which allusion has been made.

This district has been thrown open to the gaze of Londoners and other strangers to the county, by the same kind of agency which is rendering similar service in so many quarters—a *Railway*. Until the Dorchester extension of the South-Western line was opened, the mode of obtaining access to South Dorsetshire was not easy. Southampton and Salisbury were the two nearest railway termini; and a long coach-ride was necessary from either of these towns to Dorchester and Weymouth. This extension starts from Southampton; and after passing by a tunnel under some of the high ground northward of the town, reaches the low, muddy, uninteresting banks of the northern part of Southampton Water, along which it passes to Millbrook and Redbridge. Almost immediately on losing sight of this upper end of the Southampton Water, we find ourselves in the New Forest, a district presenting much more that is striking and interesting. The railway follows a very tortuous course, near Ashurst,

Lyndhurst, Brockenhurst, and Burley, to Ringwood, where it is about eight miles distant from Christchurch on the south, and six miles from Fordingbridge on the north. Throughout the greater part of the distance from Ashurst to Ringwood, we have the New Forest on the right and left of us. Sometimes a line has been cut, just wide enough to admit the railway, through a dense mass of trees; while at other spots the trees are more distant; but, in both cases, towns and villages are few and far between.

After having quitted the New Forest, we very soon enter Dorsetshire, two or three miles westward of Ringwood, and proceed south-west towards Wimborne Minster. This town takes its name from the fine old Minster, or Collegiate Church, which has withstood the storms of many centuries, and is one of the most venerable of our ecclesiastical antiquities. Farther south-westward, again, we come to a singular intermixture of land and water near Poole. If we look at a map of the eastern part of Dorset, we find a bold and deep inlet of the sea between Christchurch and Purbeck Isle. This deep inlet, which has a very narrow entrance between two projecting points of land, with the island of Brownsea facing the entrance forms Poole Harbour, a large and important receptacle for shipping. On the north side of this harbour, close to the town of Poole, is the narrow entrance of another and still more deeply embayed sheet of water, Holes Bay. Farther to the west, another narrow passage gives entrance from Poole Harbour, to Wareham Harbour. This last-named harbour extends at its south-western end nearly to the town of Wareham; while on its northern shore is another bay or inlet extending nearly to Lytchet Minster. Were it not for a sand-bar near the mouth of Poole Harbour, the general shallowness of the water, and the intricacy of the channels, this series of land-locked bays and harbours would be exceedingly valuable to shipping. The Railway Company, wishing to approach as near as practicable to the towns of Poole and Wareham, resolved to carry their line right across one of the innermost of these bays. The bay is too shallow to be of much service to boats, and was on that account more readily allowed to be crossed by the railway works. The engineer has selected the narrowest part of the bay and the works appear to have been tolerably easy; yet it has an odd effect to the railway traveller, who finds himself lifted but a few feet from a wide expanse of water.

Dorchester.—After sending off a branch to Poole, two or three miles in length and passing close to Wareham, the railway changes its course, and proceeds pretty nearly in a western direction to Dorchester, through a country somewhat bare of attraction. A barrier of hills extends uninterruptedly from Corfe Castle to Bridport, shutting out the sea from the view of the railway traveller. On approaching Dorchester, we find the town on the right, or north, and the ancient Roman amphitheatre on the left, or south, of the station. It is said, that had it not been for the urgent remonstrance of some antiquaries, who deserve to be honoured for their zeal, this amphitheatre would have fallen a victim to the railway excavators; but as it is, the engineer contrived that his works should pass the spot without damaging it.

This amphitheatre at Dorchester is a mere earthwork. It is an oval, about 218 feet in its longest diameter, by 163 feet in the shortest. The central area is sunk somewhat below the level of the surrounding plain; while the sides or rim of the oval basin formed of solid chalk, are elevated about 30 feet above it. The entrance is at the north-east end of the oval, opposite to which is a kind of staircase, or sloping pathway, ascending to the top of the superstructure, having beneath what appears to have been a cave or subterraneous apartment. Commencing near the entrance and gradually ascending on each side till it attains the middle row of seats whence it declines to the opposite end of the oval, is a passage or terrace, more nearly of a circular form than the higher superstructure which bounds it. On the

top of (what were once) the rows of seats is a terrace, about twelve feet broad, divided from the seats by a parapet. Between this upper terrace and the middle terrace were rows of seats, excavated in the chalk, and appropriated to the humbler spectators; while below the middle terrace were the seats for persons of higher rank; and on a *podium*, or broad platform, immediately contiguous to the arena, were the seats for the senators and nobles. The dimensions given above are those of the arena itself: the external boundary, very nearly circular in form, measures about 340 feet each way; and from the great thickness of the rampart or edge, on the east and west sides, it is conjectured that there may have been in those parts dens for the reception of the wild beasts.

It has been computed, from an estimate of the area and the form of the inclosure, that 12,000 persons could have been seated to witness the sports and contests going on in the interior. Dr. Stukeley thought that the amphitheatre was formed by order and in the time of Titus; but there is no sufficient evidence on this point. Whatever may have been the date of its construction, it seems to have escaped any subsequent adaptation to other purposes, if we except a partial and rude tillage of the interior area. At the present time, both the area itself and the sloping sides of the boundary, are covered with a long, rank, coarse grass. The last and most strange and sad purpose, so far as is recorded, to which this amphitheatre has been appropriated, occurred in 1705, when a woman convicted of the murder of her husband was first strangled and then burned, by judicial sentence, in this arena, before an assemblage of ten thousand persons.

Leaving this amphitheatre and its associations, and rambling a little to the north, we come to the town of Dorchester; to the inhabitants of which town the amphitheatre forms a pleasant country spot, diversified, under the new order of things, by all the excitement incident to the vicinity of a railway-station and its world of bustle.

Dorchester is a pleasant, comely old town, with a goodly avenue running through it from north to south, and another from east to west; the two meeting in the centre of the town, near the Town Hall, the principal church, and other buildings. These four approaches to Dorchester are among the finest kind of our public roads, being lined with trees on both sides to a great distance from the town, and thereby forming lines of communication which catch the eye from afar, when the roads themselves would not otherwise be visible. That Dorchester is a town of high antiquity there are many proofs to be adduced. It is believed to have been a settlement of the ancient Britons, under the name of Dunium, the capital of the Durotriges. None of our antiquaries venture to surmise much as to the origin, or history, or institutions of these Durotriges; but Mr. Savage, in his 'History of Dorchester,' dwells at some length on an invasion of this county by the Celts from Gaul, many centuries before the Christian era; and, indeed, many of the singular earthworks and ditches still existing in Dorset and Wilts, such as Wansdyke, Woodyates, Coombsditch, &c., are believed by some writers to have been fortifications during the Celtic wars in these counties. The conquest of Dorchester was reckoned an important one by the Romans; the town was fortified by them, and they made an excellent road through it. In 1841, a beautiful piece of Roman tesselated pavement was discovered in a garden; and numerous other specimens, as well as small bronze figures, and coins of Antoninus, Vespasian, Constantine, Julian, Theodosius, Marcus Aurelius, and Valerian, have been discovered. Dorchester was much devastated during the wars between the Saxons and the Danes; and the barrows or *tumuli*, which are so numerous in this vicinity, are by some writers believed to be the burying-places of those slain in these contests. During the last thousand years, from the Danish times to our own, Dorchester has

shared pretty fairly in the various commotions, changes, and advancements that have marked other towns in the south of England. It had, at one time, a rich priory. It had also a castle, the governors of which were notable men in the times of King John and Henry III. It took a very resolute part against Charles I. during the civil war; and it was the scene of some of Judge Jefferys' worst acts of cruelty, later in the same century.

The approach to the centre of Dorchester, from the railway, is not that by which the coaches used to reach the same point. The station is almost exactly southward of the town; and a portion of the Roman road from Weymouth to Dorchester has to be traversed in getting to the inhabited streets of the town. There are not many streets, but these are mostly long, quiet, and clean. On the north is a slight declivity towards the river Frome, and from the banks of this river many beautiful views are to be obtained. Not among the least pleasing of the features of Dorchester are the fine walks surrounding the town on the south, east, and west, and following the line of the ancient Roman wall. Being planted with lime, chestnut, and sycamore trees, they have much of the beauty of park avenues. The buildings of the town are not so numerous or so interesting as to demand a long survey from the rambler. St. Peter's Church is certainly the most venerable: its turreted and battlemented tower, and its effigies of warriors and nobles, bespeak for it a respectable antiquity. The other churches and chapels are modern; and so are the various municipal buildings. Of these the best is the Guildhall, erected in 1847, which is a convenient and handsome edifice in the Elizabethan style. All Saints' Church, rebuilt in 1845, is a rather elegant building, in the decorated style of English Gothic. Dorchester is not a very lively or bustling place: the manufacture of broadcloth and serges, once possessed by it, has entirely decayed—the West Riding of Yorkshire has eclipsed the south-west counties in all such matters. A considerable trade is carried on in beer. The Dorchester ale is rather celebrated; and the excursionist who is an admirer of malt-liquor, will do well to test its flavour.

The amphitheatre is not the only remarkable ancient earthwork in the immediate vicinity of Dorchester. At the western margin of the town, and approached by one of the pretty avenues before alluded to, is Poundbury, an ancient inclosure, bordered by the river Frome on the north. The area of ground here inclosed is larger than the amphitheatre. It is above 1000 feet long, and above 400 feet from north to south. The ground on which it stands is elevated, and it is bounded by a raised barrier or earthwork. Hence have arisen two opinions; the one, that a hill was cut down to the present level; the other, that a boundary of earthwork was erected on a slightly elevated plot of ground. The form of the inclosure is an irregular oblong, with a rounding-off at the south-east and south-west angles. The principal entrance is from the east, through a breach or opening in the boundary. There are three other similar, but smaller, openings, in different parts of the inclosure. Near the south-west corner is a small round hillock, rising above the general level of the place. The whole place, including boundary, hillock, and inclosed space, is clothed with verdure, and seems to have been unchanged for ages.

What is this Poundbury? Antiquaries have, in turn, attributed it to Britons, Romans, and Danes; and supposed very different purposes for its use. The most probable opinion is, that it was a British or Celtic encampment.

When we start from Dorchester, on the way to Weymouth, we have still further memorials of the industry of Britons, or Romans—or both, in roads, barrows, and fortified holds. There seems no doubt that the high road between the two towns is of Roman formation. It proceeds in the Roman manner, nearly straight from the one

town to the other. The hills are a little lowered, the valleys are a little filled up, so as to render the road passable for vehicles. Yet the ascents are often severe, especially on each side of the hilly ridge (South Downs) which intersects Dorsetshire from east to west.

The time is not far distant when this route will be traversed by railway. The Dorchester and Weymouth portion of the railway is advancing; and when this is completed, we may expect—as takes place elsewhere—that the present coach intercourse between the two towns will nearly cease. As matters are at present, we see, while travelling by coach, the nearly finished railway eastward of us in one part; a range of hills through which a tunnel is being bored; a gallery carried beneath the road on which we are riding; a sudden leap of the railway over the turnpike-road, arising from a combined curve and descent of the road; a huge embankment over the valley; and so on. It is worth while, before the new order of things comes into play, to take an 'outside' stage ride from Dorchester to Weymouth, were it only to see the countless barrows or tumuli which speckle the country all around.

These extraordinary memorials of a past age are more numerous in Dorset and Wilts than in any other English counties. These barrows or mounds of earth are *tumuli*, or sepulchral monuments. Most of the barrows which meet the eye on either side of the road between Dorchester and Weymouth, are gently rounded eminences, nearly circular in plan, and very regular in outline, as seen marked out in relief against the sky on the horizon. The Downs, or range of hills extending across the southern part of the county from east to west, are particularly rich in such objects. The barrows are clothed with verdure, which give provender to large numbers of sheep. It is perceptible at a glance that the district is pastoral.

Very soon after the traveller leaves Dorchester, and before he has advanced many hundred yards on the Roman road to Weymouth, his eye is attracted on the right by an extraordinary elevation, much larger than any of the barrows. A pathway leads across some open fields towards this object; and as we approach near the spot, the large area and great height of the earthen structure become more and more perceptible. Having mounted to the top of the slope, we find ourselves on the edge of a kind of ring or basin, within which is another ring; by descending to a level nearly equal with the outer ground, and then ascending a still greater number of feet, we reach the second ring; within which is to be seen a third ring, separated, as before, by a depressed vallum or ditch from the former. This is *Maiden Castle*, or as some antiquaries designate it, the *Mew Dun*, or Great Hill.

Maiden Castle is a very extensive earthwork—probably one of the most extensive in England. It consists of a double (in some places treble) ditch and rampart, of which the inner ones are very deep and high. The form is oval; and there are two entrances, one to the east, and the other to the west. The ditches and ramparts are very much accumulated near these entrances; for there are five alternations of them at the east end, and six at the west. The ends of all these ramparts lap over each other, or extend rather beyond the actual points of junction, so as to make the entrances very winding and intricate. There seems to have been an entrance on the south side, in the middle of which the ramparts are low and almost discontinued. The area of the whole structure is divided in the middle by a low ditch, drawn across it from north to south. Near the south entrance is the mouth of a cave, which the country people used to think extended underground to Dorchester; but there is, of course, no ground for such a notion. The entire area covered by the whole inclosure is about 160 acres, extending to the limit of the outer rampart; while the area of the interior plain, within all the ramparts and ditches, is rather less than

50 acres. The size of this huge mass may be guessed from its circumference, which is considerably more than a mile. The innermost ridge on the north and south is in some places as much as 60 feet high from the adjacent ditch; and so steep, that the ascent is no easy matter.

The topographers of Dorset are not so well agreed about the authorship and purpose of this Maiden Castle, as about the neighbouring barrows. Hutchins, in his history of the county, claims for it the title of a Roman Camp, and the Summer Station, or Castra Æstiva, of the neighbouring city of Dorchester. He says, that "Curious persons have traced out the particular uses of each part. The western part, facing the prætorium, or general's tent, was for the foot, and could not contain less than three legions, or about eighteen thousand men. The eastern part, behind the prætorium, was for the horses and carriages. Between both, on each side of the prætorium, were placed the tribunes and other officers." Curious persons may be found to trace out anything. Roman camps were rectangular; this is nearly circular. There can be no doubt that it was a British station, or stronghold, formed by partially excavating a hill, which in its natural condition afforded a commanding position, in the then existing state of military science.

WEYMOUTH.

Weymouth at length comes into view on our route from Dorchester; and from this point we have no more to do with British strongholds and barrows, or Roman camps and amphitheatres.

Weymouth is rather peculiarly situated with respect to the sea, the mainland, and the Isle of Portland. There is a deep semicircular bend of the sea, called Portland Roads, the inner portion of which constitutes Weymouth Bay. A little tongue of land projects between these two, on which the old town of Weymouth is situated. North of this town is a little inlet or strait, giving access to a larger expanse called the Backwater, which Backwater runs up northward, in such a way as nearly to cut off a long, narrow strip of ground from the mainland. On this narrow strip of ground is built the town of Melcombe Regis, which, with Weymouth proper, forms the borough of Weymouth. Weymouth the humble—the *fishing*-town—is properly called by its name; but Weymouth the fashionable—the *bathing*-town—is, in fact, Melcombe Regis, and not properly Weymouth at all. The two are separated by the narrow strait before alluded to, over which is built a bridge. The mode in which Portland is connected with these two towns will come under our notice by and by.

There are some faint indications that Weymouth existed in the time of the Saxons; but we may make a sudden leap to the reign of Henry VIII., without passing over much that need draw our attention with respect to the town. Leland, writing in that reign, described it as follows:—"The tounlet of Waymouth lyeth strait agayn Milton, on the other side of the Haven; and at this place the trajectus is by a bote and a rope, bent over the haven; so that yn the fery-bote they use no ores. There runneth up, by the right hand of the haven, a great arme of the sea; and seant a mil above the haven mouth, on the shore of this arme, is a right goodlie warlyke eastel made, having one open Barbecane. This arme runneth up farther a mil, as in a bay, to a point of land, where a trajectus is unto Portland, by a long causey of peble and

sand." This "causey of peble and sand" is the singular Chesil Bank, described further on. About a hundred years later, Weymouth was described by John Coker, whose account is in manuscript in the Bodleian Library:—"The river Way passing thence," says Coker, "names little villages, and then falls into the sea at Waymouth, opposite to which, on the other banke, stands Melcombe, an ancient borough, between whom and Waymouth arose great controversy, both enjoying like privileges, and both challenging the particular immunities of the Haven, which lyeth in the very bosom of them; each of them having taken the overthrow of the other; but not resting by that, continually commenced new suits. At length, having wearied the lords of the counsil and other courts with their contentious importunities, by the advice of that wise counsellor, William Cecil, Lord Treasurer of England, they were, by an Act of Parliament, incorporated in one body, governed by one mayor, and aldermen, his assistants. Immediately on which they conjoined themselves together by that fair bridge of timber which we see; yet still they send, either of them, two burgesses to parliament. Both these towns have certainly risen from the convenience of the harbour, and from small beginnings; for neither of them, till late time, had a parish church. These towns, now united, gain well by traffick into Newfoundland, where they have eighty ships and barks, as also by a nearer ent into France, opposite to them, whence they return laden with wines, cloths, and divers other useful commodities, with which they furnish the country."

The admirable position of Weymouth and its Bay was a sure forerunner of commercial and naval transactions. Accordingly we find that, so far back as the reign of Edward III., the quota of men and ships furnished by Weymouth for the King's wars was much larger than that of many ports which have since risen into importance. In those wars, attempts were several times made to burn Weymouth. As a means of strengthening the district as one of the national defences, Henry VIII. built Sandsfoot Castle, a fort standing about a mile south-west of the town, on a high cliff nearly opposite Portland Castle. In a charter granted to the two towns by James I., they are described as "great and famous ports, and of great strength and force to defend the country, and also exercising merchandizing, and having much importance in and upon the seas, by reason of which a great number of mariners are constantly employed and nourished."

The rise of other ports seems to have brought about a decline in the prosperity of these twin towns; for we do not find them occupying so important a position in the next few generations. Weymouth had been one of the places for the wool-staple; but this became changed; and the trade to Newfoundland, which had been of much importance to Weymouth, had come to be shared by Poole and other ports.

The recovery by Weymouth of some of its lost distinction, about eighty years ago, was a matter brought about by pleasure, and not by business. Mr. Ralph Allen, of Bath, who visited Weymouth as an invalid, and who could not find any bathing-machine in the town, had one constructed for his own use. Having received much benefit during his visit, his recommendation soon brought others in pursuit of the same object, and the usual accommodations of a watering-place were soon provided. Circumstances afterwards arose to confirm the tide of fashion which began to set in towards Weymouth. In 1780, the (then) Duke of Gloucester visited the town, and afterwards built a residence there. In 1789, George III. paid his first visit; and from that time Weymouth became a very favourite resort for the Royal Family. The inhabitants made a capital improvement in their town, which has ever since contributed largely to its beauty. Of the spot of land which intervenes between the Bay and the Backwater, a considerable extent used to be a mere receptacle for rubbish; but the in-

habitants cleared away this rubbish, and formed a fine esplanade, half a mile long by thirty feet wide, and following, to some extent, the general contour of the Bay. This being done, terraces and assembly-rooms, bath-rooms and reading-rooms, and all the other features of a watering-place, speedily sprang up; and Weymouth took its place among the autumnal pleasure-spots.

It is almost wholly in Melcombe Regis that these changes have occurred. Weymouth itself still remains a fishing and shipping town, having its centre of operations on both banks of the strait which divides it from Melcombe.

Almost immediately on entering Melcombe from the north, the fine expanse of sands around the Bay meets the eye. These sands shelve or descend so gradually, that the water is not more than knee-deep at a distance of three hundred feet from the shore. There is at the same time such a hardness, smoothness, and compactness of the sand, that horses and carriages may be driven close to the water's edge. The semicircular bay, with St. Alban's Head in the distance, and Portland Isle towards the south-west, lies on the east of the Esplanade; while terraces of fine houses lie on the west. So narrow is the neck of land on which these terraces and the Esplanade have been formed, that there is no room for anything else; the backs of the houses being almost contiguous to the Backwater. Advancing farther south, the spit of land expands like the broad end of a wedge, so as to give room for two or three parallel lines of street. The farther south-ward we come, the more bustling and sea-faring is the appearance of the town; until at length, on the north side of the strait separating the two towns, everything has a port-like appearance. Melcombe is thus a sort of elongated triangle, having the dwellings of pleasure-seekers in the north-eastern or narrow part, and those of traffic-seekers in the southern or wide part.

The Esplanade has a raised platform of masonry, which runs along in front of the houses as a terrace, distinct from the Esplanade or carriage-way; and in one part of it there is a monument in commemoration of George III. With respect to the town itself, its churches and chapels, its Masonic Hall, its Guildhall, its public libraries, its medical and charitable institutions—they call for no particular remark. At the south-eastern extremity of the town, or what we may call the east corner of the broad end of the wedge, is a pier, which juts out towards the east, and serves as a point of embarkation and debarkation for boats and small sailing vessels. Contrary to the usual custom, it is in the east end of Melcombe that the better class of houses, and those inhabited by the gentry and visitors, are to be found; the dwellings of the labouring classes, and most of the shops are at the west end.

Leaving Melcombe, we cross the bridge which forms the only means of connexion between it and Weymouth. The "faire bridge of timber," which formerly united the two, suffered the usual dilapidations by age, and had to be replaced by one more substantial. In 1598, Queen Elizabeth granted some advantages to the corporation, for the better maintenance of the old bridge; but during the troubles in the reign of Charles I., it went to decay, and was rebuilt in 1712, and again in 1741 the structure was renewed, at the cost of the representatives of the borough. In 1770, the bridge again required rebuilding; and it was erected seventy yards westward of its former position.

The town of Weymouth contains scarcely any striking buildings, good streets, or objects of attraction; the inhabitants being chiefly occupied in ministering, in various ways, to the wants of the more aristocratic folks on the other side of the water. The streets are crooked, narrow, dirty, and unfragrant. Yet is there one beautiful spot adjoining Weymouth—the *Nothe*. This is a remarkable promontory, jutting out into the Bay, and commanding a fine view over Weymouth Bay to the north-east, and

over Portland Roads to the south-east; while the Isle of Portland itself lies stretched out in full view towards the south. All ships which enter the Backwater, or go up to the busy part of the two towns near the bridge, must pass between this promontory and the pier at Melcombe. The Post-office packets for Guernsey and Jersey used to make Weymouth their point of arrival and departure. Revenue-cruizers are stationed near the spot. Yachts frequently visit Weymouth from Portsmouth, Plymouth, and the Isle of Wight; and coasters frequently enter the bay. For the guidance of these several vessels, lights are erected on the lofty and prominent points.

There is a very remarkable walk along the shore of Portland Roads, from the projecting Nothe to the channel which severs Portland from the main land. The route is towards the south-west, along the edge of a moderately lofty cliff or bluff, clothed with verdure, on which sheep and cattle graze. Here, keeping Portland in view all the way, we ramble along the pleasant eminence to Sandsfoot Castle, about half-way between Weymouth and Portland. There is also a coach-road from Weymouth to near this spot. Sandsfoot Castle is now a complete ruin, standing almost close to the sea. This castle is of small dimensions. The body or main portion is a right-angled parallelogram, its greater length running from north to south. At its north end was a tower, on which were the arms of England supported by a wiverin and a unicorn. The north part seems to have been the governor's apartment, and is all vaulted. Near its south end there is a lower building, said to have been the gunroom. This being broader than the other part of the edifice, forms flanks, which defend its east and west sides, and on the south part it is semicircular. In former times there was a platform for cannon. On the east and west sides there are embrasures for guns, and below them two tiers of loop-holes for small arms—the lowest almost level with the ground. The north part is nearly destroyed, but the remains of an arch or gateway show that the entrance was on that side. The whole edifice seems to have been cased with square stones; the walls were thick and lofty; and the buildings, though small, were not inelegant. The north, east, and south sides were, at a small distance, surrounded by a deep ditch and earthen rampart, through which, on the east part, was a gate faced with stone, part of which is still remaining.

From Sandsfoot Castle to Portland Bridge, a distance of rather more than a mile, there is one of the finest expanses of sand anywhere to be met with along our coasts. These sands, at low-water, are a quarter of a mile in width. The fineness, equality, and smoothness of these sands render them a delightful place either for walking or riding, almost immediately after the recession of the tide. Pedestrians, horsemen, carriages—all move over them so noiselessly, and they are reflected in the still moist and smooth surface of the sand so correctly, that one can scarcely imagine them moving on *terra firma*. Many of the humbler classes of inhabitants take these sands in their route between Weymouth to Portland, as being more pleasant and expeditious than the coach-road.

The Small-mouth Sands terminate southward, in the immediate vicinity of the narrow creek which separates Weymouth—or, in truth, the mainland—from Portland. Across this creek there used formerly to be no medium of communication but by the 'trajectus', mentioned by Leland,—"a bote and a rope, bent over the haven; so that yn the fery-bote they use no ores." In later times the means of transit was by a row-boat, which ferried across the creek to and fro. It is only within the last few years that a bridge has been thrown across. This bridge is of timber, and is of unusual length for such a structure; but as the water is shallow, and as it is not necessary to provide for the passage of vessels higher up, there has been no great difficulty in laying the foundation of the bridge. A small toll is demanded from all passers,

whether riding or on foot. This is the only land-communication between the mainland and Portland; although Portland, as we shall presently see, is not, in the strictest sense of the word, an island.

PORTLAND.

When we stand on this bridge, and look onward from its southern extremity, the view is a remarkable one. The island of Portland is marked out pretty plainly, rising to a considerable height above the level of the water, and presenting its scarped cliffs boldly towards the harbour or roadstead. But westward of the island, the eye is caught by a long, dull, horizontal, dreary line, unmarked by trees, or grass, or houses, or people, and rising some thirty or forty feet above the level of the water. This line marks the extraordinary *Chesil Bank*—the pebbly ridge which unites the island with the mainland. Portland has been oddly compared to a "breast of mutton hanging by a string." If we admit the simile, then the Chesil Bank is the string; and a pretty long string it is too, extending considerably more than a dozen miles. But as this ridge of pebbles is evidently a secondary feature in the district, formed after the island itself, and totally differing in character from the island, it may be well to postpone any description of it until we have rambled and talked over the island.

Portland is evidently connected with some great geological change or changes; for not only is the stratum of stone which has given it its celebrity a remarkable one, but there are evidences of intermediate strata, that could only have arisen from some grand changes in the earth's crust. Sir Gideon Mantell, whose works on the Geology of the Southern Counties of England are in such high repute, has made Portland the basis of a vast and highly scientific conception, involving the whole of the shores on both sides of the English Channel. In his Treatise on the Geology of the South-east of England, he examined in detail the stratification of Portland; and then, by comparing it with other stratifications elsewhere, he arrives inductively at a general view of the whole district at a remote but unknown era. The following is Sir Gideon's account of the subject:—

In the Island of Portland, the limestone employed for building constitutes the uppermost division of the oolite system, a kind of stratum containing marine organic remains only. On these oolitic strata are placed deposits of a totally different character. Immediately on the uppermost marine stratum (which abounds in *ammonites*, *terebræ*, *trigonia*, and other marine shells), is a bed of limestone, much resembling in appearance some of the tertiary lacustrine limestones. Upon this stratum is what appears to have been an ancient vegetable soil; it is of a dark-brown colour, containing a large proportion of earthy lignite, and, like the modern soil on the surface of the island, many water-worn stones. This layer is called the *dirt-bed* by the quarrymen; and in and upon it are a great number of silicified trunks of coniferous trees and plants, allied to the recent species of *cycas* and *zamia*. Many of the stems of the trees, as well as the plants, are still erect, as if petrified while growing undisturbed in their native forest; the former having their roots in the soil, and their trunks extending into the superincumbent stratum of limestone. On one

occasion, a large area of the surface of the *dirt-bed* having been cleared preparatory to its removal, for the purpose of extracting the building-stone from beneath, several stems, from two to three feet in height, were exposed, each standing erect in the centre of a mound or dome of earth, which had evidently accumulated around the base and roots of the trees, presenting an appearance as if the trees had been broken or torn off at a short distance from the ground. Portions of trunks and branches were seen, some lying on the surface, and others imbedded in the dirt-bed; many of these were nearly two feet in diameter, and the united fragments of one tree measured upwards of thirty feet in length. The silicified plants allied to the *cycas* are found in the intervals between the trees, and several have been dug up from the dirt-bed that were standing erect, evidently upon the very spot on which they grew, and where they had remained undisturbed amidst all the revolutions which had subsequently swept over the surface of the earth.

The dirt-bed extends through the north of the Isle of Portland, and traces of it have been observed in the coves at the west end of Purbeck; and a stratum, with bituminous matter and silicified wood, occurs in the cliffs of the Boulonnois, on the opposite coast of France, occupying the same relative situation with respect to the Purbeck and Portland formations. A similar bed has also been discovered in Buckinghamshire, and in the Vale of Wardour, proving that the presence of this remarkable stratum is co-extensive with the junction of the Portland and Purbeck strata, as far as they have hitherto been examined. Above the dirt-bed are thin layers of limestone; the total thickness being about eight feet, into which the erect trunks extend; but no other traces of organic remains have been noticed in them. These limestone beds are covered by the modern vegetable soil, which scarcely exceeds in depth the ancient one just described; and instead of giving support, like the latter, to a tropical forest, can barely maintain a scanty vegetation, there being scarcely a tree or shrub on the whole island.

From these data, Sir Gideon Mantell formed the following theory of Portland Isle:—

There was, in the first place, in and about the region now occupied by the English Channel, an ocean or sea, on the bed of which gradually accumulated a deposition of oolitic strata, such as those composing the Portland limestone beds. We next find the bed of this sea gradually rising to the light of day, either by an upheaving force from beneath, or by some other agency; and on the dry ground thus produced, plants and animals began to appear, forming, by their growth and decay, that stratum of vegetable soil of which the Portland 'dirt-bed' is a part. We find this district again submerged beneath the waters; not, as before, beneath the salt-water of a sea, but beneath the freshwater of some very large river æstuary. In this position, an alluvial soil, formed by the earthy and other materials brought down by the rivers, became gradually deposited, and formed above the dirt-bed of the Portland series those layers of which the Purbeck beds are a portion, Lastly, some internal convulsion appears to have detached Portland from the rest of the mass, and protruded it upwards to a height of some hundreds of feet above the general level of the Purbeck beds. When, after many other changes and depositions, the district again became covered with water, forming the present English Channel, Portland stood out in the midst of it as an island: and so it has since remained.

We must now notice more particularly the size and form of Portland, and the arrangement of the strata composing its mass. The isle is about four miles long, and, in the widest part, nearly a mile and a half broad. The highest point in the island is 458 feet above the level of the sea. The cliffs on the western side are very lofty,

but those at the point or Bill of Portland are not more than 20 feet or 30 fee high. There is sufficient depth of vegetable soil to render the island tolerably pro ductive, but not sufficiently so for the entire sustenance of the inhabitants, who obtai much of their provisions from Weymouth. Water is rather scarce; there are n rivers on the island; and the necessary supply is obtained from springs and wells which yield a small quantity of good water.

The arrangement of the different layers in the island, according to the description read before the Geological Society by Mr. Webster, is as follows:—Immediately under the soil, which seldom exceeds a foot in depth, is a series of thin beds, al together about three feet thick, called *slate* by the quarrymen, which split readily int layers from half an inch to an inch in thickness. They consist of limestone, of a dul yellowish colour, extremely compact, and nearly without shells. Below this is another mass of calcareous stone, considerably softer, and of a lighter colour than the preceding It is divided into two by a slaty bed, the upper being called *aish*, and the lower th *soft burr*. The latter stands upon a bed, about one foot thick, consisting of a dark brown substance, and containing much earthy lignite, and numerous fossil trunks o trees: this is the *dirt-bed* before noticed. The bed below this is called the *top-cap*, and varies considerably in its structure. Some parts of it are entirely compact; in other places it contains compact parts imbedded in a softer rock; and in others, again, it is slightly cellular. The next bed is called the *school-cap*, and is of a very remarkable tructure. It consists of a compact limestone, extremely cellular; the cavities being almost filled with groups of crystals of carbonate of lime. Under the school-cap is a layer called *chert*, composed of about six inches' thickness of flint, containing imbedded shells and oolitic grains. The bed below this is the first which is worked for building-stone: it is called *roach*. This bed, which varies greatly in thickness, is entirely oolitic limestone, and yields some of the largest and best blocks for architectural and engineering purposes. The next layer, called the *rubbly-bed*, contains innumerable impressions of shells, which somewhat detract from its solidity, and render it useful only for filling in thick walls and foundations. Below the rubbly-bed is another layer of excellent stone, harder than the roach, and about six feet thick. At greater depths the stone loses its solidity and fitness for building purposes, and has but little commercial value.

It will thus be seen, that the treasure for which the quarrymen seek, the good Portland stone, is imbedded in the midst of a vast mass of strata, some above and some below it; and we shall see, from the description about to be given, that the labour of removing the superincumbent mass of useless stone forms no inconsiderable a portion of the whole labour bestowed on the quarries. The Quarries seem to have existed for some centuries; at all events, it is known that Portland stone was employed by Inigo Jones in building the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, in the time of James I. It is said to have obtained the name of *freestone*, from the ease and freedom with which it could be cut in any direction, without respect to granular or fibrous structure. Sir Christopher Wren used Portland stone very largely, not only for the building of St. Paul's Cathedral, but also for the numerous other works on which he was engaged. When Smeaton was preparing for the construction of the Eddystone Lighthouse, he visited many stone-quarries, with a view to determine the qualities of various kinds of stone available for his purpose. Among others, he visited the Portland quarries, the description of which, as given in his 'Narrative of the building of the Eddystone Lighthouse,' is interesting, as presenting a picture of the quarries ninety years ago. He says:—"The first thing that excited my curiosity was the very subject I came upon; that is, the quarries from whence the stone sent from Portland is produced.

The upper surface of the island I found was totally flat, but elevated above the sea, according to the estimation of my eye, at least 200 feet. [The highest point, as we have seen, is much higher than this.] The stratum of stone that is wrought for sale, lies nearly parallel with the upper surface of the island, and with not much cover of earth or rubbish upon it. There are several beds of stone, lying in contiguity one above another, varying in thickness in general from two to four feet, and upwards. Those which are usually called the merchantable beds (on account of the blocks for sale being produced therefrom) are universally covered with a stratum called the cap, which is formed entirely of a congeries of petrified sea shells of a great variety of kinds, but in general so distinct and separate in their forms that to the curious naturalist their species seem very easy to be made out. But as they in a considerable degree retain their respective figures (though in some places more, in some less), spaces or cavities are left between them, which consequently very much diminish the coherence of the mass; but yet the cementing principle is so strong, that the whole together is considerably harder than the merchantable beds; and indeed so hard that, to get rid of it as easily as possible, it is generally blasted off with gunpowder. Were it not for these cavities, the cap-stone would not readily be worked with tools; or, at least, it would not be worth working at a place where there is so great a plenty of stone of a better quality. But as it is necessary to remove it in the course of working the better kind of stone, though by far the greatest proportion is blasted into fragments, yet for the buildings in the island the cap-stone is in general use, and also for the piers and quay walls of Weymouth harbour; as also in the pier for shipping stone at Portland, blocks are used from the cap; and indeed, were it not for the expense of freight (which is the same as upon those of the best quality), for various rough purposes under water, &c., the cap would make quite as good and durable work as the merchantable blocks.

"When the merchantable beds are thus cleared of the cap, the quarrymen proceed to cross-cut the large flats, which are laid bare, with wedges; and frequently in the splitting, as well as other working of this stone, oysters and other fossil shells are discovered in the solid substance of the merchantable stone. The beds being thus cut into distinct lumps, the quarryman, with a tool called a kevel, which is at one end a hammer, and at the other an axe whose edge is so short or narrow that it approaches towards the shape of a pick, by a repetition of sturdy blows soon reduces a piece of stone with his eye to the largest square figure which it will admit, and blocks are thus formed from half a ton to six or eight tons' weight, or upwards, if particularly bespoke."

The manner of quarrying the stone at the present day does not differ much from that described by Smeaton. It is very laborious work, and requires a muscular race of men for its due performance. We must first remember, that the earth and stone which have to be dug away before the good stone can be reached, are more than 30 feet in thickness; and it is evident that, unless the market value of the good stone covered the expense of the removal of this load of obstacle, the practical working of the quarries would cease. The mode of apportioning the proceeds between master and men is peculiar. Portland being a part of the ancient demesne lands, the quarries are held by the sovereign as lord of the manor, and let out to proprietors under various forms of tenure. They are not, however, all of them let out in this manner; for, of the total number of nearly a hundred quarries, a small number are worked by the Crown, the rest being worked by about half a dozen proprietors or lessees. These lessees pay a nominal rent per acre, and a real rent of two shillings per ton for all the stone raised and shipped. The immediate management of the quarries is in the

hands of stewards or agents, at fixed salaries. Under them are several 'masters' or foremen, who take charge of a certain number of men, and whose pay is between that of a steward and a quarryman. The quarry itself is usually worked by a company of six men and two boys, whose pay in all cases depends on the quantity of good stone wrought or 'won,' in a given time, at a certain stipulated wages per ton. This being the condition, it follows that no money is earned by the quarryman until the 30 feet of rubbish and bad stone have been removed; and this removal, in the case of a new quarry, is said to occupy a space of *three years*, with the labours of six men and two boys! The men must, therefore, either have a little store of accumulated earnings by them, or they must have money advanced on account of their employers, to support them until the good and merchantable stone is brought to light. The real arrangement is said to be as follows:—Ten shillings per ton is fixed by common consent, as the average price paid to the quarrymen for their labour; and this is supposed to include the value of all the preliminary work. The money thus earned is placed to the credit of the quarrymen; and at the end of six months an account is made out, and a balance determined. During the interval, the agents or stewards open chandlers' shops, from whence the men can purchase their provisions, on the credit of their forthcoming account. The average wages of a quarryman are set down at about twelve shillings a week, if at full work; but there are many drawbacks from this sum. If it rain before nine in the morning, no work is to be done that day; if the wind be high, the dust in the quarries is so dangerous to his eyes, that he has to leave work; if the markets are dull, his labours are restricted to four days a week; if a burial occur in the island, he is expected by immemorial usage to refrain from work during the rest of the day; if accidents occur, which are very probable, expenses of one kind or another follow—so that the real earnings are not supposed to exceed ten shillings a week, on an average.

Without entering minutely into the processes described by Smeaton, it may be interesting to trace the history of a block of stone till it leaves the island. First, the layers of surface-soil and rubbish are dug up, and carried in strong iron-bound barrows, to be thrown over the fallow fields in the neighbourhood. Some of the next layers are then broken up and removed by picks and wedges, and carted away from the quarry, either to be thrown over the cliffs into the sea, or to be piled up in large mounds at a distance. When the roach is attained, the labour becomes more arduous, on account of the thickness and hardness of the mass. This is usually separated into blocks by blasting, in the following way:—A hole, nearly 5 feet in depth, by 3 inches in width, is drilled in the rock, vertically; this is filled at the bottom to the height of 2 or 3 inches with gunpowder, tightly rammed, and connected with a train on the outside. The train being fired, an explosion follows, which splits the stones for several yards around into perpendicular rents and fissures. The masses included between these rents sometimes weigh as much as fifty tons; and yet the quarrymen manage to detach them from their places. This is done by means of screw-jacks, which are pressed against the mass of stone in convenient positions, and worked by winches. The labour is immense and long-continued, to move the block one single inch; and when, as often happens, it has to be moved by similar means, over a rough and crooked road, to a distance of a hundred yards, one can with difficulty conceive that the stone beneath can repay the quarrymen for such exhausting toil.

But when the good stone is reached, the cutting is performed in a more systematic manner. It would not do to have rents and fissures in all directions: the rents must be symmetrical and rectangular with respect to each other. There are, however, many natural fissures, called 'gullies,' which separate the mass into smaller pieces;

and these pieces are loosened and removed by means of wedges, picks, levers, jacks, &c. As each one is removed, its shape and size are carefully considered, and the men decide among themselves what purpose in building it is best fitted for, without any considerable waste of material: whether a pier, a shaft, or a baluster, and so on. Having come to a decision, the quarrymen drag the mass of stone to a convenient spot, where it is brought by the action of the kevel and other instruments, to a rough approximation to the required form. The block is then measured, weighed, and marked, and finally lifted on a stone cart, having solid wooden wheels, such as are to be seen in Spain and Morocco. Several horses are yoked to the cart, and the stone is dragged to a particular spot, where a tramroad or railway declines to the edge of the sea. The railway belongs to a distinct proprietor or company, and is employed by all the quarry lessees to bring the stones down to the place of shipment.

This descending railway is in some parts a remarkable one. It winds round in a circuitous form, in order to break the abruptness of the descent; and in certain parts it descends one straight path of uniform declivity, by chains and drums. If the block of stone on its cart were allowed to descend at its own speed, it would acquire a tremendous velocity before it reached the bottom, and would precipitate stone, cart, and all into the sea. But there is a chain fastened to the cart at one end, and to a string of empty carts at the other; and, by being worked over large drums or rollers, the chain pulls up the empty carts while it lowers the filled ones. At the place of shipment, near the Chesil Bank, a large number of vessels, from 50 to 150 tons burden, congregate to convey the stone to its various places of destination. It is said that nearly 50,000 tons of stone are annually carried away from the island.

In the Annual Report, for 1845, of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, under whose control much of the Crown property is placed, there is an entry relating to the leasing of certain rights at Portland. The property granted was said so be 'The Demesne Lands and Quarries,' containing 307 acres, 17 perches. They were granted to John William Barrinton Browne and Richard Seward Wardell; the term for which the grant was made was 28½ years, from Oct. 10, 1845; the estimated annual value £133 17*s.* 9*d.* for the demesne lands, an average of £687 1*s.* 2½*d.* for the quarries; the rent reserved in the lease was £133 17*s.* 9*d.*, and a royalty of two shillings per ton of stone raised from the quarries, not to be less than £800 per annum. Under the preceding lease, the annual rentals had been rather larger, but the royalty or per centage was smaller.

In 1839, a Commission of scientific men was appointed to investigate the qualities of various kinds of stone available for the building of the New Houses of Parliament. The Commissioners visited nearly all the quarries in the kingdom, those of Portland being among the number. In the Report which the Commissioners presented to Government, the following points of information were given concerning the Portland quarries, and the stone thence procured:—Several different quarries are mentioned by name; such as Trade Quarry, King Barrow, East End Quarry, Vern Street Quarry, Castles Quarry, Waycroft Quarries, Maggott Quarry, Goslings Quarry, Grove Quarry, and Red Croft Quarry. The stone is designated 'oolitic carbonate of lime,' with numerous fragments of shells. The weight of the stone in its ordinary state, per cubic foot, varies from about 126 lb. to 184 lb. The entire depth or thickness of workable, available stone is stated at from 7 to 16 feet in different parts. The colour is 'whitish brown;' the blocks may be procured of 'any practicable size;' the price of the block stone at the quarry per cubic foot is 1*s.* 4½*d.*; the charge, when delivered safely in London, all expenses paid, per cubic foot, is 2*s.* 3*d.* The Commissioners state that the present rate of working at Port-

land is about one acre of the good workable stone per annum, and that there are 200 acres yet unworked; so that the present rate of supply can be kept up for 2000 year St. Paul's Cathedral, various London churches built during the reign of Queen Ann Goldsmith's Hall, the Reform Club House, and other modern buildings, were eo structed of Portland stone. Concerning the oolitic limestone generally, the Commi sioners remark in their Report:—"Of buildings constructed of oolitic and oth limestones, we may notice the church of Byland Abbey, of the twelfth century, being in an almost perfect state of preservation. Sandysfoot (Sandsfoot) Castle, ne Weymouth, constructed of Portland oolite in the time of Henry VIII., is an exampl of that material, in excellent condition; a few decomposed stones used in th interior (and which are exceptions to this fact) being from another oolite in the imm diate vicinity of the castle. Bow and Arrow Castle, and the neighbouring ruins of church of the fourteenth century, in the island of Portland, also afford instances of th Portland oolite in perfect condition. The new church in the island, built in 1766, a variety of the Portland stone termed 'roach,' is in an excellent state throughou even to the preservation of the marks of the chisel."

We have thus taken a survey of the Isle of Portland, in two points of view: first as a geological phenomenon, connected in all probability with a vast series of change in the early periods of the earth's history; and then, as a field of commercial ente prise, in connexion with the working of the stone quarries. We will now take topographical ramble over the island, to see the villages and the buildings, the pro ductions and the people.

In taking the trip from Weymouth to Portland, there are three courses open for th visitor. He must trudge it on foot, or hire a vehicle expressly for the journey, or sai thither in a vessel across the harbour. Stage coaches or omnibuses there are none Most of the inhabitants of the island are of a humble class, and probably could no afford to pay for the luxury of riding. It is a very pleasant, and by no means a expensive sail, from the quay at Weymouth to the stone-shipping wharf at Portland A small sailing-vessel makes the trip twice a day in each direction, charging sixpence to each passenger. If we approach the island by this route, a curved road leads to th village next to the Chesil Bank; or we may at once clamber the hill by the side of th railway incline, see the huge blocks of stone roll downwards by our side, and finally place ourselves on the spot where a kind of railway-station contains all the requisite fittings for the work to be done.

On leaving Weymouth by the road leading to the bridge, and crossing the creek, we arrive—not exactly at the island itself—but at the narrow ridge of Chesil Bank, along the side of which a road is carried. This road leads to Fortune's Well, the first village arrived at, joined to and almost forming part of another village or hamlet, named Chesilton, or sometimes Chiswell. In this double, but still very small village, is a house—perhaps we ought to say *the* house—of entertainment for the island—the 'Portland Arms.' It is an honour treasured up in the memories of the inhabitants that George III. used occasionally to visit Portland while sojourning at Weymouth; that on such occasions His Majesty used to grace the 'Portland Arms' with his presence; that the landlady of the house used to make a particular kind of pudding, of which her royal guest was very fond, and for which he used to ask whenever he visited the island; and that the good lady bequeathed to her daughter the recipe for making this highly honoured pudding.

One of the first objects seen on reaching the island, is Portland Castle. It is so placed with respect to the opposite castle of Sandsfoot, that the two together command the roadstead. The castle was built by Henry VIII., after his return from the

interview with Francis I. at the 'field of the cloth of gold,' in 1520. Scarcely anything of importance occurred with respect to its history until the civil war, if we except the placing in it of a small garrison by Queen Elizabeth, during the alarm occasioned by the threatened Spanish Armada. The castle was taken by the Parliamentarians in 1643, who brought thither a large amount of valuable property, which they had seized at Wardour Castle. This property, and the castle also, were recovered soon after, by the following stratagem:—A gentleman, furnished with Parliamentary colours, and sixty men, proceeded towards the castle, and with the haste and appearance of flying from an enemy, called out to the guard that he was bringing a supply of men, but that he was pursued by the Earl of Carnarvon, who was, according to design, close upon his rear. Upon this, the gates were instantly opened, and the castle taken. After the civil war the castle ceased to be a place of much importance. In late years it has been the residence of a private gentleman, who holds a magistracy and a trusteeship in connexion with the royal quarries.

A very steep road leads up from the village of Fortune's Well to the higher level; so steep, indeed, that it is with great difficulty vehicles can make the ascent. When the summit is attained, a most extensive view meets the eye from Torbay in the west, nearly to the Isle of Wight in the east. From the main road, near the edge of the cliffs, a number of by-paths lead to the quarries, any one of which will conduct the rambler to the excavated spots where quarrying is still going on, or where deserted quarries lie. In the remoter parts of the island, the scene is often diversified by the rude wildness of the cliff scenery; there being, in many points, rocks varying from 100 feet to 300 feet in height, severed by some disruptive force from the body of the island, and separated by chasms running far inland. In other spots there are landslips, where stone is quarried under very perilous circumstances, and whence the huge blocks are hurled over the cliffs, to the beach below. These rugged cliffs, the sheep on the scanty downs, and the gulls soaring about the cliffs, form almost the only objects that meet the eye in this walk.

Near the southern extremity of the island are two lighthouses, on different levels: the one built in 1789, and the other in 1817. The reflector of the lower light is 130 feet above the level of the sea; that of the upper is 197 feet. These two lighthouses are invaluable to the mariner; for, in the immediate vicinity of Portland, there are points of meeting of opposite currents, which give rise to two dangerous obstacles—a sort of whirlpool, called the 'Race,' and a sandbank, called the 'Shambles.' Near these lighthouses the sea has worn away large caverns in the face of the cliff, all of which have received names from the islanders, and many of which are connected with legendary tales of sprites and sea-monsters. The coast varies in its character from one half-mile to another; presenting in one part a low range of sterile, craggy rocks; in another part, a lower coast, with patches of green and garden ground; and in a third, gradual ascent to the same kind of lofty cliffs as those before met with.

Pennsylvania Castle is one of the few buildings to be seen in a tour of the island. It was erected in recent times by Mr. Penn, who was then governor of the Isle of Portland, and who was a lineal descendant of the great William Penn. The 'Castle' is an unassuming, comfortable mansion, around which the proprietor has contrived to rear a tolerable plantation of trees—almost a solitary example in the island. At a very short distance from this lies Rufus Castle, or Bow and Arrow Castle (for it is known by both names). This is the most venerable piece of antiquity in the island. It is but a relic, yet it carries us back to the reign of Stephen. The castle is situated 400 feet above the level of the sea, on a perpendicular cliff, split into various fanciful shapes. It has been so far kept from utter decay as to be used as a residence,

and is fitted up within with the requisite comforts, though presenting externally a wild and time-worn appearance. The view from the vicinity of this building is most varied and extensive; and on the surface of an undercliff, situated far beneath, many pretty little patches of garden are visible.

From Bow and Arrow Castle the walk along the cliffs is often of a rugged character and it leads to a lofty conical mound, called Vern Hill, which serves the islanders as a common, affording pasturage for cows. From this hill, on account of the vapours rising from the neighbouring sea at particular seasons of the year, the whole of the lower ground of the island may occasionally be seen enveloped in clouds, as if about to be shut out from view by a fleecy covering, while the hill and the adjacent heights remain in bright daylight and clear atmosphere.

This brings us pretty nearly back to the spot from whence we started, at the junction of the island with the Chesil Bank. The reader may now very fairly ask, "What is the Chesil Bank?"

All the best authorities agree that Portland was really an island in remote ages, but at some period, the determination of which baffles geologists as well as antiquaries, it became united to the mainland by one of the most extraordinary ridges of pebbles in Europe. In all probability the formation of this ridge was very gradual. From its commencement at the Isle of Portland, it extends in a remarkably straight line north-west for many miles, not joining the shore at the part nearest to Portland, but running parallel to the coast, from which it is separated by a narrow arm of the sea called the 'Swannery Fleet.' This is the creek before mentioned, over which a bridge was thrown a few years back. The Swannery Fleet extends as far as Abbotsbury, ten miles from Portland. At this spot the Chesil Bank unites with the mainland, and runs along the shore nearly six miles farther, to the commencement of the cliffs at Burton Castle, not far from Bridport. The breadth of the Chesil Bank is, in some places, nearly a quarter of a mile, but commonly much less. The base is formed of a mound of blue clay, which is covered to a depth varying from four to six feet with a coating of smooth round pebbles, chiefly of white calcareous spar, but partly of quartz, chert, jasper, &c. The pebbles are so loose, that a horse's legs sink between them almost knee-deep at every step, rendering travelling on them an impossibility. The Bank slopes on the one side towards the open sea, and on the other towards the narrow inlet intercepted by it. It is highest at the Portland end, and is there composed of pebbles as large as a hen's egg; but they diminish in size towards the west so regularly, that it is said the smugglers who land in the night can judge where they are by examining the pebbles. At Abbotsbury the pebbles are little larger than horsebeans. Marine plants grow in patches along the edge of the bank, by the water-side. The pebbly covering is continually shifting. A north-east wind sometimes clears away the pebbles in parts, leaving the blue clay exposed; but the denuded spaces are covered again with pebbles by the heavy sea which the south-west wind brings up. The Swannery Fleet receives the waters of several rivulets, and runs into the open sea at its south-eastern extremity by a narrow channel, called Small-mouth. The Fleet is in some places half a mile broad, and has two or three bridges, or rather causeways, over it. At its north-western extremity it forms a swannery, whence it obtained its name, and where as many as seven thousand swans have, at some periods, been congregated.

The average height of the Chesil Bank is from 50 to 60 feet above the level of the sea. There can be no doubt, from the larger pebbles being at one end, and the smaller at the other, that the Bank must, in part at least, owe its formation to the gales from the south-west, which act against this part of the coast with great violence,

and that the pebbles are washed up from the bottom of the sea. It is equally evident that the shape of the western side of Portland has much to do with the formation of the ridge. So terrific is the force with which the sea occasionally dashes up against this pebbly ridge, that, during a storm on the 23rd of November, 1824, a vessel of 95 tons burden, laden with iron ordnance, was actually carried over the Bank by a tremendous sea, and safely lodged in the Swannery Fleet!

The inhabitants of the Isle of Portland present many points for our attention, different from those presented in the neighbouring district. They are, in truth, a remarkable race. Their money earnings being but small, they could scarcely keep their families from poverty, were there not other circumstances in their favour. It is a custom with them to rent an acre of land each, for which, and for seeds and collateral expenses, about £3 per annum is paid. Here the men spend their evenings and leisure hours, and cultivate a large portion of their food. Corn, potatoes and other vegetables, gooseberries and other fruits, are reared by them. By economy, too, many of the men have saved money enough to buy a cow and some fowls; and as pasturage costs nothing, there is a supply of milk, cheese, butter, eggs, and poultry, at very little cost. The island produces mushrooms, water-cresses, the cuckoo-pint, and other plants, which the Portland housewife contrives to cook up into various economical dishes. Fish is plentiful all round the coast; and of that which is captured, some is eaten by the Portlanders, while the rest is sold at Weymouth; so that a double benefit results. The quarrymen have to pay nothing for their fuel; their wives and daughters go out to harvest-work when opportunity offers; and the boys are employed as shepherds on the plains. By these various means, then, do the sturdy quarrymen contrive to eke out a living.

About twelve years ago a very full account of the Portlanders was given in the *Penny Magazine*, by one who had mixed among them, and had studied their habits and character. Speaking of their personal appearance, this writer says:—"They are nobly formed, and come very nearly to the finest antique models of strength and beauty. In height they vary from five feet ten inches to six feet. Large bones, well-knit and strongly compacted muscles, confirmed in their united energies by the hardest labour, in a pure atmosphere, give them a power so Herculean, that 300 weight is lifted by men of ordinary strength with ease. Their features are regularly and boldly developed; eyes black, but deprived of their due expression by the partial closure of the lids, caused by the glare of the stone; complexion, a bright ruddy orange; the hair dark and plentiful; and the general expression of the countenance mild and intelligent. Their usual summer costume on working-days is a slouched strawhat, covered with canvas and painted black, a shirt with narrow blue stripes, and white canvas trousers. On Sundays they add to these a sailor's short blue jacket, and look very like good-natured tars in their holiday trim." The females, in their Sunday attire, wear ample gowns; the hair, without curls, is simply parted over the forehead and tied up behind; and to protect the back of the neck from sun or rain, a large ornamented 'curtain' or lappet descends from the hinder part of the bonnet. The islanders are spoken of very favourably as to their moral characteristics. Sunday is strictly observed; and though there is a sort of magistrate on the island, his office was, and we may hope still is, almost a sinecure. His account of their habitations is as follows:—

"The houses are built to endure the local vicissitudes of the climate, and to meet the peculiar wants of the inhabitants, and are well contrived for those purposes. The walls are built of large blocks of the rougher sorts of stone; the chimneys of brick and the roofs of broad, thin slabs of stone, but sometimes of slate or tile; in which

cases, to protect the roof from being lifted by the wind, the edges are bound with a treble row of stone slabs. The form of the roof is usually that of a gable, with a considerable pitch; the doors have those comfortable appendages which, it is to be regretted, are now totally out of fashion in poor men's houses—deep and well-seated porches, with square and angular tops; these, together with the window-bars and borders, are kept neatly whitewashed, and give favourable testimony to the cleanliness of the inhabitants."

Portland Breakwater.—The want of a safe roadstead, or harbour of refuge, somewhere in the vicinity of Portland has long been felt; and the admirable form of the bay included between Portland, Weymouth, and Lulworth, early pointed it out as a fitting spot. As however, the bay is fully exposed to the east wind, without any protecting barrier to ward off its intensity, it required some kind of artificial protection. The Commissioners appointed in 1844, to investigate the subject of Harbours of Refuge, after examining various naval and commercial men, and having had a careful survey made of the bay and road, came to the resolution to recommend that Portland should be one of the first harbours formed, it being valuable alike as a refuge in stormy weather, and for defensive purposes. They observe that "A squadron stationed at Portland will have under its protection, jointly with Dartmouth, all the intervening coast; and these places, with Plymouth, will complete the chain of communication and co-operation between Dover and Falmouth, a distance of 300 miles. There is everything at Portland to render the construction of a breakwater easy, cheap, and expeditious, and the holding-ground in the road is particularly good. A large part of the island facing the bay is Crown property, and contains abundance of stones. It has numerous springs, and plenty of the best water may be led in any direction for the supply of ships. The roadstead also possesses the advantages of an inner harbour at Weymouth."

The plan proposed by the Commissioners was, "That a breakwater be constructed in Portland Bay, to extend a mile and a quarter in a north-east direction, from near the northern point of the island, in about seven fathoms water, having an opening of 150 feet at a quarter of a mile from the shore, and sheltering an area of nearly 1200 acres." The cost they estimated at about £500,000. This amount would be utterly inadequate for the purpose at any other part of the British coast; but Portland is most happily situated in this respect. The 'cap-stone' from the quarries, which far exceeds the good building stone in quantity, has always been a burden and a trouble: no one has known where to throw it, or what to do with it. Now, this stone is found to be admirably calculated for the purposes of a breakwater; and thus the engineers have at hand an abundant supply of material, which at present has scarcely any commercial value at all.

In accordance with the recommendation of the Commissioners, an Act of Parliament was obtained in 1847, for the construction of the breakwater; and on the 25th of July, 1848, the first stone of the structure was laid by Prince Albert. In connexion with the formation of this breakwater a very important and interesting experiment is now being carried on—that, namely, of employing convict labour upon a great public work. For this purpose the Isle of Portland afforded many advantages. Its insulated and remote position, the facility of supervision, the laborious nature of the work, together with the general healthiness of the island, seemed to afford very favourable conditions for fairly trying the experiment. A building has been prepared which will accommodate 850 prisoners; but at present the number is under 600. They are convicts who have been sentenced to transportation, and have served out the first period of 'separate confinement,' at the Model Prison, Pentonville, or some similar establish-

ient. When at Portland, the convicts are confined mostly in separate cells during ne night, and silence is enforced then, and during the whole time they are in the uilding; but when at their work in the open air during the day they are allowed to nverse freely, so long as they do not thereby interfere with their labour. Various ieans are adopted to check idleness and to encourage industry, and a careful record is ept of each convict's general conduct. The convicts are divided into classes according) their conduct, and marks on their dress show the class in which they are placed. . small weekly allowance in money, varying from 4*d.* to 1*s.* a week, is placed to the redit of the convict, and ultimately forwarded to the governor of the colony to which e may be sent, in order to be expended as may seem most for his benefit. Of course, isconduct causes the forfeiture of this as well as every other privilege. A sufficient me has not yet elapsed to permit of a definite judgment being formed upon the plan, ut the result is said to have been so far satisfactory.

The breakwater is beginning to show itself above the water. About 1050 feet of it ave been carried out from the shore with a height of twelve feet above high-water ark. It has stood the heavy gales of the past winter very well; and its usefulness as already become fully apparent, by its keeping the water sheltered by it quite nooth during rather stiff east and south-easterly winds.

SOUTHAMPTON TO DORCHESTER.

	From Southampton.	Stations.	From Dorchester.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
Southampton Water, on left of line	2	..Blechynden ..	59	Shirley House.
	5	.. Redbridge .. (Railway enters New Forest.)	56	
Fine views from the higher ground, over the Forest, and of Southampton and Beaulieu Waters	8	Lyndhurst Road.	53	Lyndhurst, 2¼ miles. The 'Capital of the New Forest:' much noble scenery in neighbourhood.
Beaulieu, 4 miles: slight remains of Abbey and of Priory of Knights Templars. Fine scenery along Beaulieu Water ...	11	.. Beaulieu Road..	50	Fine forest scenery.
Brockenhurst, old Church, partly Norman. Boldre, 2¼ miles; Gilpin, writer on the picturesque, long the vicar of Boldre ...	16	...Brockenhurst...	45	New Park, 2 miles.
Christchurch, 7 miles	20	Christchurch .. Road. ..	41	
Kingstone, 2 miles	26	.. Ringwood ..	35	An old town on the Avon, which here divides into several arms: church ancient: town celebrated for its Ale.
Canford Magna, 1 mile ...	35	.. Wimborne ..	26	An old market-town, of 4326 inhabitants.
Hamworthy, 1½ miles	41	. Poole Junction .	20	Lytchet Minster, 1 mile.
	43	...Poole Branch...	22	Poole, an old town, of 6000 inhabitants, who are chiefly connected with shipping.
An old borough-town of 2746 inhabitants. Corfe Castle, Isle of Purbeck, 4½ miles: a very grand ruin by town of same name	46	.. Wareham ..	15	
Lulworth Castle, 3 miles. Ruins of Abbey, half a mile beyond	51	.. Wool ..	10	Bindon Abbey, ½ mile.
	56	.. Moreton ..	5	Moreton, 1 mile.
	61	DORCHESTER.		

NO. XIII.

KNIGHTS

COMPANION.

EXETER, AND THE SOUTH COAST OF DEVON

EXETER

AND THE SOUTH-EASTERN COAST OF DEVONSHIRE.

EXETER is built upon the summit and sides of a hill, which rises pretty steeply om the left bank of the river Exe. Thomas Fuller thus describes the Exeter of his ay: "It is of a circular (and therefore most capable) form, sited on the top of a hill, aving an easy ascent on every side thereunto. This conduceth much to the cleanness f this city; Nature being the chief scavenger thereof, so that the rain that falleth iere, falleth thence by the declivity of the place. The houses stand sideways back- ard into their yards, and only endways frontward, with their gables towards the reet. The city, therefore, is greater in content than appearance, being bigger than presenteth itself to passengers through the same." This was written about the iiddle of the seventeenth century; and though the city has altered a good deal since ien, it yet, in the middle of the nineteenth, retains sufficient traces of its former atures to authenticate the portrait of careful Thomas. It is no longer of a circular orm, yet it will be readily seen to have (as Dr. Johnson says of the Highland huts) some tendency to circularity." The native topographers still dwell with complacency n the cleanliness of their city, promoted, as they say, by its declivitous situation. The pper and better parts of the city (and they are the greater portion) are, in fact, clean, leasant, and healthy; but there are places down by the river that are dirty, wretched, nd unwholesome. Official returns prove satisfactorily that Exeter is, on the whole, bove the average of large towns in regard to its healthiness: and there can be little oubt that it would occupy a still more creditable position if some reformation were ffected in these lower regions.

Exeter was a British city, and was known as Caer-wise. In the two great Roman ineraries it is called Isca Dumnoniorum. It was the chief town of the Dumnonii, or eople of Devonshire and Cornwall. By the Saxons it was called Exanceaster, hence the present name is derived, with less alteration than usually happens in the pse of so many centuries. In the 'Domesday Survey' it is written Exonia. The ame is derived from its position—Caer-wise is the City on the Wise. The Romans alled the river the Isca; from which the Saxon form Exa is evidently only an adaptation Saxon organs of speech. Ceaster is the usual Saxon corruption of the Latin *castra*.

The early history of Exeter is dignified by the defeat of the Danes there, in 877, by ie great Alfred, who compelled them to surrender the city, which they had seized, id agree to leave the kingdom. Fifty years later, the Cornwall men (in those days wild and turbulent race) were driven out of Exeter by Athelstan, who is regarded Exonians as the founder of the present city. If the city flourished under the otection of Athelstan, it was less fortunate under his successors. More than once it as plundered by the Danes; but prosperity returned to it, its prosperity being pro- ibly a good deal advanced by its being made the seat of an episcopal see in the place Crediton, by Edward the Confessor. Exeter was one of the great towns that

refused to submit to the Norman Conqueror. The inhabitants fought resolutely; b the wall being thrown down, the city was taken after a siege of eighteen days, thoug not without considerable loss to the victor. Even then the fall of the city wa according to the Saxon Chronicle, partly the result of treachery. The 'Domesda Survey' shows that forty-eight houses were destroyed in this siege. The king howev dealt leniently with the people. In order to hold the inhabitants in check for th future, William built a large and strong castle, which, from the red colour of the hi on which it was erected, he called Rougemont—a name, as the reader of Shakspe will remember, which long after caused Richard III. to start. William gave the charg of the castle to Baudoin (or Baldwin) de Brionne, the husband of his niece Albrin whom he created governor of Devon, and bestowed upon him twenty houses in Exete and a hundred and fifty-nine manors in this part of the country. The castle is believ to have been erected on the site of a much older one. It remained in the hands the descendants of Baudoin till the reign of Henry III., who took the keeping of into his own control. In the war between Stephen and the Empress Matilda, Exet embraced the cause of the empress. The castle was strengthened and garrisoned f her by the earl of Devon; and the king in person with his army besieged the city f above two months, and the citizens at length yielded rather to the force of hung than of arms. Matilda remained so great a favourite in Exeter that a festival w for some centuries annually kept in commemoration of her. It was before Exet that the unhappy impostor, Perkin Warbeck, made his first and most unluck trial at arms. This was not the last occasion on which it successfully withstoo a siege. When, in 1549, in consequence of the recent religious changes, occurr what was long remembered as "the Devonshire Commotion," the city was for tw months encompassed by the insurgents; and the inhabitants, who resolutely refuse to yield, were reduced to the greatest extremities before the siege was raised by royal army under Lord Russell. On the breaking out of the contest between Charl and the Parliament, the city was occupied by the Earl of Stamford for the Parliament After the defeat of Stamford in May, 1643, Exeter opened its gates to Prince Maurice and it continued to be held for the king till April, 1646, when it was taken after smart siege by Fairfax. This was the last of its warlike adventures. The Parliamen caused the castle to be dismantled, and the fortifications to be rendered useless. Whil the city was occupied by the royalist troops, Queen Henrietta gave birth here to daughter, afterwards Duchess of Orleans; whose portrait, presented to the city b her brother Charles II., still hangs in the Guildhall.

Three days after his landing at Torbay, the Prince of Orange made a rathe pompous entry into Exeter; but he met with but a cool reception.

Exeter, as has been said, is built on a rather steep though not very lofty hill, an other hills are round about it, a circumstance that adds as much to its pleasantness a its salubrity. Leland, writing from personal examination, in the reign of Henry VIII. says:—"The town is a good mile and more in compass, and is right strongly walle and maintained. There be divers fair towers in the town wall, betwixt the south an the west gates. As the walls have been newly made, so have the old towers decayed There be four gates in the town, by the names of East, West, North, and South. Th East and the West Gates be now the fairest, and of one fashion of building. Th South Gate hath been the strongest. There be divers fair streets in Exeter; but th High-street, that goeth from the West to the East Gate, is the fairest."

Leland's half-complaining observation might now be extended to the whole city—"A *buildings* have been newly made, so have the old places decayed." The Exeter of th present day is very different from that which Leland saw. The city has extended it

boundaries till it has come to be about a mile and three quarters long, and above a mile broad, where widest and longest. Not only are the forts decayed and gone, but the gates also: the last of them, the South Gate, was removed in 1819. The walls may be traced, and some portions of them remain. Part of the walls of the castle are also standing, but of the building itself only a fragment is left. This is a gateway of Norman date, and is no doubt the chief entrance of the original Rougemont. It stands on the north side of the city, and should be visited. Little of the original architecture is discernible, it being almost wholly covered with ivy: with its ivy cloak it forms a rather picturesque object. The site of the castle is occupied by the Sessions House—quite a common-place building; the large open space in front is used for holding election, county, and other meetings. From the ramparts may be obtained some very good views of the city; and the contemplative visitor may, as he paces them, appropriately ponder on the changes that time has wrought in the whole way of life and habits of thought, as well as in the material objects he sees about him.

The city hardly retains so much of the character of antiquity as might be expected. You may pass from end to end of the long High-street and Fore-street, and hardly have the attention attracted by any very remarkable feature; and equally so, from one extremity to the other of North and South streets. Still there are appearances of antiquity, and if it had not been necessary, from time to time, to alter and improve the houses, it is easy to see that the city would be a picturesque one. When the gables of the houses, which are set towards the streets, were ornamented, and the upper stories hung forwards, it must have been eminently so. But the narrowness of the streets of course made it advisable to remove the projecting stories where the old houses remain; and in the 'smartening' process which all have more or less undergone, nearly all the rich decorations of the old gables have been removed or hidden, and they have been made as smooth, and plain, and mean, as the modern houses on either side of them. Something has been done, too, to lessen the steepness of the streets—a very useful alteration, but certainly not an ornamental one. The deep hollow, for example, between North-street and St. David's Hill, has been spanned by a viaduct, the 'Iron Bridge,' whereby the passengers are brought about on a level with the first floors of the unhappy-looking houses: and when the new bridge was constructed at the end of Fore-street, the opportunity was taken of lessening in a similar way the steepness of the road. Still, if it be not remarkably picturesque, the city is pleasant and apparently prosperous; and there yet remain enough relics of antiquity within it, even apart from its noble cathedral, to amuse the vacant hours and reward the researches of the visitor who is of an antiquarian turn.

But the CATHEDRAL is, of course, the chief object of attraction, and indeed, is the only really attractive building in the city. Though inferior in size and grandeur to a few of our other cathedrals, it is one of the finest of the second class, and in some respects it is unique. The oldest part of the present edifice was erected early in the twelfth century; but the main portion is more recent. In 1112, William Warlewast, one of the Normans who followed William I. to England, and whom the monarch had created third bishop of Exeter, laid the first stone of a new cathedral. He died before the works were very far advanced, and their progress was probably interrupted by the dissensions in the reign of Stephen. The part which had been finished suffered considerable injury during the siege of Exeter by that king. The Cathedral was not completed till near the close of the century. A century later the building began to appear too small, or not sufficiently splendid for the see: and Bishop Peter Quivil determined to erect a new cathedral, on a much grander scale. He only lived to construct the Lady Chapel; but his successors steadily continued the good work till

the whole was completed, as it now appears, by Bishop Brantyngham in 1380. The only parts of Warlewast's cathedral which were retained in the new one are the two towers, which were made to serve for the transepts.

Nothing, scarcely, can exceed the beauty of many parts of Exeter Cathedral; but as a whole, perhaps it is not so satisfactory. Though erected in the golden age of English ecclesiastical architecture, and with the exception of the massive Norman towers tolerably uniform in style, the exterior is heavy, and comparatively unimposing in its general effect. The unusual position of the towers only renders the want of some grand and lofty central feature the more apparent: and the want is equally felt, whether the building be viewed from the Cathedral yard or the suburbs of the city. Until within these few years the Cathedral was a good deal hidden by mean buildings; these have been in a great measure removed, and the exterior can now be tolerably well seen.

The Cathedral is built in the form of a cross; but the arms are very short, the transepts being formed out of the towers. The entire length of the building, including the Lady Chapel, is 408 feet: the towers are 145 feet high. The towers are Norman, square, and similar in size, and also in general appearance, their surfaces being covered with blank arcades and other Norman ornaments; but they differ in the details. The remainder of the Cathedral is of what is known as the decorated style of English architecture; and the numerous windows, with their flowing tracery, are among the finest examples of that rich style. Between the windows are bold flying buttresses, with crocketted pinnacles. The roof, which is of very high pitch, is crowned by a *fleur-de-lis* ridge ornament—the only one of our cathedrals which retains that decoration.

But the most striking portion of the exterior is unquestionably the west front. Gothic architecture was intended to appeal to the imagination and the feelings. The chief entrance to the Cathedral was by the western door, and consequently, upon the western front the architect ordinarily employed all the resources of his art. In most of our cathedrals the western end is more elaborately decorated than any other part: but no other is so much enriched as the west front of Exeter Cathedral, though two or three are more generally admired. It consists of three stories: the basement is a screen, with a central doorway, and one of smaller size on each side. The entire surface of this screen is occupied by canopied niches, in each of which is a statue. The second story, which recedes somewhat, is formed by the west wall of the nave, and contains the large and noble west window, the arch of which is entirely filled with the richest flowing tracery. On each side are decorated arcades. The wall is supported by two very bold flying buttresses. The upper story, which recedes somewhat behind the second story, is formed by the gable of the nave, and has a window smaller than the other, but similar in character. This arrangement, as has been often remarked, is unusual in English cathedrals, but common in those of France; indeed, the whole building has a good deal of a Continental character. The statues and ornamental work of the west front had become considerably dilapidated, but the authorities have carefully restored them; and this magnificent façade—one of the very finest in England—is now in a nearly perfect condition.

The interior of the Cathedral is far more imposing than the exterior. As you enter, the long range of clustered columns, with the open arches above them, the noble series of windows in the clerestories, and the splendid vaulted stone roof which spans the whole extent of nave and choir, combine to produce a most powerful and impressive effect. But the effect would be amazingly improved were the organ to be removed from its present position. The magnificent vista would then be unbroken, and the

large and beautiful east window would appear at the end of it. The majestic interior, in short, would be seen as its designers intended it to be seen.

Both nave and choir will command and repay attentive examination. In general character they are alike, with, of course, those differences which their different purposes require. The clustered columns, the windows, and the roof, are remarkably fine examples of their several kinds; the roof is one of the largest and handsomest vaulted stone roofs of the decorated period in existence. Very little of the original stained glass remains in the windows. Like all other "idolatrous pictures and images," it suffered grievously from puritanic wrath. While Exeter was occupied by the soldiers of the Commonwealth, the Cathedral called into exercise no small share of their zeal. Many of the things which they spared speak as loudly as those they destroyed, of their fervour and diligence. But they spared some things which they could hardly be expected to spare; among others, the glass in the great east window was left uninjured, and it yet remains in good preservation. We cannot stay to indicate the many points of interest in the nave; a peculiarity will be noticed on its north side in the curious 'Minstrel's Gallery,' which projects from the clerestory, and is ornamented with well-executed figures of angels playing on musical instruments.

The choir is in itself the most complete and most striking part of the interior. Its most singular feature is the Bishop's Throne, a richly carved oak structure, a pyramid of open tracery, rising to an elevation of 52 feet. Bishop Bothe placed it here, about 1470. It escaped the puritanic axe through having been taken to pieces and concealed before the surrender of the city. The pulpit and the stalls are also of superior character. The screen which divides the nave and choir, itself of graceful design and workmanship, is especially noteworthy for a series of very early and rude paintings on the panels. They represent a complete cycle of scriptural subjects, from the Creation, to the Descent of the Holy Spirit. As pictures they are of no value; but they are curious as specimens of the state of the art in England at the time they were painted.

The chapels are numerous, and some of them very beautiful: the open screens which separate them from the body of the Cathedral, are in several instances of exquisite beauty and delicacy. These chapels mostly contain monuments, which are in themselves of considerable interest. Indeed the monuments in Exeter Cathedral are much above the ordinary rank; and they are of all times, from the thirteenth century down to the present. We can only mention two or three. One of noticeable character represents Bishop Stapledon, who erected the choir in which his tomb is placed; opposite to it is another, of a knight in armour, believed to be Sir Richard Stapledon, the brother of the bishop; they were both executed in Cheapside, by the populace, in 1356. In the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene—the very beautiful screen of which deserves especial notice—is a splendid monument of Bishop Stafford, who died in 1419. In the beautiful Gabriel Chapel, which was built by Bishop Brownscombe, who died in 1820, may be seen the very elegant tomb of its founder; and also two monuments by the greatest of recent English sculptors. One, a mural monument with several figures, in memory of General Simcoe (who died in 1806), is by Flaxman, but it is not a favourable specimen of his ability; there is little of poetic character in the design, and no refinement of form or execution. The other is Chantrey's statue of Northcote. The old painter is represented seated in a thoughtful attitude, with his palette hanging carelessly on his thumb: he appears to be sitting in reflective mood before his easel, and has much of that tranquil, contemplative character Chantrey could sometimes so felicitously unite with marked individuality.

The stranger should not fail to ascend the north tower of the Cathedral, for the sake of the very fine view of the city he will obtain from its summit. Perhaps a better

notion of its topography can be obtained from this tower than elsewhere; and the suburbs are also seen to advantage. The view southwards down the valley of the Exe is of exceeding beauty. In this north tower is the great Peter Bell, whose voice warns the citizens of the flight of time. It is one of the largest bells in the kingdom, being some four or five hundred pounds heavier than the famous Great Tom of Lincoln, and only inferior in weight and tongue to Oxford Tom. In the south tower is the heaviest peal of bells in the kingdom.

The Chapter House of a cathedral is generally worth seeing. As the ordinary place of meeting for the transaction of the business of the society, and also the apartment in which the members of the monastery daily assembled to hear a chapter of the order read (whence its name), it was usually made an important feature in the general design. The Chapter House of Exeter Cathedral is not so fine as some others, and it is oblong instead of being polygonal, as is usually the case; but it is a very handsome structure. It is of later date than the Cathedral, having been erected about the middle of the fifteenth century: the windows are good of their kind; the roof is of oak, in richly ornamented panels. It is now fitted up as a library. The Bishop's Palace, close by, is not a very remarkable building; but from the very pleasant gardens parts of the Cathedral are seen in picturesque combination and to considerable advantage. During the Commonwealth the Bishop's Palace was let to a sugar-refiner, vestiges of whose pans and troughs were remaining when the palace was repaired in 1821. The Cathedral cloisters were entirely destroyed during the Commonwealth.

There are nineteen churches in Exeter: before the Commonwealth there were, it is said, thirty-two. None of the existing churches will stay the feet of the stranger. The older churches are for the most small, mean, and uninteresting; the modern ones are of almost invariable mediocrity. St. Sidwell's (of unenviable fame), and Allhallows, are the most noticeable of the recent churches. Of the old ones, that of St. Mary Major, in the Cathedral yard, has some details that will interest the archæologist; and that of St. Mary Arches contains some ancient monuments.

Nor is Exeter more fortunate in its other public buildings than in its churches. The Guildhall (whose hoary-looking portico is so prominent a feature in the High-street) is the only one that is not modern. The hall itself is a rather fine room; it is tolerably spacious; the walls are covered with carved oak, and it has a very good open timber roof. On the walls are several portraits, chiefly of corporate dignitaries; but there are also portraits of the Princess Henrietta, and of General Monk, by Sir Peter Lely; of George II., and Lord Camden. The modern buildings are numerous, as may be supposed, in a Cathedral city which, with its suburbs, at the last census contained upwards of 36,000 inhabitants, and is the centre of a populous and flourishing district. But none of these buildings are of any general interest, and none of them can be said to add much to the beauty of the city. A list of them will be found in the guide-books, which will serve to direct the visitor who is curious in such matters to those that are in their several ways of most interest; here a mere enumeration of them would be useless and tiresome.

Exeter formerly carried on a very large manufacture of woollens. At one time, according to Defoe, it was "so exceeding great, all the women inhabitants may be thoroughly employed in spinning yarn for it." In 1765, the annual value of the exports of woollens from Exeter was estimated at above a million. Towards the close of the century the manufacture began to decay; and it is now quite insignificant. There is, however, a considerable commerce; the import and export trade being both actively pursued. The ship canal, by means of which this trade is carried on, was one of the earliest constructed in this kingdom. It was first formed in 1544; the several

arishes contributing towards its cost a portion of their communion plate. This canal, hich at first extended only to Countess Weir, two miles from Exeter, was afterwards eepened and considerably improved; but it only permitted the ascent of small vessels ll 1827, when it was entirely reformed and carried some miles lower; an extensive et-dock was at the same time constructed at its termination near the city. By means f these improvements, which cost about £125,000, vessels of 400 tons burden can ach the city dock. The city does not appear to have suffered permanently from the ss of its woollen trade. New houses have been built on every side, and plenty are ow building. In some of the pleasanter spots in the suburbs, villages, of the class of esidences that builders now-a-days call 'villas,' have sprung up, much as such 'villa' illages have risen round London. Mount Radford has a showy, and, we hope, ourishing crop of this kind; and it is as pleasant a place for such a purpose as any we now in the vicinity of our great towns. The streets of the city, too, display a goodly umber of handsomely fitted, and well-stored shops; and a busy crowd daily throngs ie thoroughfares. The facilities afforded by the matchless railway have no doubt ntributed greatly to stimulate the activity of the citizens.

We must not quit Exeter without referring to its walks, on which the inhabitants ery justly pride themselves. The chief of these is the Northernhay, "the admiration every stranger, and the pride, the ornament, and the boast of Exeter." It lies along ie summit of an elevated spot of ground on the north of the city, close by the Castle all. The grounds are neatly laid out and planted with shrubs, and the walks, which e well disposed, are shaded by noble old elms, and afford some pleasant prospects. rom Friar's walk and the parade in front of Collumpton-terrace, on the south side of ie city, some capital views may be had of the city and country beyond. On the out- de of the city very charming strolls may be taken in almost any direction. Penn- lvania Hill affords extensive and noble prospects; perhaps the city and surrounding untry are seen to most advantage from it. The footpaths along the meadows by ie Exe also yield a most pleasant ramble. The Exe is here a broad stream, and the enery along it, though not very striking, is very pleasing: while the weirs that here id there are met with, add occasional vivacity to its quiet beauty. Old Abbey, on ie east bank of the Exe, about a mile below the city, is the site of a priory of Cluniac onks. Hardly a vestige of the building remains; but the stranger will not regret ie stroll down to it, as it stands on a very pretty part of the river. A good footpath longside the canal forms a favourite walk of the citizens in the summer season,— specially of such as "go a-junketting" to the neighbouring villages. There are me very agreeable walks, too, by Cowick and Ide, and along the heights in that irection.

Had we time, it might be worth while to lead the reader to some of the villages ound Exeter: several of them are worth wandering to. The pretty village of Ieavitree, about a mile east of Exeter, was the birthplace of "Judicious Hooker." lphington, on the south, has a fine church in a picturesque situation, and is moreover noticeable place in itself. But we must proceed on our journey.

Sidmouth.—Secure the box-seat of the Sidmouth stage, and you will have a right leasant afternoon trot over the hills to Sidmouth. There is a delightful alternation scenery along the road, and you will also pass through three or four pretty and very untrified little villages. The situation of Sidmouth is very well described in 'The oute-Book of Devon,' in a passage we quote for the sake of recommending the book to l who travel in that county. The notices generally are brief, clear, and accurate— ualities most valuable in such a work:—

"The beach of Sidmouth is situated nearly in the centre of one of those hollows or

curves, of which there are many formed within the vast bay of Devon and Dorset extending from the Isle of Portland, on the east, to Start Point, on the west. At each end of the curve, east and west, rise two immense hills, about 500 feet high, running north and south, forming a deep valley between. Along the bottom of this valley lies the town, with a considerable part of its front presented towards the sea. On the slopes, or sides of the valley, extending a mile or two inland, are the suburbs, studded with villas, cottages ornées, and every description of marine residence, with which builders of this kind of dwelling indulge their taste in erecting. These two hills Salcombe and Peak, continue their range of protection to the town, one on the east and the other on the west, till Harpford and Beacon hills, on the one side, and Penhill on the other, take up its defence on the north-west and north. Sidmouth by these hills is sheltered from every quarter, except the south, which is open to the sea, and may be considered as completely protected from all cold winds; for those from the south are seldom or never cold or piercing in Devonshire. 'Snow,' says Dr. Mogridge, in his descriptive sketch of this place 'is seldom witnessed; and in very severe seasons, when the surrounding hills are deeply covered, not a vestige, not a flake, will remain in this warm and secluded vale."

The little town lying thus snugly embayed, with the lofty hills rising behind and on each side of it, looks, from the beach, as pretty and pleasant a dwelling-place as the visitor can desire for a short month or two. We can very well imagine that it had a more picturesque, though a ruder appearance, when none of the smart houses that front the sea and are scattered about the hill sides had been erected; and instead of the regular line of the long sea-wall, there was a rugged bank of sand and shingle and the place itself was only known as "one of the specialest fisher towns of the shire." When the fashion began to prevail of resorting annually to the sea-side Sidmouth was one of the earliest places to perceive the advantage of preparing a comfortable resting-place for these birds of passage. The little town has, with transient fluctuations, gone on in a steady course of prosperity, and is now a very complete place for its size. It has good houses of different grades; good inns, baths, libraries subscription, billiard, and assembly rooms; very respectable shops; and the streets are well-paved, and lighted with gas. The sea-wall, erected at a heavy cost a few years back, forms an excellent and very pleasant promenade. Indeed, all the recent alterations and improvements in the town have been made with a view to increase the comfort and enjoyment of the visitors; and it would seem with success. Sidmouth has a late summer season; and perhaps this is its best season, as it is undeniably its pleasantest. But it is also a good deal resorted to in the winter; and it is one of the most agreeable little winter watering-places along this coast. The town is well-sheltered, the site cheerful, the air balmy and genial, and there are most enjoyable walks, both for the robust and the invalid; while, as we have seen, provision has been made for home and in-door delectation — a very necessary provision, certainly, in the moist climate of this part of Devonshire.

The buildings in Sidmouth are not of any architectural importance or interest. The old church is but of very ordinary description; and for the new one there is not much more to be said. Several of the private houses are rather pretty; and one of them, a large thatched cottage ornée, "a cottage of gentility," is one of the chief lions of Sidmouth. Attached to it are extensive and well-filled conservatories, an aviary, and a collection of animals; and it contains in its ample rooms a vast variety of all those numerous costly articles which fall under the general designation of articles of *virtù*. The proper name of the house is 'Knowle Cottage;' but it is popularly known, at least in Sidmouth, as 'The Little Fonthill.' Permission to see it is readily granted

and "the rooms are thrown open to the public every Monday during the months of August and September."

Sidmouth, we have said, has beautiful walks. The beach will, probably, for a while content the visitor; the cliffs curve round in an easy sweep, and form a picturesque little bay, closed at each extremity by lofty headlands. The cliffs along this part of the coast are of red marl and sandstone; and as the sea beats strongly against them, they are worn into deep hollows, and in many instances portions become quite separated from the parent cliff. One of these detached masses, of considerable size, stands out at some distance in the sea, at the western extremity of this bay. Chit Rock, as it is called, is one of the notabilities of Sidmouth. But the visitor will soon wish to extend his walks beyond the narrow limits of Sidmouth beach; and in almost every direction he will find rambles of a nature to tempt and to repay his curiosity. Along the summits of the cliffs he will obtain glorious views over the wide ocean, and not a few pleasant inland prospects. The hills farther away from the sea command views of vast extent and surpassing beauty; and along the valleys and gentle slopes there are simple pastoral scenes, and green shady lanes, and quiet field-paths, with here and there a solitary cottage, or a little social gathering of cottages, such as it does the heart good to look upon.

We might, had we time, lead the reader to three or four of the pleasant spots in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth: along the lanes to the pretty village of Sidford, to Sidbury castle, and on to Penhill; to the top of Salcombe Hill, where is a magnificent prospect, extending, it is said, over from thirty to forty miles of a rich and fertile and very beautiful country, and seaward far as the eye can reach; to one or two of the quiet out-of-the-way corners, where the little Sid, the river (or as old Risdon calls it, the riveret), to which Sidmouth owes its name, with the hollow along which it hurries, "singing its quiet tune," makes pleasant miniature pictures (by the way, there is an exceedingly pretty peep up the Sid vale from the beach):—but we must leave them and pursue our journey.

Exmouth.—The onward road lies along the summit of the cliffs, past Chit Rock. From High Peak there are good sea views; and from Peak Hill others of surprising extent and wondrous beauty, over the Haldon Hills as well as seaward. The road must be followed a little inland to Otterton, which lies two or three miles from the sea, and where is the last bridge over the Otter. The way is extremely pleasant, but we need not stay to describe it. Otterton itself is a noticeable place; it is a long straggling village of poor-looking, whitewashed, thatched cob cottages, with a farm-house or two, a couple of inns, and a few shops. Through the middle of the street runs a little feeder of the Otter, a rattling brook, which adds a good deal to the picturesqueness of the place. On one side is a green, with trees around it. The church stands on a hill at the end of the village. All the houses are rude, unadorned, and old-fashioned; and if it were not for two or three shops which look rather modern, the stranger might fancy he had fallen upon a little secluded country town that had not changed for a century. Otterton was at one time a village of some small local importance. John Lackland founded a priory here, subject to the monastery of St. Michael in Normandy. There were to be four monks, who were to celebrate the regular religious services, and also to distribute bread weekly among the poor, to the amount of sixteen shillings—a tolerable sum in those days. In succeeding ages the monastery received additional benefactions, and the superior had enlarged rights. The priory stood on the hill by the church, on the site now occupied by the Mansion House—a building worth examining. The church itself, too, is a noteworthy one. It is a large irregular and very ancient pile, with the tower at the *east* end. In the

churchyard is a grove of yew-trees. The church stands on a steep cliff, and with the old house by its side, and the trees about it, and the broad river washing the base of the hill, looks from the opposite bank unusually striking. The Otter is here a good-sized stream, and the scenery along it is very picturesque. The banks are bluff and bold, rising from the river in bare red cliffs, making with the neighbouring round-topped hills numerous pretty pictures. On the other side of the river is the village of Budleigh, only noticeable on account of its containing Hayes, the birth-place of Sir Walter Raleigh.

By the mouth of the Otter is the hamlet of *Budleigh Salterton*, which within these few years has grown into some repute as a quiet, retired watering-place—a sort of country appendix to Exmouth: and where were only two or three mud hovels belonging to the fishermen, is now a thriving and smart little town, having its three or four streets of shops and lodging-houses; its baths and libraries; its hotel, and even 'commercial inn;' and often a goodly number of genteel visitants. The streamlet that runs through the main street, with the plain wooden bridges that cross it, cause the place yet to retain something of its old rusticity. The cliffs along the sea here, and still more by Otter Point, on the other side of the Otter, are very lofty and very precipitous. The scenery about the shore we need hardly say is such as often exercises the pencils of the visitants. Ladram Bay is particularly celebrated, and in the summer season is one of the most attractive spots in this vicinity. The rocks are there worn into the wildest shapes, and there are caverns that are an object to ramble after. A sail to Ladram Bay is a favourite summer diversion.

From Budleigh Salterton there is a foot-path along the top of the cliffs and by by-ways to Exmouth, passing over Knoll Hill and through the quiet out-of-the-way village of Littleham. This is a pleasant way; but there is one which, though a good deal further, is more exhilarating to the stout pedestrian, round by the headland of Orcomb; or there is the ordinary road by Withecomb—from which some pleasant detours may be made, among others one to the little ruined sanctuary of St. John's in the Wilderness.

Exmouth is so called from its position by the mouth of the Exe. Leland styles it "a fisher townlet, a little within the haven mouth." And a "fisher townlet" it remained for a very long while afterwards. Exmouth was not, however, always a mere fisher townlet. In the reign of John it is said to have been one of the chief ports on this coast, and to have contributed ten ships and one hundred and ninety-three seamen as its proportion of the fleet which Edward III. despatched, in 1347, against Calais. On the other hand, it does not now maintain the high position it once held among the watering-places of Devonshire; it is no longer the first. It may not have decreased in popularity or attraction, but it has not increased. It has almost stood still while Torquay has rapidly advanced, and to Torquay it must now yield the precedence.

The Old Town was built along the foot of the hill and by the river side. "The sea at this time covered nearly the whole of the ground on which the north-western part of the town is now built, and washed the base of the cliffs on the left-hand side of the present turnpike-road from Exeter." The New Town—that which is chiefly inhabited by visitants—is on the hill-side and summit. The older part, down by the beach, which is inhabited chiefly by the fishermen and poorer classes, contains many ill-drained, dirty, and deplorable streets and houses. Exmouth is not in itself a parish, but lies chiefly within the parish of Littleham. "The manor of Littleham and Exmouth," says the 'Route Book of Devon,' "has been, since the dissolution, in the family of the Rolles; and the late Lord Rolle and his present surviving relict have been great and generous patrons to this town. The fine and capacious church, built in 1824, and the

market-house in 1830; the plantations and walks under the Beacon; the sea-wall just completed; in short, nearly all the public improvements carried out within these few years, with the exception of those executed by the late Mr. R. Webber, have been at their suggestion and expense."

Exmouth is well furnished with the various means and appliances that contribute to the requirements and pleasures of sea-side visitants. It has a good bathing-place on the beach, and baths in addition; libraries, assembly and subscription rooms; hotels and lodging-houses of all sizes and with every aspect; public walks, good shops, and a good market; a church and several chapels. None of the buildings are such as to command much attention as works of art, but they are convenient and serviceable. The sea-wall is an important and a substantial work. It is some 1800 feet long; and in addition to its primary purpose, it forms an excellent promenade and drive. The walks in and immediately around the town are of a superior character. Several within the town afford noble prospects. That in front of Louisa-terrace commands a view that is in very few towns equalled either for extent or beauty. Nearly the same may be said of Trefusis-terrace, and some other terraces of equally pleasant site, and unpleasant name. The Beacon Hill is judiciously laid out as a public ground, with beds of flowers, evergreens, and ornamental shrubs. About the walks are placed rustic seats, and occasionally arbours. The views from different parts of Beacon Hill are remarkably good, and altogether it is a very agreeable spot, and admirably suited for the purpose to which it has been applied.

From the town there stretches a long sand-bank far into the river. A little lower down the stream another sand-bank, called the Warren, extends from the opposite side for two miles across the estuary. Just by the first sand-bank there is also an island, about mid-stream, called Shelley Sand; and outside the Warren, where the Exe disembogues itself into the sea, a similar but larger accumulation has formed, which is known as the Pole Sand. By these means the river is contracted within a very narrow winding channel where it enters the sea, although just above the Shelley Sand it is a mile and a half across. The natural harbour thus formed withinside the sand-banks is called the Bight, and is an anchorage for vessels waiting for wind or tide to enable them to ascend the river, or work out from it and pursue their voyage. The appearance of the river by Exmouth is very much that of a good-sized lake, and the town has a rather pleasing appearance in consequence. From the sands, Exmouth looks somewhat formal, but from the river it improves very much. The long terraces of white houses, rising behind each other on the hill-side from among groves of dark foliage, with the mass of meaner buildings at the base; the sand, with its fishing-boats and larger craft; and the broad sheet of water in front, with the shipping riding at anchor upon it; compose together a pleasing and remarkable picture. Exmouth has many attractive short walks in its vicinity, and many long ones also; but we must leave them all to the visitor's own exploration, and once more set forward on our journey.

Dawlish.—From Exmouth there is a ferry to Star Cross, where there is a station of the South Devon Railway. It has been proposed to have steam-boats to ply at regular hours, instead of the present sailing and row-boats, which are rather trying to the tender nerves of holiday-folks, when the south-westerly wind causes a bit of a swell in the river. The alteration would, no doubt, be of some advantage to the town, though of little to the boatmen.

Star Cross is one of the many small villages that have profited by the growth of migratory habits, and the tendency of the different migratory tribes to wend towards the Devonshire coast in their periodic flights. Star Cross was a small fishing-village,

whither a few Exeter epicures used occasionally to resort, to eat, at their native home, the oysters and shell-fish, which are said to have a peculiarly good flavour when taken fresh from their beds near the mouth of the Exe. Now, though still a small place, it has its season, and its seasonable visitors, and professes to hold out some especial advantages. Be these as they may, it is said to be a thriving little place. Lying along the Exe, it is a cheerful and pleasant, though quiet village. There is an excellent landing-pier, formed by the Railway Company; and it would not be surprising if, in some of the turns of fashion, this till recently obscure and out-of-the-way village were to become a bustling second-rate summer resort.

When here, the visitor should go on to Powderham Castle, the seat of the Earl of Devon. In Norman times Powderham belonged to the Bohuns, by a female descendant of whom it was carried by marriage, about the middle of the fourteenth century, to Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon. Very little is left of the ancient Castle; or rather, what is left of the old castle has been transformed into a modern mansion, and very little appearance of antiquity remains. Admission to Powderham Park is readily granted, upon application. It is of great extent, and very picturesque in itself; the grounds stretch for a considerable distance along the Exe, and far up the hills to the north-east. From various parts there are views of great beauty; but one spot—the highest point—where a prospect-tower is erected, is one of the most celebrated in this "land of the matchless view," as a native poet styles it. In one direction is the valley of the Exe, with the river winding through it to Exeter, where the city with the Cathedral forms the centre of the picture, and the hills beyond make a noble back-ground. Southwards is the estuary of the Exe, with the town of Exmouth; and beyond all, the English Channel. Again, there is a grand view over the Haldon Hills; and in an opposite direction there is a rich prospect, backed by the Ottery range.

The Courtenays appear to have had another seat in the adjoining parish of Exminster—"a great manor-house, where the Earls of Devon resided, and where William Courtenay, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born," says the historian of the family. There was certainly a ruined mansion here when Leland wrote. He says, "Exminster is a pretty townlet, where be the ruins of a manor-place, embattled in the front. I trow it belonged to the Marquis of Exeter." Only the name of it—'the Court House'—remains now. Exminster *is* a pretty townlet. It lies along the river-side, and has much of that level, gentle kind of beauty we are accustomed to associate with the Flemish or Dutch landscapes. Its quiet meadows, with the fat cattle about them, the tower of the village church rising from the trees, the roofs of the little village, the curling smoke, the broad river beyond, with the sail of a fishing-boat or slow-moving barge passing occasionally along,—these, and a calm evening sky overhead, make a picture such as Cuyp would have loved to paint or Bloomfield to describe.

While here, we may mention the half-decayed town of TOPSHAM, about a couple of miles higher up the river, on the other side, just by the confluence of the Clist with the Exe, where the latter river suddenly increases in width from a quarter of a mile to three quarters. Topsham was once the port town of Exeter, and a full sharer in the ancient prosperity of that city. When the ship-canal was formed, it was no longer necessary for large vessels to load and unload at Topsham, which gradually lost much of its trade and importance in consequence. It however had a considerable commerce of its own; its share in the Newfoundland trade is said to have been larger than that of any other place except London. There is yet some export and coasting trade; but the chief employment is in ship-building and its dependent manufactures. It has a population of about four thousand souls. Of late there has arisen a desire, on the part

of the inhabitants to render it attractive to strangers, who may prefer to take up their temporary abode at a little distance inland rather than on the coast; and many improvements have recently been made in consequence.

Topsham is placed in a very pleasant situation—stretching for a mile or more along the east bank of the river, where it widens into the appearance of a lake, or an arm of the sea. The town consists of one main street, a mile in length, at the bottom of which is the quay. The older part is irregularly built, and the houses are mostly mean; but many houses of a better class have been erected within the last few years. These are so situated as to command very fine views of the estuary of the Exe, with the rich scenery of its banks, and the sea beyond. The Strand is well planted with elms, and would form an agreeable walk in itself: but of course its value is greatly increased by the beautiful scenery which is beheld from it. The church stands near the middle of the town, on a high cliff, which rises abruptly from the river. It is an old building, but there is nothing to notice in its architecture. Inside the church are two monuments by Chantrey: one is to the memory of Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth; the other to his son Colonel Duckworth, who was killed at the battle of Albuera. The churchyard affords wide and rich prospects, both up and down the river, and over the surrounding country. A good deal that is picturesque will be met with about the crazy-looking town itself, and some amusement will be found in watching the employments of the townsmen.

Although we mention Topsham here, it will be most conveniently visited—and it is worth visiting—from Exeter. It is only three miles' distance from that city, and omnibuses are frequently running—if the stranger does not like so long a walk. We have thus, after a long ramble, returned almost to our starting-place: but we have not yet got to our journey's end; and we now retrace our way to the sea-side. But we need not walk. It is a delicious sail down the Exe, from Topsham to the Warren. The scenery along the banks is of the finest kind of broad, placid river scenery. The noble woods of Powderham, running down to the water, dignify and adorn the right bank; to which the villages of Powderham and Star Cross on the right, and Exmouth on the left bank, add considerable variety. We may land at the little hillock, which bears the tempting name of Mount Pleasant—in truth, a pleasant spot enough, and in high repute with Exeter Cockneys, who are wont in the summer-time to recreate in the tea-gardens of the inn on its summit. From Mount Pleasant there is a pleasant way along the summit of the cliffs to Dawlish; but there is also another, which we shall take, along their base.

The cliffs on this west side of the Exe are lofty and precipitous. During westerly gales the sea beats against them with considerable force, whence, being of a rather soft red sandstone, they have become pierced and worn in a strange, wild manner. A shattered breakwater of massive stone stands an evidence of the power of the waves. Through this projecting point of Langstone Cliff the railway passes, in a deep cutting. It soon emerges, and pursues its course along the base of the cliffs to Dawlish. Alongside, for the whole distance—about a mile and a half—a strong sea-wall has been built, the top of which forms an admirable and very favourite walk. It was a bold venture to carry the line in such close proximity to the sea, along so exposed a shore. Hitherto, however, it has received no injury. But the sea-wall has not escaped without damage, in the stormy weather of the last winters the sea having forced a way through it in two or three places.

Dawlish is situated nearly midway between the mouths of the Exe and the Teign, in a cove formed by the projecting headlands of Langstone Cliff on the north, and the Parson and Clerk Rocks on the south. The town itself lies along a valley which

extends westward of the sea; whence, according to Polwhele, its name—*Dol is*, signifying a fruitful mead on a river's side; a very pleasant derivation, though a rather too fanciful one.

At the commencement of the present century, Dawlish was in the transition state from a humble fishing-village to a genteel watering-place. "In general," says a writer about that time, "the houses are low cottages, some tiled, the greater number thatched. On Dawlish Strand there is a handsome row of new buildings, twelve in number. Other commodious houses have lately been erected nearer the water." Dawlish gradually grew into notice and favour, as this coast became better known; and it has now, for some years past, taken a high rank among the smaller watering-places of Devonshire. At the last census it contained above three thousand inhabitants.

For the invalid, and those who need or desire a warm winter abode, yet wish for a less gay neighbourhood than Torquay, Dawlish has great attractions; and it is in equal estimation as a summer sea-side residence. The valley along which the town is built is well-sheltered on all sides, except the sea-ward; and the temperature is said by Dr. Shapter, and others who have paid particular attention to the climate of the coast of Devon, to be warmer and more equable than any other of the winter watering-places, except Torquay; and some doctors will hardly except it. Here, as well as elsewhere on this coast, the myrtle, the hydrangea, and many other tender plants, grow and bloom freely in the open air; and the situation is as pleasant as the temperature is mild and genial. Lying embayed in a cove, which is terminated at each extremity by bluff, bold cliffs, the beach in calm weather always affords a picturesque and cheerful walk. Through the centre of the valley flows a rivulet, across which several bridges are thrown; on each side of the stream is a greensward, with dry gravel walks, carefully kept, so as at all times to be an agreeable, warm parade. The houses and shops are built on both sides of the valley; a few villa residences are on the slopes of the hills; and along the strand and by the Teignmouth road are hotels, public rooms, terraces, and detached residences, chiefly appropriated to the uses of the visitants.

The public buildings are convenient, but not remarkable. The old church of Dawlish, at the western extremity of the town, was a very ancient pile, and of some architectural interest. It was, with the exception of the tower, pulled down about five-and-twenty years ago, and the present edifice erected in its place. Inside the church are two monuments, by Flaxman. They are both to the memory of ladies; but they are not to be classed high among the productions of the great sculptor. The South Devon Railway forms a noticeable feature of Dawlish. The line is carried, partly on a viaduct, between the town and the sea. When the formation of the railway was first proposed, it was warmly resisted by the inhabitants, who anticipated that it would destroy the character of the town as a quiet retreat. Such, however, has not been the result. The Railway Company constructed their works so as not to interfere with, but rather increase, the convenience of the visitor; and their buildings are of an ornamental kind. The noble sea-wall affords a new and excellent promenade. The viaduct is both novel and pleasing in appearance. The method of traction originally adopted on this line was the unfortunate atmospheric system. As on the Croydon Railway it has been abandoned, and the locomotive has taken its place; but the engine-houses remain. One of these was erected at Dawlish, and it is greatly to be desired that some use may be found for it; as, though not more ornamental than was appropriate for the purpose to which it was to be applied, it is really a good-looking building. It is built of the red limestone, or Devonshire marble, as it is called, in the Italian style, the campanile serving to carry off the smoke.

The cliffs on the west of Dawlish have been strangely pierced and riven by the violence of the sea. Many huge lumps of rock stand out quite detached from the parent cliff. The same thing occurs elsewhere, as we have already had occasion to mention, and as we shall see in places we have yet to visit. But nowhere else within the limits of our present journey do they assume so fantastic an appearance as between Dawlish and Teignmouth. When the waves surround them at high tide, and beat against the cliffs, these rocks and the coast generally are remarkably picturesque and striking.

Teignmouth.—Along the coast from Dawlish to Teignmouth there is a continual alternation of tall cliffs and deep depressions. The rocks are bold and striking, and the sail between the towns is a right pleasant one. To walk the distance, you must follow the road to Country House, a little inn, somewhat more than a mile from Dawlish, when you may turn down a rough, green, rocky lane, known as Smuggler's Lane, which leads to the beach by the Parson and Clerk. The cliffs here are rugged and wild. Two of the most noticeable of the many detached fragments bear the trivial names of the Parson and Clerk, from some supposed resemblance to those functionaries. The railway here emerges from a tunnel: it is protected, as before, by a sea-wall, which forms a wide and level foot-path almost to Teignmouth.

Teignmouth lies near the centre of the wide bay formed by the high land of Orcomb on the north, and Hope's Ness on the south. Its name marks its position by the mouth of the river Teign. The town is divided, for parochial and other purposes, into East and West Teignmouth, but there is no actual separation between them. East Teignmouth is the part that is built near the sea, at the eastern end of the Den; West Teignmouth lies along the east bank of the river.

Camden, Leland, and other of our older antiquaries, have asserted that Teignmouth is the place where the Danes first landed in England; but there can be no doubt whatever that they are mistaken, and that the Tinmouth of the Saxon Chroniclers is Tynemouth, in Northumberland. Teignmouth seems to have been at an early period a place of some trade. There was then no sand-bar at the mouth of the river, and the haven was safe and convenient. Teignmouth contributed, at least occasionally, its proportion of armed ships to the national fleet. Before the reign of Henry VIII. the river showed signs of silting-up, and sand had begun to accumulate in the harbour. An Act of Parliament was passed in that reign to amend the harbour, in the preamble of which it is stated that, formerly, vessels of 800 tons burden could enter the port at low water.

Teignmouth is now a busy and thriving town, containing upwards of five thousand inhabitants. Fishing is largely carried on, and there is a considerable import and export trade. It is the port for shipping the Hayter granite, which is brought down the Teign from Kingsteignton. The inhabitants are also largely engaged in the Newfoundland fishery. There is besides a good coasting-trade, so that the haven is commonly a bustling scene. The entrance to the river is impeded by a sand-bar. The main sand-bank is elevated far above high-water mark; but the narrow channel by which the river escapes into the sea has a depth of water of about fifteen feet at high tide, permitting, therefore, the passage of vessels of considerable burden; and the harbour, though there are several large shoals, is tolerably commodious. The continuation of the sand-bank, called the Den, between the sea and the town, was once a part of the town. Leland says, "At the west side of the town is a piece of sandy ground, called the Dene, whereon hath been, not many years since, divers houses and fine cellars." The Den is now laid out as a public promenade; near the western end of it a small lighthouse has been erected.

Teignmouth is not wholly dependent on its shipping. It is one of the largest and most frequented watering-places on the coast, yielding only to Torquay, and, perhaps, to Exmouth. According to Lysons, "Teignmouth appears to have become fashionable, and to have increased in buildings, about the middle of last century." Unlike the other leading watering-places on the Devon coast, Teignmouth is not a winter resort. It has only what in watering-place phraseology is termed 'a summer season,' which of course includes the autumn.

The streets of Teignmouth have more the appearance of belonging to a trading town than a town of pleasure. They are mostly narrow and irregular, and the houses are far from showy. Facing the sea, however, there are good houses and terraces of the ordinary watering-place species. There are in the town and opposite the sea the usual public buildings, baths, and hotels. The showiest building in Teignmouth is the Public Rooms, which stands in the centre of the Crescent fronting the Den; it is a large structure, with an Ionic pediment, and a Doric colonnade. It contains a spacious ball-room, billiard and reading rooms, and all the other rooms usual in such an edifice. The lighthouse is plain, but substantial; it is intended to warn vessels off the sand, and, by the aid of a light fixed on a house on the Den, to guide them in entering the river. There are two churches in Teignmouth, both comparitively recent, and positively ugly. Probably it would be hard to find another town that has only two churches, and both so ill-favoured. East Teignmouth Church is a singular building; it is said to be intended as an example of the Saxon style,—if so, it is a very bad example. The interior is described as being "warm and comfortable;" matters which are no doubt appreciated on a Sunday morning. West Teignmouth Church has no redeeming quality. In form it is an octagon, with a queer tower at one of the angles. The interior might raise a doubt whether the design was not taken from a riding-circus, to which use it might, with a little alteration of the pit and gallery, be readily converted.

The glory of Teignmouth is its promenade,—unrivalled on this coast, and not to be easily surpassed elsewhere. The Den was a wide, uneven, unsightly sandy waste lying between the sea and the town, and extending from East Teignmouth to the river. This waste it at length entered into the imagination of the townspeople might as well be applied to some use: accordingly it was levelled, the centre was laid down with turf, and around it was carried an excellent carriage drive; while between this and the beach a broad walk was formed, extending above half a mile along the sea side. Thus, what had hitherto been a deformity, became not merely an ornament, but one of the most valuable additions which could have been made to the town. Within the last year the sea-wall of the railway has prolonged this walk for more than a mile farther. The people of Teignmouth are justly proud of the Den. The cove, within which Teignmouth lies, is a very beautiful one; the broad blue ocean, which in all its wonderous beauty stretches before you, is studded with vessels, constantly passing to and fro. Occasionally, one or another ship is seen working in or out of the harbour unless it be when the curl of the waves over the bar at low water indicates the hidden danger; and the Den not only affords the most convenient means of observing the beauty and interest of the scene, but in itself would possess great attractions for the gay folks who visit these towns, as a parade whereon to take their daily exercise, or to assemble in order to see and be seen. The Den appears to great advantage on a summer evening, when the sun is sinking behind the distant cliffs. The moonlight view of the sea on a fine clear night is marvellously fine. Half the town seems sometimes to be assembled on the Den, if the full moon be particularly brilliant.

The country around Teignmouth is of uncommon beauty; in every direction her

are pleasant and attractive walks. From the hills, which rise far aloft behind the town, the prospects of mingled sea and land are deservedly famous. It would be improper not to speak of the advantages that Teignmouth affords for aquatic excursions. The boats and boatmen of the town are celebrated; and the visitor will find a sail along the coast towards Babbicombe, or up the Teign, a treat of no ordinary kind. There is a regatta at Teignmouth every season, which is famed all through these parts.

The Teign, although not so romantic in its lower course as the Dart, has much of loveliness and something of majesty. As you ascend it, the valley opens in a series of exquisite reaches; the banks at one moment descend to the edge of the water in gentle, wooded slopes, and presently rise in abrupt cliffs; while ever and again is seen on the hill side, or in some sheltered vale, a cottage, or a little collection of cottages. If it be not thought worth while to hire a boat for a sail up the river, there are market-boats, which ply daily between Teignmouth and Newton, that carry passengers for a trifling fare, in which a place can be taken; and the scenery of the river may be well enjoyed from them. Just above the town the Teign is crossed by a bridge, which was erected about twenty years ago, and which is said to be the longest bridge in England. The roadway is supported on iron trusses, which form some four or five-and-thirty arches. Over the main channel there is a swing-bridge, which opens, so as to permit the passage of ships up the river. This bridge is another of the pleasant walks of Teignmouth. At low water there is on each side a muddy swamp, but at high tide the view from the bridge up the river is very beautiful, especially at sunset. The richly wooded valley through which the broad stream winds is backed by hills, receding behind each other, till the distance is closed by the lofty Tors of Dartmoor. Looking downwards, the river, with Teignmouth on one side, and Shaldon on the other, is singularly picturesque: and it is still finer and more remarkable if beheld on a bright night, when the full moon is high over the distant sea, and sends a broad path of lustre along the river,—which appears like a lake closed in by the sand-bank that then seems to be united to the opposite Ness,—and the white houses that lie within reach of the moon's beams shine out in vivid contrast to the masses of intense shadow.

Torquay.—On leaving Teignmouth we may cross the river by the bridge, and look at Ringmoor; or by the ferry to the picturesque village of Shaldon, which both from its fishery, and as a watering-place, may be considered as an adjunct to Teignmouth. The Torquay road lies along the summits of the lofty cliffs, and though too much inclosed within high banks, there may be had from it numerous views of vast extent. But more striking combinations of sea and land are to be found nearer the edge of the cliffs. Teignmouth, with the coast beyond, is seen here to great advantage. The coast from Teignmouth to Torquay is all along indented with greater or less recesses, and as the rocks are high and rugged, many of these coves have a most picturesque appearance. A larger one, Babbicombe Bay, is considered to be one of the finest of the smaller bays on the coast. Here, till not many years ago, were only a dozen rude fishermen's hovels, which seemed to grow out of the rough, rocky banks; now there are numerous goodly villas, with their gardens and plantations, scattered along the hill-sides; hotels have been built; and there reigns over all an air of gentility and refinement—a poor compensation for the old, uncultivated, native wildness that has vanished before it.

St. Mary Church, just above Babbicombe Bay, has also altered with the changing times. From a quiet, country village it has grown into a place of some resort, and houses fitted for the reception of wealthy visitors have been built and are building

on every side. There is not much to notice in the village. The church is a plain building, of various dates, and not uninteresting to the architectural antiquary. It stands on an elevated site, and the tall tower serves as a land-mark for a long distance. In the churchyard may be seen a pair of stocks and a whipping-post, in excellent preservation. While at St. Mary's the stranger will do well to visit Mr. Woodly's marble works: the show-rooms, which are open to him, contain a wonderful variety of the Devonshire marbles, wrought into chimney-pieces and various articles of use or ornament. Some of the specimens are very beautiful.

A short distance further is Bishopstowe, the seat of the Bishop of Exeter, a large and handsome building of recent erection, in the Italian Palazzo style. It stands in a commanding situation, in one of the very finest parts of this coast; and the terraces and towers must afford the most splendid prospects. Immediately below the Bishop's palace is Anstis Cove, the most romantic spot from Sidmouth to the Dart. It is a deep indentation in the cliffs, where a stream appears at some time or other to have worked out its way in a bold ravine to the ocean. On each hand the little bay is bounded by bold, wild rocks. On the left a bare headland juts out into the sea, which has worn it, though of hardest marble, into three or four rugged peaks. On the right, the craggy sides of the lofty hill are covered thick with wild copse and herbage, while from among the loose fragments of rock project stunted oak, and birch, and ash trees, their trunks overgrown with mosses and lichens, and encompassed with tangled heaps of trailing plants. The waves roll heavily into the narrow cove, and dash into snowy foam against the marble rocks and upon the raised beach. As lovely a spot it is as a lonely wanderer or a social party could desire for a summer day's enjoyment. The Devonshire marble, which is now in so much request, is chiefly quarried from Anstis Cove and Babbicombe Bay. While here, Kent's Hole, a cavern famous for the fossil remains which have been discovered in it, and so well known from the descriptions of Dr. Buckland and other geologists, may be visited, if permission have been previously obtained of the Curator of the museum at Torquay. The cavern is said to be six hundred feet in length, and it has several chambers and winding passages. Numerous stalactites depend from the roof, and the floor is covered by a slippery coating of stalagmite. The place is very curious, but has little of the impressiveness of the caverns of Yorkshire and the Peak. At Tor-wood, close by, are a few picturesque fragments of a building that once belonged to the monks of Tor Abbey: it was afterwards a seat of the Earl of Londonderry, and then a farm-house.

No other watering-place in England has risen so rapidly into importance as Torquay. Leland indicates its existence without mentioning its name. Speaking of Torbay, he says, "There is a pier and succour for fisher-boats in the bottom by Torre Priory." What it was in the middle of the sixteenth century it remained, with little alteration, to the end of the eighteenth. "The living generation," says the 'Route Book of Devon,' "has seen the site where now stand stately buildings, handsome shops, and a noble pier, with a busy population of eight thousand souls, occupied by a few miserable-looking fishing-huts and some loose stones, jutting out from the shore, as a sort of anchorage or protection for the wretched craft of its inhabitants."

Torquay lies in a sunny and sheltered cove at the north-eastern extremity of the noble Torbay. Lofty hills surround it on all sides except the south, where it is open to the sea. The houses are built on the sides of the hills, which rise steeply from the bosom of the bay. Thus happily placed, the town enjoys almost all the amenities of a more southern clime. The temperature is mild and equable, beyond, perhaps, that of any other part of the island. In winter the air is warm and balmy; while in summer the

heat is tempered by the gentle sea breezes; and it is said to be less humid than any other spot on the coast of Devon. It suffers only from the south-western gales, and they serve to clear and purify the atmosphere. Dr. (now Sir J.) Clarke, in his celebrated work on 'Climate,' gives it the first place among English towns, as a residence for those whose health requires a warm winter abode; and his decision at once confirmed and widely extended the popularity it had already attained. He says:—"The general character of the climate of this coast is soft and humid. Torquay is certainly drier than any other place, and almost entirely free from fogs. . . . . The selection will, I believe, lie among the following places, as winter or spring residences: Torquay, the Undercliff (Isle of Wight), Hastings, and Clifton,—and, perhaps, in the generality of cases, will deserve the preference in the order stated."

After such an encomium from one of the most celebrated physicians of the day, Torquay could not fail to obtain a large influx of visitors—and those of the class most desiderated. Torquay is now the most fashionable resort of the kind. It has both a summer and a winter season, and the commencement of the one follows close upon the termination of the other. Hither come invalids from every part of the kingdom in search of health, or in the hope of alleviating sickness; and hither also flock the idle, the wealthy, and the luxurious, in search of pleasure, or of novelty, or in the hope of somehow getting rid of the lingering hours.

Torquay has many buildings for the general convenience; but it has no public building that will attract attention on account of its importance or its architecture. There are subscription, reading, and assembly rooms, first-rate hotels, a club-house, baths, and a museum; there are also three or four dispensaries and charitable institutions. But they are none of them noticeable buildings; the town wears altogether a domestic 'Belgravian' air; it is a town of terraces and villas. The pier is the chief public work: it is so constructed as to enclose a good though small tidal harbour; and it forms also a promenade. The principal shops lie along the back of the harbour, and they, as may be supposed, are well and richly stored. The streets are mostly narrow and irregular. The houses which the visitors occupy, are built on the higher grounds; they rise in successive tiers along the hill sides, and the villas extend far outside the older town. A new town of villas is stretching over Beacon Hill, and occupying the slopes that encircle Mead Foot Cove. All the new villa residences are more or less ambitious in their architecture; some of them are very elegant buildings. They are, of course, of different sizes, ranging from cottages to mansions. They are built of stone—till lately, in almost every instance, covered with stucco. Some of very ornamental character have been recently erected with the limestone uncovered. There is no good public parade by the sea-side; the new road to Paignton is but an apology for one, though a magnificent parade might have been constructed there. A better situation could not be desired. Recently, a piece of ground of about four acres, in the most fashionable part of Torquay, but at some distance from the sea, has been laid out as a public garden, and it is, of its kind, a pleasant one. The walks are numerous within the limits of the town, which are pleasant in themselves, or afford pleasing prospects. Along the summit of Waldon Hill the whole extent of Torbay is seen to great advantage; a grander prospect could hardly be desired over the ever-varying and ever-glorious ocean.

The views from Beacon Hill are almost equally fine. Noble views of Torquay, and of the eastern end of Torbay, may be had from the Paignton Road, and from the meadows by Tor Abbey, and the knolls about Livermead. We shall say nothing of the walks in the vicinity of Torquay; the people of Torquay do not walk there: but there are rides and drives all around, of a kind to charm the least admiring; and the

whole heart of the country is so verdant, that they are hardly less admirable in winter than at any other season.

The appearance of Torbay is so tempting, that we can hardly suppose the visitor, however little of a sailor, will be content without having a sail on it. He should do so, if only to see Torquay to most advantage. From the crowd of meaner buildings which encircle the harbour, and extend along the sides of the cove, rise the streets and terraces of white houses, like an amphitheatre, tier above tier. Behind these are receding hills, spotted at wider intervals with gay and luxurious villas, each in its own inclosure, and surrounded by dark green foliage. The picture is in itself a beautiful and striking one — and it is the more impressive from the associations and feelings that arise on looking upon such a scene of wealth and refinement.

Torbay is one of the finest and most beautiful bays around the whole English coast. It is bounded on the north by a bold headland, which bears the elegant designation of Hope's Nose, and it sweeps round in a splendid curve to the lofty promontory of Berry Head, which forms its southern boundary. The distance between the two extremities is above four miles; the depth, in the centre of the bay, is about three miles and a half; the coast line is upwards of twelve miles. Within its ample bosom a navy might ride at anchor. Considerable fleets have lain within it. From its surface, the aspect of the bay is of surpassing beauty. On the northern side lies Torquay, beneath its sheltering hills: at the southern extremity is the busy town of Brixham, with its fleet of fishing-boats lying under the shelter of the bold promontory of Berry Head. Between these distant points are two or three villages with their church towers, and all along are scattered cottages or villas, serving as links to connect the towns and hamlets. The coast-line is broken by deep indentations and projecting rocks. The shore rises now in bluff and rugged cliffs, and presently sinks in verdant and wooded slopes: and behind and above all stretches far away, as a lovely back-ground, a richly diversified and fertile country; while, to complete the glorious panorama, the bosom of the bay is alive with ships, and yachts, and numerous trawls.

Let us go ashore, again, and look at the two or three spots that lie along the bay. Adjoining Torquay are a few vestiges of an old monastery of the Premonstratensian order, and which, according to Dr. Oliver ('Historical Collections relating to the Monasteries in Devon'), "was undoubtedly the richest priory belonging to that order in England." It was founded in the reign of Richard I., and it continued to flourish till the general destruction of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. The few fragments that remain of the old priory are in the gardens of the modern mansion, which bears the name of Tor Abbey. They are almost entirely covered with ivy, and are so dilapidated, that no judgment of the ancient architecture can be formed from them.

About the centre of Torbay lies the village of Paignton, once a place of some consequence, as its large old church testifies. The bishops of Exeter had formerly a seat here, some fragments of which are standing near the old church. Paignton's chief fame, till within these very few years, arose from its cider and its cabbages! The country around Paignton is very fertile, and the cider-apple is largely cultivated. A great deal of cider is annually shipped from Paignton to London and other places. About ten years ago a pier was constructed, at which vessels of 200 tons burden can load and unload. Of late, Paignton has greatly increased in size and altered in character. Torquay has no good bathing-place; and since the construction of the new road, the residents there have availed themselves of the sands at Paignton, which are well adapted for bathing. At first a few, and afterwards a great many visitors sought for houses or lodgings here. To accommodate them, a good number of

convenient houses have been erected; and the place is growing fast in size as well as reputation. It is not at all unlikely that it will some day have its full share of popularity. Paignton has many advantages as a watering-place; it lies in a pleasant and picturesque spot, almost in the centre of the splendid bay, over which the uplands command grand prospects, and the sands are good and well adapted for bathing. The lanes and walks around the town are the pleasantest and most picturesque in this neighbourhood. Though not so sheltered as Torquay, Paignton is by no means exposed; and if not quite so warm, the air is less relaxing.

BRIXHAM,—which lies at the southern extremity of the bay, is one of the first and wealthiest fishing-towns in England. Above two hundred sail of vessels belong to the town, besides some fifty or sixty of the smaller fishing-boats. The extent of the fishing-trade is the largest, it is said, in England. The average amount received for fish is said to be £600 a week. In Norman times the town belonged to the Novants, and from them it passed in succession through several other noble hands. The present lords of Brixham are Brixham fishermen. The manor was purchased some time back by twelve fishermen; these twelve shares were afterwards subdivided, and these have been again divided. Each holder of a share, or portion of a share, however small, is styled 'a quay lord.' If you see a thick-bearded, many-jacketed personage, who carries himself with a little extra-confidence in the market-place, you may be sure he is a Brixham lord.

Brixham is a long, straggling, awkward, ungainly place. It stands in a picturesque position, and it looks picturesque at a distance. Not but what there are parts of it which, close at hand, are picturesque enough after a fashion. Down by the shore, Prout would make capital pictures of the shambling houses, and the bluff weather-beaten hulls which are hauled on the beach, or lie alongside the pier. The Upper Town, or Church Brixham, is built on the south side of Berry Head; the Church is there, and the better houses are there also. The Lower Town, or Brixham Quay, is the business part of the town: the streets are narrow, dirty, and unfragrant,—a sort of Devonshire Wapping with a Billingsgate smell. There is here a pier, which forms a tolerable tidal harbour. But the great increase in the trade (and Brixham is a port of some consequence apart from its fishery) has rendered the old harbour insufficient, and a bill was obtained for the construction of a new breakwater, which was expected to form a sufficient shelter for large merchant ships and frigates of war; but the cost being beyond the means of the inhabitants, the project has not been carried out.

It was at Brixham Quay that William, Prince of Orange, landed on that expedition which gave to him the British crown, and secured to England its constitution. The Dutch fleet, after some misadventures, rode safely in Torbay on the morning of the 5th of November, 1688. The townsmen of Brixham welcomed their arrival by carrying off provisions, and proffered their boats for the landing of the troops. As soon as a British regiment was sent ashore, William himself followed, and superintended the disembarkation of the remainder of the army.

In the centre of the market-place of Brixham stands a monument, in which is fixed a block of stone, with this inscription engraven on it: "On this stone, and near this spot, William, Prince of Orange, first set foot on landing in England, 5th of November, 1688." When, in 1823, the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., visited Brixham, the inhabitants presented him with a small fragment of this stone enclosed in a box of heart of oak.

We have already, in the number devoted to BATH, given the Table of Stations on the Great Western Railway from London to Bristol. We here add the stations be-

tween Bristol and Exeter, on the Bristol and Exeter Railway. Dawlish, Torquay &c., are reached by the South Devon line, which is a continuation of the Great Western beyond Exeter, and of which the Table will be given in our next number—PLYMOUTH.

LONDON TO EXETER.

	From London.	Stations.	From Exeter.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
Backwell, 1 mile	126¼	.. Nailsea ..	67½	Nailsea, 1 mile.
Yatton, ¾ of mile..	130¼	.. Yatton .. (Branch on right to Clevedon, 4 miles).	63½	Clevedon, a pretty village on the shore of Bristol Channel.
Banwell, 3 miles: celebrated caves. The Mendip Hills beyond	133¾	.. Banwell ..	60	
Hutton, 1 mile	136¾	Weston-Super-Mare Junction (Branch on right to Weston-Super-Mare, 1½ miles).	57	Weston, a watering-place on Bristol Channel.
Village on the River Brue ..	145¼	.. Highbridge ..	48½	Burnham, 2 miles. Prettily situated village in Bridgewater Bay.
Making of Bath-bricks from the sandy bed of the Parret, peculiar to Bridgewater	151¼	.. Bridgewater..	42½	Borough town on the Parret; returns 2 members to Parliament: now about 12,000 inhabitants: fine church.
An old town of 12,066 inhabitants: sends 2 members to Parliament; noble church, remains of castle	163	.. Taunton ..	30¾	Kingston, 2 miles.
Town of 3305 inhabitants: serges and other woollens once manufactured to some extent; gives title to Duke of Wellington..	170	.. Wellington ..	23¾	Milverton, 4 miles; an old town, with some little woollen manufactures.
Uffculme, 2 miles; a decayed market-town ..	179	Tiverton Junction (Branch on right to Tiverton, 2 miles).	14¾	Tiverton, a pleasant old town of 7769 (par. 10,040) inhabitants: returns two members to Parliament: church, grammar-school, ruins of castle.
Honiton, 9 miles	181¼	.. Collumpton..	12½	Old market-town of 3000 inhabitants: ancient and very fine church.
	185¼	.... Hele	8½	
	193¾	.. EXETER ..		

NO. XIV.

KNIGHT'S EXCURSION COMPANION.

PLYMOUTH AND ITS ENVIRONS.

PLYMOUTH AND ITS ENVIRONS.

THE south-west corner of Devonshire is admirably suited for a great naval station. ew portions of our coasts equal it in the facilities offered for works of such a descrip- on. Plymouth Sound, the estuary to the Tamar and the Plym, is a noble harbour, ıeltered on the east, west, and north from winds and storms. As we approach the ɔrthern portion of this harbour or sound, we find it narrowed by the promontory of ount Batten on the east, and the still bolder promontory of Mount Edgcumbe on the est. Arrived at the northern limit, where the citadel and Hoe of Plymouth form a rmination to the Sound due northward, we find the inlet of the Catwater in the ɔrth-east, leading to the quays of Plymouth and to the River Plym; while in the ɔrth-west we have the remarkable passage or strait between Cremill Point and ount Edgcumbe. Having passed through this strait, we come at once into the agnificent harbour of the Hamoaze, where a secure anchorage is found for whole ets of men-of-war; here, too, are seen the extensive works of the Devonport Dock- ırd, Victualling Yard, Steam Dock, and other Government establishments. Pro- ceding onwards towards Saltash, we come to the River Tamar, the lower portion of hich is so broad as to form a harbour for three miles. The bays and inlets all around ıd within the Sound and the Hamaoze are so numerous, as to afford remarkable cilities for the construction of works connected with ship-building, fortifications, val defence, and maritime commerce.

But this nook of the country has other claims also to our attention. There are ound it scenes of great loveliness and beauty. We may take our departure from the ı-margin, with its bustle of shipping and commerce, and in a few minutes find our- lves surrounded by all the attractions of rivers and valleys, and of a fruitful agricul- ral district. It is, too, within a short distance of the rich mining districts of ɔrnwall on the one hand, and the vast storehouse of granite at Dartmoor on the ıer.

We proceed now to give a slight sketch of Plymouth and Devonport as maritime ɯns, to glance at some of the varied scenes by which these towns are surrounded, d to peep at one or two of the Cornish mines.

Devonport has possessed the honours of a town for comparatively a few years only. ; original importance was wholly due to the existence of the Government ship-yard. roups of houses for the workmen and the officers gradually grew up around the rd, and there formed a town or hamlet, to which the name of Plymouth Dock was ɔen; but so large did the population become, and so important the place generally, ıt it has within our own generation been made a distinct town, by the name of evonport. A wide space once separated the two towns; but bricks and mortar have arly taken the place of the green grass.

As at present exhibited to our view, the entire town (if we may so speak) consists five parts—Plymouth, Devonport, Stonehouse, Stoke Damerel, and Morice Town; d these are separated or indented by the numerous inlets and bays which, as we

before remarked, give so much maritime value to the whole district. Let us endeavo to give a general sketch of the place; and to do this we will begin at the north-ea corner of Plymouth Sound. Here we find a kind of estuary called the Catwater, in which the River Lara or Plym empties its waters, approaching it from the north-ea On the south-east of this river (which is generally called the Plym in its upper pa and the Lara or Laira in its lower), near the mouth, are the quarries of Oreston, which we shall have somewhat to say presently; and on the north-west is an elevat peninsula called Catdown, which is connected with the Oreston side of the river by elegant bridge. If Plymouth should ever extend much beyond its present limits the south-east, Catdown will afford some fine sites for terraces and crescents; but yet the hod and the trowel have not done much there. The peninsula of Catdown bounded on the east and south-east by the Lara, on the south and south-west by t Catwater, and on the north-west by Sutton Pool. Once arrived at Sutton Pool, a we have no longer any doubt of our whereabouts. Plymouth and its quays and shi sailors and boatmen, slop-sellers and marine store-dealers, warehouses and whar public-houses and eating-houses, mud and dirt—all are before us. The busy part Plymouth lies around Sutton Pool, which forms its harbour. Inland or northwa extend long ranges of streets, forming the centre of the town; while at the south-we corner of Sutton Pool, where the entrances both to Sutton Pool and to the Catwat branch out of the Sound, is situated the commanding hill on which the citadel or fo is built. Alas for the hostile ship that should attempt to pass this citadel into eith of the two inlets here named!

The citadel is bounded on the west by the fine wide, open, elevated expanse call the Hoe; and this again is bounded on the west by Mill Bay—an inlet much wid than Sutton Pool. Northward of the Hoe and Mill Bay are the western portio of Plymouth, and the rapidly extending town or suburb of Stonehouse, whi has nearly filled up all the open space which once existed between Plymouth an Devonport. Mill Bay is bounded on the west by a very remarkable promontory, bold and so elongated, and connected with Stonehouse by so narrow an isthmus, th one could almost imagine that it will one day be cut off into an island by one of tho freaks of wind and water which take such liberties with our coasts. This promonto is called Cremill Point or Devil's Point, and on it is built one of the finest of t Government establishments—the Royal William Victualling Yard. Rounding th promontory, we come to another inlet, Stonehouse Pool, which is the mouth of shallow stream called Stonehouse Creek, or sometimes Mill Lake; when seen at lo water it is anything but a beautiful lake, but at high water it winds gracefull between the towns. Stonehouse Pool and Creek form a very decided division betwe Plymouth and Stonehouse on the one hand, and Devonport and Stoke on the othe and although there are two bridges, yet this water boundary will always point out th beginning and the end of the two pairs of towns. Crossing Stonehouse Pool, w arrive at the 'lines' or fortifications of Devonport; and immediately afterwards sc before us Mount Wise—a rival to the Hoe in all that renders the latter attractive Mount Wise is an elevated, gravelled, park-like spot; northward of it is Devonpo town, north-west is the dockyard, and south-west, across the strait or entrance to th Hamoaze, is the lovely Mount Edgcumbe. At Mutton Cove, a small inlet, whic bounds Mount Wise on the west, the coast line turns northward; and the dockyar the gun wharf, the steam ferry station, and the vast new steam-dock at Keyham Poin may be considered as fronting the west. Stoke Damerel is an inland suburb, which i becoming more and more filled up with rows of houses: it lies north of Stonehous and north-east of Devonport.

To sum up this sketch, we may consider the united towns as presenting, seaward, our projections or promontories, marked by the Catdown, the Hoe, Cremill Point, and Mount Wise; and separated by three inlets, Sutton Pool, Mill Bay, and Stonehouse Pool. Rows of houses now extend pretty nearly to the Lara, and if we allow this river to form the eastern limit, we have a length of three miles in a direct line westward to the dockyard, while the breadth from Cremill Point to Higher Stoke may be a mile and a half.

PLYMOUTH, we are told, was originally inhabited by fishermen; and such was probably the case. By the Saxons it was called Tamcorworth. After the Norman conquest it received the name of South Down, or Sutton; which name is still retained in Sutton Pool. In the time of Edward I. the northern part of the town, built on the land of the Priory of Plympton, was called Sutton Prior; while the southern part, built on the estate of the Valletorts, was distinguished as Sutton Valletort. There appears also to have been a third portion called Sutton Ralph. In the reign of Henry V. it was, according to Leland, "a mene thing as an inhabitation for fischars." The name of Plymouth (rightly named as being at the mouth of the Plym) was given to it about 1380. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the French cast many a wistful eye on Plymouth, and subjected it to repeated attacks, in some of which the town suffered severely; especially in 1403, when six hundred houses were burned. Both sovereign and townsmen thought it full time to adopt some defensive measures. Henry VI. fortified and incorporated the town, although it is supposed to have been a borough by prescription from an earlier date. The fortifications consisted of a wall, a square tower at the point where the citadel now stands, and forts extending along the shore to Mill Bay; and an Act of Parliament was passed, in 1512, for enlarging and strengthening the defences. On the dissolution of the monasteries, the lordship of the town and other immunities of the Priory of Plympton were granted to the mayor and corporation of Plymouth. Sir Francis Drake, who was born not many miles from Plymouth, greatly befriended the town. By his influence with Queen Elizabeth, he obtained an Act of Parliament, empowering him to bring a leat or stream of water from Dartmoor, twenty-five miles distant, to a reservoir in the northern suburb of the town, whence an ample supply was furnished to the inhabitants. On the Ordnance map this stream, under the name of the Plymouth Leat, may be seen winding its way along from the hilly region towards the sea. It is difficult to imagine a greater boon to a town than this; for three centuries the leat has continued to furnish its supply, uncontaminated by town refuse.

The later history of Plymouth need not engage us long. With few exceptions, it is a history of advancement. We may here say that Stonehouse has a history of its own, but not an important one. Stonehouse was originally called Hippeston—the name of a mansion first inhabited by Joel de Stonehouse, in the reign of Edward III. This is sometimes called East Stonehouse, to distinguish it from West Stonehouse, which once stood on the other side of the Hamoaze. During the civil wars, the men of Stonehouse and the men of Plymouth, for reasons which we cannot now assign, took different sides: the former took part with the king, while the Plymouth men sided with the Parliament, and underwent three sieges, all of which they successfully resisted. Devonport may date its birth from the reign of William and Mary, when a naval station was established there, under the designation of Plymouth Dock, and land was purchased for the construction of docks and other works. It was first fortified in the reign of George II. and the fortifications were considerably enlarged in the next reign. In 1824, the royal permission was obtained for the assumption of the name of Devonport; and in 1832, another sprinkling of dignity showered upon it, in the shape of an elective

franchise. Meanwhile Stonehouse had been gradually acquiring importance by th construction of Government buildings within its limits; such as the Royal Marin Barracks, the Royal Naval Hospital, the Royal Military Hospital, and more recentl the magnificent Victualling Yard on Cremill Point. Plymouth, too, continued t advance; but this advance was rather in a commercial than a warlike direction Devonport lives by Government expenditure: Plymouth chiefly by mercantile ex penditure.

THE DOCKYARD.—We will suppose the reader to do, as most visitors do, run off t look at the dockyard before attending much to the towns of Plymouth and Devonport All the hotel-keepers are alive to this thirst of curiosity; and whether located at th 'London,' or the 'Royal,' or elsewhere, you can have no difficulty in procuring th requisite card of admission—unless you unfortunately smack of the foreigner i complexion or accent, in which case a little more scruple is exhibited.

The Dockyard is a wide-spreading self-contained establishment, extending nearl half a mile from north to south, by half as much from east to west. A lofty wall with one single entrance-gate, bounds its whole extent on the land side. Entering within this gate, we see before us a wide open court, bounded on each side by build ings. One of the first of these buildings which we meet with is the Dockyard Chapel, which has its chaplain and organist, and other functionaries, and interna arrangements to accommodate the resident officers of the dockyard, while the fre seats are open to all indiscriminately; for the dockyard gates are opened for thi purpose on Sundays. The chapel is large but simple, and calls for no particula comment. Near the entrance of the dockyard, also, are the Guard-house, the Pay office, and a Dockyard Surgery.

To understand the industrial arrangements of the yard we must first know wha work is done there. To build ships then; to build boats of all sizes; to fashio masts, and yards, and bowsprits for the ships; to spin and twist ropes; to cut and sew sails; to forge anchors and other heavy specimens of metal; and to fit together al the various portions of a ship—these are the labours of the dockyard. On thes labours, and on others subsidiary to them, nearly 3000 men and boys are employed This force is classified in about forty divisions. When a Government inquiry was being conducted in 1848, the chief groups were ascertained to be filled up as fol lows:—Shipwrights, 894; Labourers, 519; Spinners, 235; Smiths, 211; Joiners 198; Riggers, 208; and Sawyers, 132. There are two classes—*established* and *hire* workmen. The first have a sort of claim on the continued support of the Govern ment; but the others have not. That the employment of such a force leads to th expenditure of a large amount of money in Devonport need hardly be said; th salaries of officers and superintendents amounted, in 1848, to £20,000; and the wage of workmen and labourers to about £130,000; and the navy estimates for 1850-1851 give about the same figures. In these estimates are enumerated seventeen chie officers, at salaries varying from £200 to £1000 each; twenty-six clerks, at salaries from £80 to £450 each; and fifty foremen, &c., at salaries from £100 to £250 each.

The most important feature in the yard is the assemblage of docks and slips, in which the ships are built and repaired. There are six building slips for vessels o various dimensions; and five docks for fitting and repairing vessels, three for first-rates and two for second-rates. The building slips are covered with immense roofs of sheet-iron, copper, or zinc, and beneath these roofs the huge fabrics of the ships rest in shelter, until they are dismissed from the shipwrights' hands. Devonport has no produced so many first-rate men-of-war as Portsmouth, but she still boasts a goodly list. There were twenty-seven war ships of various sizes built on these slips in th

wenty-one years from 1828 to 1848; among which were the *St. George* of 120 guns, he *Royal Adelaide* of 110 guns, and the *Albion* of 90 guns. It is impossible to stand nder the projecting bow of one of these huge floating castles, as it stands in the build-ng slip, without a feeling of astonishment. The vast quantity of wood employed, the ulky scantling of many of the beams, the art with which the shape of the timber is ecommodated to the curve of the ship, the strength with which the timbers are made o hold together in spite of wind and waves, the calculation required to fit the interior or the reception of everything necessary for a complement of (perhaps) a thousand nen, the process of transferring this monster to the element upon which it is to float, y merely knocking away a few wedges—all combine to render a man-of-war 'on the lip' an object of great interest and importance to every beholder.

The timber required in the construction of large war vessels is enormous; and the uality is of so much importance, that no part of the Admiralty's duties in respect to he dockyards requires more care than the provision and selection of timber. There vere 6000 loads of timber used in Devonport dockyard in 1847. The large con-umption of timber renders it necessary to keep a reserve store so extensive that a udden war would not find our dockyards unprepared; and the timber-sheds show ow orderly and systematically this great reserve is stored. The "conversion" of he timber is the selection of pieces fitted in quality and in shape to the various cur-atures of a ship, and the process of sawing and otherwise shaping, are important reliminaries to the shipwrights' labours. A visitor may pick up much information n all these points while being conducted round the yard; but he must make good se of his eyes and thoughts the while.

The dockyard contains rather combustible materials, and has not always escaped nischief. A fire occurred in 1840, which did much damage; besides burning, or njuring timbers, sheds, roofs, docks, and workshops, it destroyed two ships, the *Talavera* and the *Imogene*, and greatly injured a third, the *Minden*. The whole loss vas estimated at £80,000.

In looking at the large docks and slips in this yard, we cannot fail to encounter the mmense new dock now being formed, and which has been in formation several years. Explosions from time to time tell us that blasting is going on; and a glance at the vast cavity already made suffices to show that rock of great hardness is being excavated to a considerable depth. The estimate for these works amounted to the enormous sum of £345,000. The works were commenced in 1840, and by 1848 upwards of £100,000 had been expended upon them.

The longest buildings in the dockyard—as they are indeed the longest in any manufacturing establishments—are the Rope-houses. There are two of these buildings, each 1200 feet in length, one of them being built of stone, fire-proof. The largest of the works here conducted is the making of cables, of which the first-class are 100 fathoms in length by 25 inches in circumference. But the days of these monster hempen cables are nearly past; chain cables of wrought iron are used more and more extensively every year, and the rope house is occupied by the makers of smaller kinds of ropes. When an inventory of the stores in the Government yards was prepared in 1848, the number of chain cables was entered at 645, of which 165 (measuring 100 fathoms each) were for first, second, or third-class ships—a store this, which seems to show a tolerable provision in case of sudden exigencies. So important has the stock of chain-cables now become, that the Government built in the Devonport dock-yard, between 1844 and 1848, a chain-cable storehouse, which cost nearly £40,000. If the reader is inclined to hear more of these yard stores, we may state that, at the same time, the stock of masts—those huge, tall, straight, ponderous timbers—was 533;

and the stock of boats—known by the technical names of boats, barges, launche pinnaces, yawls, cutters, jolly-boats, dingies, and gigs—was 454. However, notwitl standing the substitution of iron for hemp in cables, so much hempen rope is used i various parts of a ship, that the annual consumption of hemp at Devonport dockyar is about two thousand tons. When we are told by our commercial statists that hem rose from £25 per ton in 1792 to £118 per ton in 1808, we may understand how i would gladden the Government to be independent of continental supply in the even of war. Our iron for chains we can find at home; but our hemp for rope is procure almost wholly from Russia.

The Rigging-house is an extensive building. It is nearly 500 feet in length, an three stories high; it forms one side of a quadrangle, the area of which is entirely com posed of stone and iron, and is called the combustible storehouse. But this, and severa other buildings, including the mould-loft, where the plans for new ships are drawn out, are only shown to strangers under special circumstances.

The Smithery—the anchor smithery—is one of the lions of the yard; it is worth a visit even if the soot and smoke were thrice as dense as they are. To see Nasmyth's steam hammer at work, the visitor may well be content to bear a little personal inconvenience Strange, indeed, is the picture! Flickering large fires on every side of you, in a vas and dimly lighted building; steam-worked bellows urging the fires to their utmos degree of fierceness; columns of smoke floating and rolling about; masses of red-hot o white-hot metal being conveyed from one part of the building to another; shapeless fragments of iron being wrought into flat slabs, and flat slabs into anchors and othe ironwork for shipping; thumping blows administered to the heated metal; swarthy and brawny men moving about in the dusky space, their bodies thrown into relief by furnace fires behind them—all form a very striking scene, and one which is not soon forgotten. The anchor forging is the chief feature. This manufacture has gone through three stages of history. First was the common forging process, in which several bars or rods of iron, brought to a white heat, were welded by the painful labours of a number of men, who stood round the heated mass in a circle, and applied blows with hammers which few but anchorsmiths could wield. Yet, though these hammers weighed nearly twenty pounds each, and though six or eight of them were wielded in rapid succession, it was slow work. It was almost a pity to see human strength so applied. Then came the second stage, the use of the *Hercules*. This Hercules was a ponderous mass of iron, weighing from six to eight cwt.; a strong rope was fixed to it, from which depended six or eight other ropes. As many men as there were ropes hauled up the mass of iron to the height of about eight feet, by means of pulling; and the ropes being then let go, the mass fell with great force on the heated shank of the anchor. Again it was lifted up, and again let fall; and the blows thus given were certainly much more effective than those of hammers. Next came the *Nasmyth*, which outdoes Hercules in whatever that redoubtable instrument could do. The steam-hammer is an enormous mass of iron, which carries its own steam-engine; or rather there is a small steam-engine cylinder suspended by tackle immediately over the heated anchor, and the piston of this cylinder is attached to the ram or mass of iron. The piston moves as rapidly as pistons of steam-engines usually do, and the ram is brought down with its thundering blows with a rapidity which exceeds all mere muscular action. The machinery, too, is governed by such exquisite contrivances, that the ram can be made to descend slowly or quickly, the whole distance or part of the distance, lightly or heavily. The superintendent of one of these machines seems to have a mysteriously inexhaustible supply of hazel-nuts, which he places under the hammer, as a means of showing to visitors how completely he has the monster under his com-

and. With one blow a thick mass of iron is crushed almost to a sheet; with the ext, after a little adjustment, it falls so gently as simply to crack the shell of a nut ithout crushing the kernel. It is as curious an exemplification of man's power over rute matter as may easily be met with. In the searching inquiries of the House Commons' Committee on the Navy Estimates in 1848, and the voluminous Report nsequent thereon (which has furnished us with many fragments of information not herwise readily obtainable), it is stated that the value of an anchor, just before the troduction of the steam-hammer, was £3 per cwt. for the largest anchors, and some- hat less for the smaller. This was made up of wages, 36*s.*; iron, 12*s.* 6*d.*; coals, 6*s.*; id the rest wear and tear of buildings and machinery. The largest anchors weigh out 95 cwt., or upwards of 10,000lb. What the saving is by the use of the steam- mmer we have not heard; but there must certainly be a saving. The Government ock of anchors in 1848 amounted to upwards of 2400, of which 500 exceeded) cwt. each.

In the engineers' department, which is not shown to strangers with the same readi- ss as many other parts of the Devonport yard, a multiplicity of articles in metal are ade. Iron is turned in lathes; iron surfaces are rendered smooth and level by planes, me are cut, some punched, some drilled; bolts and screws are cut; and other me- anical operations are carried on, whereby pieces of iron receive the various shapes quisite for the fittings of a ship. Then there is the sawing-machinery, by which gs and planks are cut into shape with a precision and quickness truly remarkable. all these processes—the anchor-making, the engineering, the millwright work, and e sawing—steam power is employed; and the shops are so arranged as to provide r each steam-engine quite as much work as it can perform.

The Mast-house and Basins exhibit to view a vast store of those long, straight, ell-formed timbers—masts and yards. Some of them are kept in water, as the best eans of preservation; others are stored in enormous covered sheds. The processes building up a bulky mast with a number of separate pieces of timber, laid side by de, and of encircling the mass with a red-hot iron ring to bind the whole, are inter- sting, and sometimes come before the notice of a visitor as he rambles through the ard.

There are many parts of the yard which we cannot describe, because the ruling owers have placed limits upon that which the uninitiated are permitted to see; and en of that which is thrown open to the inspection of all, the variety and extent are ch as almost to bewilder one. The storehouses for the boats, the sails, and the pes; the wharf for the anchors; the houses for the officers and superintendents; e reservoirs of water—all have their points of interest.

In taking our round of the yard, we come to a spot which speaks much more of pleasure an of business. A neatly kept gravel path, winding between neatly kept beds, leads to a sort of mound, on which is situated a pavilion. The mound is called King's Hill. ing George III. visited it on one occasion; and he was so pleased with the prospect ob- ined over the yard from thence, that he requested it might be kept free from excava- on and building. The wish has been attended to, and a small building has been nstructed, in which a few trophies are kept; many others were destroyed by the fire . 1840.

The Great Steam Docks.—The Gun Wharf.—The reader we will suppose w to have quitted the dockyard, and to have proceeded northward to a place called eyham Point, where we have other dockyard doings to speak about.

In 1843, the Admiralty directed serious attention to the choice of a place in or near evonport for the construction of a steam-factory—that is, a factory for the repair

and fitting of war-steamers; and Keyham Point, then called Moon Cove, was selecte for the purpose. In 1844, the Admiralty determined on commencing the works. Th spot is a sort of peninsula, having water on three sides, and a turnpike road on th fourth; and there are circumstances of soil, subsoil, and level, which were deeme advantageous. The intention was, to have a steam-basin and factory half as larg again as those at Woolwich; and this obviously rendered the selection of site a matt of much importance. A sum of about £8000 was given by Government for the land and estimates were sent in, amounting to the enormous sum of more than a millio and a quarter sterling, for the construction of basins, docks, wharfs, and factories, a an architectural plan prepared by Mr. Barry. The south basin will have 1570 feet quay or wharfage, and the north basin 2240 feet, making together about thre quarters of a mile length of quay. The entire area to be occupied is 72 acres. Wha ever they may one day be, the vastness of these works strikes with astonishment an one who goes over them at present. Every part of this immense area is filled wi excavated cavities, sea-walls, wharf-walls, and other necessary concomitants to series of basins and docks. We believe it is determined to finish the southern portio of the works first, but in such a way as to permit of the whole being finished accor ing to the original plan, when deemed necessary. The hammer and the chisel, th steam-engine and the windlass, will be heard for years yet, before these works a terminated. When completed, it is intended that everything relating to the dockin and repairing of the Government steamers shall be carried on here. This steam ya at Keyham Point will be much larger than those now existing at Portsmouth an Woolwich. Up to the present year (1851) the amount spent on the Keyham work has reached, perhaps, three quarters of a million.

Between the dockyard and the steam yard is a third establishment, independent both the others, yet closely related to them—the Gun-wharf. This occupies fi acres of ground, which are appropriated to the reception of the guns belonging men-of-war not in commission. In the open spaces between the storehouses are lon ranges of cannon, all carefully marked, and huge pyramids of cannon-balls. In othe places are gun-carriages, and all the requisite tackle for the management of thes engines of destruction. In the upper stories of the building are the smartly arrange stores of smaller arms—muskets, bayonets, cutlasses, pistols, &c.—employed b seamen. All that ingenuity can effect to make such things look beautiful has bee done; they are arranged in circles, stars, diamonds, crowns, columns, wreaths, an are polished up most industriously.

Mount Wise.—The Royal William Victualling Yard.—Another and anothe Government establishment calls for our notice in this busy naval emporium. W trace our steps back from Keyham and the gun-wharf, past the dockyard, to Mount Wise—a spot which yields only to Mount Edgcumbe among the many beautiful el vations in this neighbourhood. It is a hilly portion of the northern margin of th Sound, tolerably flat on the top, but commanding a view on all sides; and few spot can be better chosen to show the various scenes around the Sound and Harbou Northward the streets of Devonport bar out any very pleasant prospect, so we quickl turn the eye in another direction. North-west lies the dockyard; and beyond it th broad and beautiful Hamoaze, studded with the huge ships lying 'in ordinary.' T the south-west rises the graceful Mount Edgcumbe, with its fine old mansion, it luxuriant trees, and its many winding walks and paths. To the south-east lies th long crooked promontory of Cremill Point, quite as often called Devil's Point, wit its extensive and imposing-looking Victualling Office; while over and beyond this w see the fortified post of Drake's Island, and still beyond this the long slender line o

e Breakwater. Eastward the eye takes into the range of its view the elevations of
e Hoe, the Citadel, Catdown, and Mount Batten. For a military parade on land,
a regatta on the Sound, Mount Wise is a right famous show-place; and when the
n is glittering on the broad expanse of water beneath, and the white sails of
e ships fluttering, the Devonport folks have reason to be proud of their Mount
ise. Devonport used to be the head quarters only of the naval government of the
rt, the military government being placed in the citadel at Plymouth; but, in 1725,
e latter was transferred to Devonport, and Mount Wise has ever since contained
e official residences of the lieutenant-governor of the garrison (the Government-
use), and of the port-admiral. The Government-house and the admiral's house
e the two chief buildings on this mount; but there is also a laboratory belonging to
e Ordnance, and a semaphore, by which signals are transmitted between the ad-
iral's office and the guard-ship in the Hamoaze—the signals to be afterwards trans-
itted, as occasion may require, from the guard-ship to any other Government ship
the Hamoaze. There are generally two governing admirals at Devonport—the
dmiral of the Port, and the Admiral Superintendent of the dockyard. The Port
dmiral has control over the whole of the ships in the harbour, and is the medium
communication between the Admiralty and those ships. The Superintendent of
e dockyard has control only within the yard; he may be an admiral, but he is
metimes a captain-superintendent.

We now come to the vast Victualling-yard on Cremill Point. We approach it by
road leading along the neck or isthmus, and a large and handsome gate gives ad-
ission to the interior. Over the gateway is a colossal statue of William IV. in
ortland stone, upwards of thirteen feet high, and superior to many of our statues of
reater celebrity. The interior of the victualling-yard consists of large quadrangular
nges of substantial buildings, separated by open courts. A glance at these courts
ows that the whole has been hewn out of the solid rock, and this forms one of the
ost marked features of the place. Cremill Point was a bold rocky promontory;
d in order to obtain a level spot large enough for the buildings, a vast excavation
as necessary. The pavement of the open courts consists of the rocky bed itself,
wn down to that level; the buildings also are constructed of stone; so that, if any
overnment establishment in the neighbourhood has an air of durability about it, it
this. There was a victualling office at Plymouth for many years; but as it was
und to be inefficient for its purpose, this new one was built. It has been an immense
ork. The cost has been little short of a million and a half sterling. Fifteen acres
surface have been brought into requisition, some recovered from the sea by sea-walls
d embankments, and the rest hewn from the solid rock. It is said that 300,000
ns of rock were removed.

Large as this expenditure appears, it is probable that the money was well laid out;
r, if the stores for our hardy seamen are better prepared and better secured thereby,
yearly saving must accrue. Be this as it may, the victualling-yard is a highly
teresting establishment. One quadrangular mass of buildings is devoted to the
rn and baking department, another to the cooperage department, and a third to
iscellaneous stores of various descriptions. The actual machinery employed in the
uilding consists of a corn-mill (capable of grinding 1000 bushels of corn in ten
ours), with twenty-four pairs of millstones, worked by two steam-engines; a bakery,
orked by machinery, with twelve ovens; an oatmeal mill; and two wheat-drying
ills. All the rest may be rather described as storehouse fittings than as machinery.
he number of persons employed in the establishment is about 140; of whom about
) are officers and clerks, about 30 hoymen, to manage the shipment and landing of

the stores, and the rest artificers and servants of various kinds. About £10,000 pe annum are expended in salaries and wages to those engaged at this establishment.

The most attractive part of the building to a stranger is the biscuit-baking esta blishment. The white jackets and white caps of the bakers are "clean as a new pin," and the rooms and machinery are cleaner and neater than any one coul imagine who had never seen them. Beautiful indeed is this machinery. The corn i drawn up to an upper range of buildings, where millstones, worked by steam, speedil grind it into flour. This flour descends, through a shoot, into a kind of covered box where a small stream of water is allowed to flow into it. Away it whirls, tosse and cut and mixed by machinery inside the box, until in a few minutes it become well-compounded dough. Then a pair of ponderous rollers knead it mos thoroughly; a machine stamps the thin layer of dough into the form of a batc of hexagonal biscuits; these biscuits are thrown into an oven; and very soo afterwards they are taken out—baked, after which they are put into bags and take away to be stored. So rapid are all these operations, that the routine from th descent of the flour to the baking of the biscuit can be witnessed during the tim allowed for each stranger to be present. Well has Mr. Grant earned the premiu which he received from Government for the invention of this machinery.

The Hoe.—The Citadel.—The Hamoaze.—The Hoe and the Citadel belong t the Plymouth section of this important triple town. The Hoe, as we have befor observed, is a hill which boldly overlooks Mill Bay and the Sound. Its surface i partly clothed in grass, partly strewed with loose stones, and partly laid out in grav walks; but there are as yet very few houses on it, and it is much to be desired tha there may continue to be very few. The Hoe is larger and higher than Mount Wis and it reveals many points in the view out seaward which are not visible from th latter. The eastern end of the Hoe is occupied by the citadel. This is a regular forti fication, with bastions and ravelins, curtains and hornworks, ditches and counte scarps, covered-ways and palisades, parapets and ramparts, and all the other defensiv arrangements common to such a place. It completely commands sea and land on al points of the compass, and is bristled with about 120 cannon.

Few places in England contain such a number of Government establishments as thi We have described a tolerable range of them already; but there are still several that ca for a passing glance. We will go to the north of the three towns, near Higher Stok and look at the Block-house. This is a small but strong structure, situated in a enclosure on a piece of rising ground. It has ramparts, ditches, and a bridge, and i sufficiently elevated to command the whole of Devonport—and therefore to be ver troublesome, unless in friendly hands. Devonport itself is completely girt on th land side with fortifications, called the 'Lines.' These lines consist of wall, rampar and fosse, with guardhouses at particular points, and three gates to give entrance t the town.

Situated not far distant from each other, in and near Stonehouse, are thre large Government establishments—the Royal Naval Hospital, the Royal Militar Hospital, and the Marine Barracks. Their names indicate how these buildings ar occupied. The Naval Hospital was built about ninety years ago; it is a very larg establishment, covering, with the open grounds which belong to it, no less tha twenty-four acres. The chief buildings are arranged on the four sides of a ver large quadrangle; they have corridors running round them, and have every conv nience for the reception of twelve hundred patients at a time. In days of peace, th hospital is happily only in small part occupied. On the side of Stonehouse Creel opposite to the Naval Hospital, is the Royal Military Hospital; which consists, instea

of a quadrangle of buildings surrounding an open court, of four blocks or clusters of buildings, arranged in a line. The Royal Marine Barracks, situated on the isthmus which connects Cremill Point with Stonehouse, is like most other barracks—ranges of building surrounding the four sides of a gravelled parade-ground.

Let us now turn for a time from the land to the water—from the fixed to the floating property of the nation in these parts. And first of the Harbour or Hamoaze. This is in truth a fine expanse of water. A line of rock, only a short depth below the surface of low water, runs across from Cremill Point to Mount Edgcumbe, in such a way as to induce a belief that these were once connected, and that the Tamar has cut an outlet for itself in this part. Within the rocky line commences the Hamoaze, and thence up to Saltash, a distance of four or five miles, there is a wide sheet of water, in which a large number of fine ships of war are always lying 'in ordinary:' when the guns and ammunition are taken out, the masts and sails and rigging are removed, the sailors are paid off, the officers take their departure, and the huge floating mass is placed under the care of an officer and a handful of men, who reside in it. This officer receives orders only from the admiral of the port, and is responsible to no one else. The old officers, who have perhaps lived and fought in the vessel for many a year, have now nothing to do with her; she lives only in their memory. Strange do these floating masses appear! They contain so few stores, and are thus so much lightened, that they rise to a great height above the water. Their long ranges of port-holes, their numerous cabin-windows at the stern, their stumpy mastless summits, their lifeless silence, their seeming stern immovability—all tend to give them a remarkable appearance. The guard-ship is the sentinel over these sleeping giants. This guard-ship receives instructions from the port admiral by means of the semaphore on Mount Wise, before alluded to, and is empowered to control all the ships in the harbour. There is no difficulty in obtaining admission to the guard-ship, or to some of the other ships in the harbour; and half an hour may be spent, not unprofitably, in seeing the ingenuity displayed in packing so many hundred human beings, with all that is required for their comfort, in one of these great floating receptacles. The number of ships laid up in ordinary in the Hamoaze has remained pretty constant for some years past. In 1847, they were as follow:—Two of 120 guns each, one of 104, one of 92, four of 84, one of 80, four of 78, one of 76, four of 72, three of 50, four of 44, five of 42, two of 40, one of 36, three of 26, one of 24, two of 18, one of 14, one of 10, five packets, and eight small brigs, schooners, and cutters—making a total of fifty-four vessels, and we presume the number is about the same at present. But besides these fifty-four vessels in ordinary, there are always others, in a more or less fitted state,—some just arrived and about to be paid off; some receiving their complement of men and stores for service on some foreign station; some waiting only for Admiralty orders, that they may take their departure. It is a pleasant trip on a bright day to take a boat for a row up the Hamoaze towards Saltash, passing between and among the noble old hulks of the ships in ordinary.

Drake's Island, or as it is often called Nicholas Island, situated in the middle of the Sound, claims a word of notice. It is a small and moderately elevated island, occupied wholly as a fortified post. Its guns command every point of the compass; so that a ship, before approaching the Hamoaze and the dockyard on the west, or the Catwater and Plymouth on the east, must pass under the guns of this fortress. With Mount Edgcumbe on one side, Cremill Point on another, the Hoe on another, and Mount Batten on another, this small island presents a formidable defensive work.

The Breakwater.—the Eddystone.—But the Breakwater, now stretching out before us to the south, demands to be noticed. A truly great work is this; perhaps the

greatest work of its kind in the world. It seems strange to spend a million and a half sterling in throwing huge stones into the sea; yet there can be no question that the money has been well laid out, because safety to hundreds of vessels has been secured thereby.

In order to understand the necessity for, and the nature of this breakwater, we must look a little closely at Plymouth Sound. This sound is bounded on the east by a portion of the Devonshire coast, on the west by the Cornish coast, on the north by the towns of Devonport and Plymouth, and on the south by the open sea. It is three miles across at the widest part, and about the same in depth. The coast on both sides, except at Cawsand Bay, which is on the Cornish side, is rocky and abrupt. The Hamoaze and the Catwater used to be exposed to the heavy sea which rolled into the Sound with gales from the south, and great damage was done at various times; hence it was conceived that, if a great embankment were thrown across a portion of the entrance to the Sound, it would break the force of the sea, while ample room might be left at the two ends for vessels to enter and quit the Sound. In 1812, the works for such a breakwater were commenced, and for nearly forty years they have been continued. The expenditure has now reached £1,500,000, and there is still a little more work to be done to it.

The breakwater may be thus described:—It is a straight line of stonework, with two wings or arms inclined a little inwards towards the Sound. The straight portion is about 1000 yards in length, and the two wings 350 yards each, making up the total length to about a mile. The width of the line of stonework at the bed of the sea varies from 300 to 400 feet; whereas it slopes so rapidly upwards, that the breadth at high-water mark is only fifty feet. The top is a flat horizontal surface, elevated two feet above the surface at high-water of spring tides. The total depth varies from forty to eighty feet. The mode of forming it was singular. Mr. Rennie formed the plan, and carried it out in spite of all opposition and difficulties. This plan consisted in hurling into the sea masses of stone weighing from one ton to ten tons each, sufficiently heavy to resist the force of waves, tides, and currents. A promontory of compact close-grained marble, belonging to the Duke of Bedford, was purchased as a storehouse of materials, for the sum of £10,000. This promontory is situated at the north-east corner of the Sound, at a place called Oreston, where the Plym joins the Catwater. Quarries were opened at this spot, and for many years the business of quarrying was carried on. The huge blocks of marble, extricated from the quarries, were conveyed in trucks along iron railways to quays, where they were received in vessels built expressly for this purpose. On arriving over the line of the breakwater, a sort of trapdoor was opened in the vessel, and the load of stone fell into the sea, where it lay upon and among the stones previously thrown. Thus days, weeks, months, years, passed away, while these vast works were being carried on. All the lower stones were left to settle as they might; but the upper layers consist of smooth masonry, better calculated to resist the action of the waves. At the western end is a lighthouse, an elegant structure of granite, recently completed. It is about fifty-five feet high, or one hundred and twenty-six feet from the base of the breakwater, by fourteen feet in diameter at the base. At the top is a large lantern, through which is exhibited a white light towards the north, and a red light towards the south.

Bravely has the breakwater done its work. In 1817 and in 1824, it was visited by storms which, had not the breakwater been there, would have brought awful destruction on the vessels within the harbour; as it was, some of the surface stones were loosened and washed away, but the main structure remained wholly uninjured.

A work even greater than the breakwater looms out far in the distance to the south-

west: greater, not in the amount of capital which it has cost, or the time consumed in its execution, or the quantity of materials employed in its construction, but in the difficulties which the indomitable spirit of the engineer had to overcome. We, of course, allude to the Eddystone Lighthouse. When standing on the Hoe, and looking through a telescope of moderate power, the Eddystone can just be descried at a great distance, rearing its head at the extreme verge of the horizon. It is far too distant to form an immediate subject of our present paper, yet it is too important to the interests of Plymouth and to seafaring-men to be passed unnoticed.

In the midst of the British Channel, about twelve miles from Plymouth, is a rock which just emerges above the level of low-water, but is covered at high-water. On this Eddystone rock many a gallant ship, after perhaps a return from a distant and long-continued voyage, has been wrecked, and many a hardy seaman lost. To point out the locality of this hidden danger nothing but a lighthouse on the spot seemed available; but what a work—to construct a lighthouse on a rock in such a lonely and sea-beaten situation! A Mr. Winstanley, a man of great mechanical ingenuity, did however construct a wooden lighthouse on this rock, just a century and a half ago; and it is a proof of no small skill that, in that age of comparatively little engineering talent, a lighthouse should be begun and completed on such a spot. But on one fearful night, a storm swept away the whole, with all who were within it, including the bold constructer. Mr. Rudyerd, who, like Winstanley, was an amateur engineer, was more fortunate than his predecessor: he built a lighthouse which stood from 1706 till 1755; when it was conquered not by storms but by fire. Mr. Smeaton, who speaks with great admiration of Rudyerd's talent, was then applied to, to build a more permanent structure; and the present Eddystone lighthouse was the result. The difficulties were enormous. The distance from the land is so great, the area of rock so small, and the washing of the sea so frequent, that the labours of the workmen were of a harassing kind. In order to secure the masonry, the granite rock was partially worked to form a foundation, and every stone was dovetailed into those beneath and around it, in the most immovable manner. The works were commenced in 1756, and course after course of masonry was built up; and the construction went on steadily, in spite of winds and waves, to its completion.

The Eddystone Lighthouse is really a beautiful object, on account of its form. It is a circular tower of stone, sweeping up with a gentle curve from the base, and gradually diminishing to the top, somewhat similar to the swelling trunk of a tree—indeed it is said, that a tree-trunk suggested the idea of this form to Smeaton. The upper extremity is finished with a kind of cornice, and is terminated with a lantern, having a gallery around it with an iron balustrade. The tower is furnished with a door and windows, and a staircase and ladders for ascending to the lantern, through the apartments of those who keep watch. The base is about twenty-seven feet in diameter; the diameter diminishes to twenty feet at the top of the solid masonry, and to fifteen feet just below the cornice. The height of the solid masonry is thirteen feet; of the cornice, sixty-two feet; and of the top of the lantern, eighty-six feet. A visit to the Eddystone is rather a rare exploit for holiday seekers. The distance is great, the sea often rough, and the hire of a sailing vessel necessary. Once now and then in the height of summer a steam-boat trip is planned, to make the circuit of the Eddystone. The vessel which takes out supplies for the keepers is almost the only one which goes close and is moored to the lighthouse.

The Towns and their Buildings.—The towns of Devonport and Plymouth owe their importance so completely to the large number of Government establishments which they contain, and by which they are surrounded, that their interest is pretty

well exhausted when those establishments have passed under review. Yet they have certain points of interest about them as towns, and we must take a ramble through them. We will begin at Devonport, and work on eastward toward Plymouth.

Devonport is considerably higher than Plymouth, and has water nearly two-thirds around it. On crossing the bridge over Stonehouse Creek, we ascend a moderately steep road to the 'lines' of Devonport, and having passed these lines, we enter the town. The main road leads north-westward to the centre of the town, where we find ourselves in streets which have very little attraction about them. Few of the Devonport streets are remarkable; and only one of them, Fore-street, contains any considerable number of good shops. Devonport is, in fact, not a wealthy place—far less so than Plymouth. Much Government money is spent there; but there is little commerce of any other kind; and the amount of capital, available for any schemes of general improvement, is but limited. Half-pay officers, dockyard officers, garrison officers, dockyard artificers, sailors, are numerous; but no large fortunes are to be looked for among them.

But if the resources of Devonport are limited, so much the more credit to the townsmen for building such a fine post-office as that we see on entering the town. This building, lately erected in Fore-street, is an elegant structure, far above the standard of similar buildings in towns of this size, and many degrees better than the post-office of Plymouth. The architect, Mr. Wightwick, has to some extent imitated Sir John Soane's fine architectural composition at the north-west corner of the Bank of England. Another recent building, or rather an enlargement of an old one, is the Mechanics' Institute in Duke-street. The new front is of the Doric order, and is from a design by Mr. Alfred Norman, of Devonport. At the west end of Ker-street, are three or four buildings which deserve a better locality; for though the street is quiet and well inhabited, it is not sufficiently a leading thoroughfare to show off the buildings to advantage. One of these buildings, the Town Hall, presents a bold and chaste Doric elevation, and looks well when approached from the east. It contains a county meeting-room, 75 feet by 40, a watch-house, a temporary prison, and other offices. Another of this group of buildings is the Library and Newsroom, whose Egyptian front presents a marked though rather heavy appearance. Almost close to this is a chapel in the Saracenic style, or something between the Saracenic and the Hindu; and close to this again is the Column, one of the few honorary testimonials which the two towns contain. It is a fluted column of the Doric order, 124 feet in height, erected in 1824, to commemorate the change in the name of the town from Plymouth Dock to Devonport. From the top of this column there is a charming view of the harbour, Mount Edgcumbe, and the surrounding objects.

Devonport, although a large town, is not a parish of itself; it lies wholly in the parish of Stoke Damerel; and at the time of the Conquest, the whole of the present Devonport, Stoke, and Morice Town, were possessed by the Damerel family. By descent and marriage the manor came to the family of Wise, one of whom, Sir Thomas Wise, built a mansion on the elevation now known as Mount Wise. In 1667, the manor passed from the Wises to Sir William Morice, from whom Morice Town, near Keyham Steam Dock, was named. Lastly, the manor passed to the St. Aubyn family, by whom is at present possessed nearly the whole of the land which has not been purchased by Government. Besides a small number of good private streets within the lines of Devonport, there are some fine terraces and ranges of houses, and a few elegant single dwellings, in the northern and eastern suburbs of the town, in Morice Town and Stoke.

Stonehouse is a flat, regular, quiet town, with few objects to attract the attention.

The main artery of communication through the town from east to west, Union-street, is open, cheerful, and well built, and there are a few other good streets. The Government establishments, such as the Victualling Yard, the Marine Barracks, the Navy Hospital, &c., are the chief buildings in Stonehouse.

Plymouth, as we have before said, has more of the bustle of a town than either of the other members of the triad. Its Government establishments have been briefly described, and so has the Hoe. Mill Bay, on the west side of the Hoe, has a few manufacturing establishments on its shores, and works have been commenced for a series of commercial docks in the bay. These are the works of the Great Western Dock Company; and though at present but little progress has been made, we may fairly expect that soon the great natural capabilities of the bay will be rendered available. The General Screw Steam Shipping Company have selected Plymouth as the port of arrival and departure for their monthly line of packets to the Cape of Good Hope, and they are making arrangements for extending their operations to Australia and the East; while the recently formed Eastern Steam Navigation Company have also fixed on Plymouth as the port for their vessels; and the Dock Company have, in consequence, determined at once to complete the works of the inner basin, and provide the other necessary accommodation for so important an increase of traffic. Plymouth, in fact, hopes soon to prove a formidable rival to Southampton.

Plymouth presents such a maze of crooked streets, that it requires some art for a stranger to steer a course through it. As for a direct artery east and west, or north and south, through the town—that is out of the question. The streets are thoroughly independent of geometrical arrangement, and look as if they had been dropped in their places, each without much regard to its neighbours. They are packed together with great closeness in the centre and towards Sutton Pool; and those which lie nearest to the water, have a smell, look, and associations of a Wapping kind. But as Plymouth is advancing onward in prosperity, it is evident that there must be suitable residences for the prosperous merchants. Such there are in various parts of the margin of the town: near the Hoe; northward, towards Stoke and Tamerton; north-east, on the Tavistock-road; and eastward, towards the Plym. In some of the best streets there are splendid shops, successfully vying with the plate-glass brilliances of the Metropolis.

Among the public buildings of Plymouth there is a considerable variety. One of the most striking buildings is that which contains the Theatre at one end, and the Assembly-room and the Royal Hotel, at the other. It is an elegant Ionic pile, 275 feet in length, which presents two fine fronts to view. It was built by the Corporation in 1811, at an expense of £60,000. The Athenæum, or building for the Plymouth Institution; the Public Library; the Freemasons' Hall; the Mechanics' Institute; the Natural History Society's Rooms; the Medical and Law Libraries; the Room of the Botanical and Horticultural Societies; the Commercial and the Mechanics' Newsroom—all indicate by their names that there is considerable activity in Plymouth, in connexion with science and literature. Commerce is represented by the Custom-house and Excise-office, the Exchange, the Chamber of Commerce, the Post-office, the ample and well-supplied Market, and the maritime buildings of various kinds. The shipping arrangements, wholly unconnected with Government, are extensive and important. Large vessels are engaged in the American, Baltic, and Mediterranean trades. The number of vessels belonging to Plymouth is said to be nearly 400, of about 30,000 tons. The emigrant system has now become one of great importance to Plymouth. The number of ships which leave this port for Australia, carrying full loads of emigrants, is increasing every year; and however short may be the time that these vessels remain

in the port, their presence is sure to benefit the town commercially. Near the eastern foot of the citadel is an emigrant *dépôt*, where a Government agent renders kindly services to those who are about to depart for foreign lands; and on a small quay or wharf near the *dépôt*, many a group of intending emigrants may be seen taking a turn in the open air, during their temporary sojourn at Plymouth. Steam navigation has also taken a certain footing at Plymouth. The Irish steamers always call here on their way to and from London; and there is, in addition, steam communication with Liverpool, Falmouth, Torquay, and the Channel Islands. Manufactures, too, are carried on to some considerable extent. Soap-works, starch-works, sugar-refineries, spirit-distilleries, breweries, &c., have all been established here since the termination of the war.

Antiquities we must not look for in these towns. St. Andrew's Church, in the centre of Plymouth, is among the oldest of existing buildings, but its interior has undergone great alterations. Of the churches and chapels, the hospitals and asylums of Plymouth, few would attract attention by their architectural beauty.

Mount Batten.—Mount Edgcumbe.—When we cross the Catwater and the Lara, we get beyond the limit of the three towns. Green fields and scanty houses point to a new neighbourhood. We have spoken more than once of the eastern side of Plymouth Sound being terminated northward by a jutting promontory called Mount Batten, which narrows the channel whereby the Catwater enters the Sound. This Mount Batten is a singular spot, and the way thither from Plymouth is not without interesting features. After crossing Catdown, a steep descent leads to the estuary of the Plym or Lara, where this river expands into the Catwater; and at this part the whole edge of the Down is quarried away, a few houses here and there being occupied by quarrymen and boatmen. Crossing by the ferry to Oreston, and passing the large merchant vessels which are always lying at anchor there, we come to the spot whence the stone was obtained for the breakwater; and after a walk of about a mile, through a village of quarrymen and boatmen, and along some fields which occupy the neck or isthmus of the promontory, we come to Mount Batten. This elevation is surrounded by water for three-fourths of its circumference, and has a wild and rugged appearance. The Catwater, Catdown, Plymouth, the Citadel, the Hoe, Mill Bay, Cremill Point, Mount Edgcumbe, Drake's Island, the Sound, the Breakwater—all are visible from it. On the top of Mount Batten is a tower, desolate and unused; whether it would remain desolate and unused if there were wars or rumours of wars, may be doubted, for the spot seems admirably fitted for defensive purposes.

As we advance along the eastern margin of the Lara, towards the road which leads to Totnes and Ashburton, a very beautiful stretch of country opens upon the view. A fine bridge over the Lara was constructed in 1827 by Mr. Rendel; it is of cast-iron, about 500 feet in length, with five arches, the centre one of which is 100 feet span. Saltram is a beautiful mansion, belonging to the Earl of Morley, surrounded by still more beautiful grounds. A liberal amount of permission to view the house and grounds is given by the noble proprietor; and many a pleasant pic-nic is made thither in the summer season, often by boat, from Mill Bay or Sutton Pool, to a waterside lodge at the margin of the grounds. The house contains a fine collection of pictures, rich in the works of the Italian masters; and there is also a small but choice cabinet of sculpture, including a Hebe by Canova. The grounds are extensive, and laid out with great taste.

Many other pleasant spots lie in the immediate vicinity of Plymouth, on the east and north-east. One of these is Plymstock, on the road to Dartmouth; another is Plympton, on the Totnes road. Plympton was an ancient stannary and borough town, and formerly the baronial seat of the Earls of Devon. The few remains of the ancient

castle suffice to give an idea of its magnificence when in its prime. The fosse, portions of the walls, and the artificial mound on which the keep was built, still remain; but all else is gone. Near the parish church of Plympton St. Mary are a few remains of Plympton Priory, at one time among the richest in the county. Plympton was the birthplace of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Northward, following the course of the Plym for a short distance, we arrive at Boringdon House, where is a valuable collection of works of art, open at certain times to visitors. The northern margin of Plymouth and Devonport contains also many spots which entice to a ramble. Lipson, Egg Buckland, Compton Gifford, Milehouse, Weston Peverell, and St. Budeaux, are all villages around which picturesque scenes may be met with; so likewise are those which bear the odd names of Knackers' Knowl and Penny-come-quick.

But Mount Edgcumbe is *par excellence* the most lovely spot in the immediate vicinity of the three towns. It is a gracefully formed hill, laid out in pleasure-grounds, so as to command the finest views and to present the finest effect. Poets of all grades have been in raptures with it; and foreigners have said that no place in England deserves better to be compared with the loveliest scenes of Italy.

Mount Edgcumbe House, placed on the slope of the hill, so as to be best seen from Devonport, was built in 1550; but it has undergone many alterations, which have taken away somewhat of its Elizabethan character. The interior, as may be supposed, contains some splendid apartments; but it is not rich in paintings or works of art. The grounds are much more attractive than the mansion. The Italian garden, the Doric conservatory, the French garden, the cenotaph to the memory of the late Countess of Mount Edgcumbe, the English garden, the Pavilion, the ruins of the Block House, Thomson's seat, the amphitheatre, the temple of Milton, the Gothic ruin, the cottage, the great terrace, the archway, the zig-zag walks, the valley of Pickleeombe, the Hoe Lake valley, the White Seat—have all been the objects of especial description in the local guide-books; of which that by Mr. H. E. Carrington, son of the Devonport poet, is a good deal superior to the general level of guide-books. It is said that, when the Spanish Armada was about to visit England, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, admiral of the Spanish fleet, cast a longing eye on Mount Edgcumbe, and stipulated that it should come to his share in the anticipated spoliation of England. As in many other similar places, the natural beauties of Edgcumbe are superior to the artificial. The pavilion, the temple of Milton, the artificial Gothic ruin, the artificial chapel ruin, might be dispensed with without much loss; but the beauty and grandeur of the Mount, its trees and verdure, and the glittering waters by which it is bounded on three-fourths of its circumference—these have been objects of admiration for many centuries, and will be probably for centuries to come.

Dartmoor, &c.—Had we time, we might conduct the excursionist over many a tract of country within a few miles of Plymouth, which is especially rich in beauty and interest. Of these, the remarkable district of Dartmoor would be found amply to repay the trouble of a visit. It is indeed one of the most interesting, as well as peculiar places in our country. A wide waste, extending some twenty-two miles from north to south, it yet abounds with a variety of attractive objects. The broken, undulatory surface, always picturesque, at times assumes an aspect of almost romantic grandeur. It is an inexhaustible store of granite. Many of the most important rivers of the county rise in the higher part of Dartmoor. All over the moor are scattered primeval antiquities, in more or less perfect preservation; numerous stone circles, cairns, maenhirs or rude upright pillars, cromlechs, stone circular huts (the houses of a long-forgotten race), abound in various parts. There are quaint old towns, and picturesque cottages, inhabited by people as noteworthy as their houses. But we cannot visit these things,

nor stay to describe them, and must content ourselves with recommending the curious to obtain the Rev. Samuel Rowe's 'Perambulation of the Antient Forest of Dartmoor,' in which everything relating to Dartmoor will be found fully and excellently described. We should have been equally glad to have acted as guide in a ramble up the two beautiful streams which flow into the Hamoaze, and to Tavistock with its abbey; but we cannot do so now. Instead, however, we can refer the reader to Mrs. Bray's charming 'Descriptions of Devonshire, bordering on the Tamar and Tavy,' which give many pleasant sketches of the rural parts of this end of the county, and equally pleasant notices of the fast vanishing peculiarities of the rustic inhabitants. We have promised to show the reader a Cornish mine, and we must keep our promise.

Caradon Mines.—The Cheesewring.—If, indeed, we had promised ourselves, or the reader, anything like a tour in Cornwall, our limited space would look startling. But it is only a trip across the Hamoaze, to visit one of the nearest of the copper-mines of that interesting county, that we are to attempt.

Devonshire is itself by no means without its mineral riches. Were it not for its more famed neighbour, Cornwall, it would present important claims to attention. Dartmoor abounds in lodes or veins of copper and tin. Several of the tin lodes have been productive from time immemorial. It is said that grains of gold used in former times to be occasionally met with in the Dartmoor streams, and that it was not uncommon for the miner to carry in his pocket a quill in which to deposit them. There are met with, in particular spots, remains which some of the Devonshire archæologists do not scruple to affirm are vestiges of Phœnician smelting-houses. The Moor-landers call them Jews' houses; and in one of them, near the source of the Dart, was found in 1832 a block of smelted tin, supposed (if the Phœnician theory be correct) to be the most ancient in existence.

When we have crossed the Tamar into Cornwall, the copper and tin treasures become exhibited more abundantly. From Callington in the east, to St. Just in the west, the copper and tin mines are spotted nearly all over the county. Let us take one of the nearest mines to Devonshire, that of South Caradon, and see what is going on there.

The steam floating bridge carries us across the Hamoaze from New Passage to Tor Point, and we thus set foot in Cornwall. Tor Point has nothing to attract; but when we get beyond the limits of the village, towards the west, some very pretty scenery speedily presents itself, deriving its chief charms from the deep inlets on the west bank of the Tamar. Sometimes the road winds along close to the beach; sometimes it takes a higher level, and sweeps round the brow of a hill at a considerable elevation. The road passes through a few villages; and at a distance of eighteen miles from Devonport we find ourselves in Liskeard, an old-fashioned town, which was once a place of considerable importance. It once had its castle, of which the site only now remains; it had once, too, its nunnery of the sisters of St. Clare, but this has been converted into dwelling-houses. All its present importance depends on its vicinity to the mines, of which those of Caradon are the chief. Immediately northward of Liskeard the ground begins to rise, until we reach the vast granite quarries of the Cheesewring, and the copper mines of Caradon. Villages are few and far between, but some of them are remarkable. St. Neot's, four or five miles from Liskeard, contains one of the finest parish churches in Cornwall; it was built of granite, about the year 1480, and its nave, arches, windows, and carved roof are all elegant.

A railway, worked by horses, leads upwards from the sea-side at Looe, past Liskeard to Caradon and the Cheesewring, serving as a means of conveyance for the copper of the one and the granite of the other. Caradon comes into view first, and after we have passed this, the railway takes us on towards the Cheesewring.

This Cheesewring is in every respect a singular spot. It is a granite hill of considerable elevation, with a summit as wild as can well be conceived. Huge fragments of granite are strewed about in every direction—sharp and shapeless. It is the same with Kilmarth Tor, Sharp Point Tor, and the Cheesewring—all near each other. The most reasonable conjecture respecting these rude clusters is, that they were used in some way for religious purposes, but that their formation and position are due to natural causes. The hills being rocky, and the storms of ages having washed the earth from their crevices on the summit, have left them to stand alone, piled up into fantastic shapes. The Cheesewring is about 20 feet high; and seems to have appeared to the eyes of the Moorlanders as though a number of cheeses had been placed one on another. Some of the stones overhang the base many feet. There are first three or four stones resting one on another; then one of smaller size; then one of enormous dimensions, 10 or 12 feet in diameter; and three or four other large masses above it. The clink of the quarryman's tools is almost the only sound heard in this wild region. The eastern slope of the hill has been extensively quarried, and fragments of granite are scattered far and wide. The stone is of beautiful texture, and glitters brightly in the sunshine.

But to return to Caradon.—There are two lofty hills, West and South Caradon, between which a small stream flows into a deep and beautiful valley. In the depth of this valley, and on the slopes and summits of the two hills, are the banks of the Caradon mines: and a singular scene it presents. The buildings are scattered about in all directions; the stream is diverted so as to supply water-power to the works; and the 'above-ground' work-people are speckling the scene here and there. The women and girls have such a love for bright red and yellow handkerchiefs, shawls, and gowns, that their dresses give quite a liveliness to the picture. True, it is not pleasant to see females hammering lumps of ore, and grubbing about in a stooping posture among stones and dirt; but if lots of finery can make amends, here we certainly find it.

As far as a few short paragraphs can explain the mode of working these mines, we will attempt it. The copper ore extends beneath the valley from side to side, and is richest at the deepest part. There are several lodes or veins of ore; and the shafts for descending to them are situated on the hill side. In some districts of Cornwall there are improved modes of descending the mines; but at Caradon the old and fatiguing method, by a succession of nearly vertical ladders is adopted—a method which almost baffles the courage and endurance of an uninitiated visitor. The underground works consist of numerous excavated passages, vertical, horizontal, and inclined; some for getting across to the lodes, some for wheeling out and drawing up the ore, and some for pumping out water from the mine. The miner's tools are such as will enable him to penetrate the hardest rock—the gad, the pick, the sledge-hammer, the borer, the claying-bar, the needle, the scraper, the tamping-bar, the shovel—these are his chief tools, together with the cartridge tool for blasting with powder. His powder-horn, fuses, slow-match, kibble or corve, and wheelbarrow, complete his apparatus. When, by the observation of the mining engineer, it is pretty well known where copper may be found, the miner perforates the granite or other hard stony mass, in various directions, until he arrives at the lode. Those who dig the shafts and galleries are called *tut-workers*; those who extract the ore are styled *tributers*. The tut-workers are paid so much a cubic-fathom for the rock which they excavate, according to agreement, which is based on the hardness of the rock and the depth of the working. The tributers are paid by a certain share of the ore which is raised; many of them club together to form a working gang. They thoroughly examine the work to

be done, and agree with the proprietor as to what share of the produce they will be content with, in payment for the whole labour of bringing the ore to light. Sometimes, when the lode turns out worse than they expected, the money value of their share is miserably inadequate to the labour bestowed; but sometimes it is so rich, that their earnings become much larger than those of any other body of operatives in the kingdom. This system gives wonderful acuteness both to the proprietors and to the miners; because it is to the interest of both parties to obtain as exact a knowledge as possible of the true richness of the lode to be worked. Many well-wishers to the working-classes have asked whether something like this *tributer* system might not be introduced into other branches of industry; its effect on the Cornish miner is generally considered to be beneficial.

The ore is dug out of the vein in any sizes which it may happen to attain, and is brought up to the surface in baskets. At the surface or above-ground works, various processes are carried on for bringing the ore to as clean and fine a state as possible. It presents a somewhat brassy hue, being composed of a small per centage of copper, with a great variety of earths in mixture. No heat is employed in any of the surface operations, so that nothing like smelting is carried on. The ore is broken, first by hammers, and then by tampers worked by water power; it is sorted into different qualities; and it is thoroughly washed, to free it from all earthy impurities which water can remove. Men, women, boys, and girls, are all employed in this work. Children of four or five years of age have tact enough to separate the small bits of ore into heaps of different qualities; women break the ore; boys sift and wash it; while men undertake the work which requires either greater strength or greater skill. The agreement between the proprietor and the tributers is so strictly understood, that disputes seldom occur. Most of the boys and girls are employed and paid by the tributers, as their undertaking is to bring the ore into a certain saleable state; and most of the portable working tools are provided by them, the heavier works and the fixed machinery being furnished by the proprietors.

Cornwall was celebrated for its tin long before its copper ores were known; but now the copper is of far more commercial importance than the tin. There are, we believe, about seventy to eighty tin mines, and ninety or a hundred copper mines. In the tin mines, the tin ore is found in lodes or veins, in horizontal layers, and in large isolated branches; but the richest stores are in the *stream works*, as they are called. Here the tin is found among the alluvial deposits from the hills, through which a stream generally takes its course. In a stream-work the soil is washed, and the ore taken from it; but in the lode or vein tin, the ore is subjected to processes very similar to those applied to copper ore. The tin ores raised in Cornwall are always reduced or smelted on the spot; the copper ore is all smelted in Wales. The vessels which transport the copper ore to Swansea, bring back coal for smelting the tin ore. *Vein-tin* is smelted by mixing it with culm, and placing it upon the highly heated hearth of a reverberating furnace, in which pit-coal is used as fuel; *stream-tin* is smelted in a blast-furnace, called a blowing-house, wood charcoal being used as fuel. When the separation of the tin from the earthy impurities is effected, the molten metal is ladled into moulds, so as to form it into large blocks, or ingots. These ingots are not without admixture of small quantities of other metals and chemical substances, which the smelting has failed to remove; and the further process of *refining* is necessary to their removal, which is effected by a careful application of heat in a furnace differently shaped from the one before employed. After refining, the tin is poured into granite moulds, to form blocks, weighing about three hundredweight each. Until 1838, all these blocks were stamped, and a duty paid on them to the Duchy of Cornwall; but this

mode of raising the duty being found inconvenient, an Act of Parliament was passed, whereby the duty was commuted for a perpetual annuity, equal to the average produce of the duty for ten years previous to the act coming into operation. The market price of tin ore per ton is much greater than that of copper, arising in part from the much larger per centage of pure metal in the former than the latter; some of the tin ore of Cornwall contains more than half its weight of pure metal.

We have described one of the Caradon mines, because it is not far distant from the scene which forms the subject of our present paper; though we might have stopped still nearer to Devonshire—at Callington—to view a tin mine. But whoever would see the system of Cornish mining in perfection, should go farther westward. Around St. Austell, around Camborne and Redruth, and around Penzance, the scene is most striking. Near Camborne and Redruth especially, the whole of the surface of the country is dotted with mining works and miners' cottages, while underneath, the ground is completely honeycombed. Mr. Redding ('Cornwall in the Nineteenth Century') says, "Upon emerging from the bowels of the earth, the miner goes into the changing-house, a place appointed for the purpose, washes, and takes off his woollen working-dress; then, if the mine is not deep, and his labour too great, on repairing to his cottage he cultivates his acre or two of ground, which he obtains on lease upon easy terms from the heathy downs, for three lives, at a few shillings rent. There by degrees he has contrived to build a small cottage, often a good part of it with his own hand, the stone costing him nothing; or it may be he has only taken land for the growth of potatoes, to cultivate which he pares and burns the ground, and rents a cottage at fifty or sixty shillings a year, with a right of turf fuel, which he cuts and prepares himself. Many miners have tolerable gardens, and some are able to do their own carpentry work, and near the coast others are expert fishermen."

Here we conclude. Between the Tavy on the north, and the Eddystone on the south; between Ivy Bridge on the east, and Caradon and the Cheesewring on the west,—Plymouth possesses a multitude of interesting spots, which may be included or not among its environs, according to the meaning which the excursionist may choose to give to that word. A good rambler always makes his 'environs' wider than a bad one.

The Table of Stations on the Great Western and Bristol and Exeter Railways, was given in a previous number; we add here the stations on the South Devon Line, between Exeter and Plymouth.

EXETER TO PLYMOUTH.

	From London.	Stations.	From Plymouth.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
Exmouth, on opposite side of the Exe; reached by a ferry	202¾	.. Stareross ..	44	Stareross, a small watering-place. Powderham Castle, 1½ mile.
Railway runs by sea-side ...	206	... Dawlish ...	40¾	Dawlish, a fashionable watering-place.
Town at mouth of the Teign; much frequented watering-place	209	.. Teignmouth ..	37¾	Picturesque scenery along the Teign.
Torquay, the most fashionable watering-place and winter resort for invalids in Devonshire	214	.. Newton .. (Branch on left to Torquay, 5 miles).	32¾	Newton Bushel, a quiet little market-town.
Totnes, an ancient town of nearly 4000 inhabitants; remains of castle	222¾	.. Totnes ..	24	
	229¼	.. Brent ..	17	South Brent; a good-sized village on the old high road to Plymouth.
Kingsbridge, 9 miles	231¾	Kingsbridge Road	15	Butterton Hill, 1200 feet high.
Modbury, 3½ miles; a borough of 2000 inhabitants	235	.. Ivy Bridge ..	11¾	Ivy Bridge, a romantic little village on the Erme, much resorted to in summer.
Plympton Erle, 1 mile; birthplace of Sir Joshua Reynolds	241¾	.. Plympton ..	5	Borringdon Park, 1 mile.
	246	PLYMOUTH.		

KNIGHTS
EXCURSION
COMPANION.

NO. XV.

CHELTENHAM
AND
GLOUCESTER.

CHELTENHAM AND GLOUCESTER.

The growth, during the present century, of several of our towns devoted to health or recreation, has been hardly less remarkable than that of the manufacturing and commercial towns. We have already noticed the rapid rise of Brighton, of Torquay, and of some other of our sea-side watering-places; we have in Cheltenham an instance of an inland town, no less worthy of note. Mr. Macaulay, indeed, says (Hist. of England, 345):—"Cheltenham is now a greater city than any which the kingdom contained in the seventeenth century, London alone excepted. But in the seventeenth century, and at the beginning of the eighteenth, Cheltenham was mentioned by local historians merely as a rural parish, lying under the Cotswold Hills, and affording good ground both for tillage and pasture. Corn grew and cattle browsed over the space now covered by that gay succession of streets and villas."—(Atkyns's 'Gloucestershire.')

This, however, is scarcely correct. Atkyns certainly states ('Ancient and Present State of Gloucestershire,' p. 333), that "the *parish*, which is ten miles in compass, consists of good pasture and arable;" but then he also mentions the *town* only a few lines higher. He says:—"It is a market-town, and drives a considerable trade in making malt. The market is weekly, on Thursday." This, of course, is very different from being 'merely a rural parish.' Other authorities, a few years later, inform us that the town consisted of a street nearly a mile long. That Cheltenham was not always merely a rural parish its fine old church would be alone sufficient proof. And we find, from the mention of it in that invaluable record of our Saxon England, the 'Domesday Survey,' that when the kingdom fell into the hands of the Norman conqueror, Cheltenham was of some little consequence; it was then a royal manor, and gave its name to a hundred, as it still does:—

"King Edward held Chinetenham. There were eight hides and a half there. One hide and a half belongs to the Church; Reinbald [who appears to have been dean of the collegiate church] holds it. There were three plough tillages in demense, and twenty villeins, and ten bordarii, and seven servi, with eighteen ploughs—two ploughs belonging to a priest. There are two mills of eleven shillings and eightpence. King William's bailiff added to the manor two bordarii, and four villeins, and three mills, of which two are the king's, and the third is the bailiff's; and there is one plough more. In the time of King Edward it rendered nine pounds and five shillings, and three thousand loaves for the dogs. It now pays twenty pounds, and twenty cows, and twenty hogs, and sixteen shillings instead of the bread."

The money paid to the king, and the loaves for the dogs, were the same as those paid at the same time by Cirencester, which was a town of considerable importance. This fine of the loaves, by the way, however singular it may appear now, was then a not uncommon one: several places appear to have paid it. As early as the ninth century a priory was established at Cheltenham.

Of the condition of Cheltenham as a town the notices are few and scanty; but that

it was a town in the reign of Henry VIII. we have Leland's testimony. He says,– "Chiltenham is a large towne, having a market. It belonged to the abbey of Ciren cester (Sion), now to the king. There is a brook on the south side of the towne." Edward IV. halted here with his army the day before the battle of Tewkesbury making, however, as the old chronicler, Holinshed, relates, "no long delay, but took a little refection himself, and caused his people to do the like." When the contest broke out between Charles I. and the Parliament, Cheltenham was garrisoned for the king. One or two encounters took place close to the little town, and bones and weapons are still occasionally turned up by the plough or the spade.

In 1666, the town is said to have contained 321 houses, and 1500 inhabitants. It consisted then, and for many years after, of one little gathering of houses around the church, and of one long street, through the centre of which flowed a branch of the Chelt, which was crossed here and there by stepping-stones, or by a plank. It had its market-cross as well as its market; and the farmers' wives from the surrounding district, used to bring hither butter (for which it was somewhat noted) and other country commodities. The discovery of the virtues of its waters is, as usual, attributed to accident. Tradition often attributes the discovery of the secrets of nature to the instincts of the inferior animals, rather than to the science or sagacity of man. Thus Bladud was lured by hogs to the hot fountains that sprung up in the valley, ere the Romans founded Bath; in like manner, Cheltenham is said to be indebted to a flight of pigeons for the discovery of its medicinal springs. The fondness of these birds for salt is well known, and there seems nothing improbable in the idea that their instincts might have led them to pools whose edges would naturally have been incrusted with the saline crystals, by the evaporation caused by the sun. At any rate, Cheltenham people believe the story to be true; and on the entrance pillars to the Old Wells' walk a couple of pigeons are carved, in memory of the circumstance.

The pigeons having discovered the first spa in 1716, on the site of the present Old Wells, it was soon turned to the use of man; and in 1721, an analysis of its contents was first published. It was but a puny and untried spring however, and was a long time making its way up in the world; and it was not until 1738, that it turned householder. One Captain Skillicorne having in that year erected a dome over it, put it into a position to earn its own livelihood, and do credit to itself and the invalids who very sparingly resorted to its waters.

In 1743, the Great Walk, or avenue of Elm-trees, was planted, as the Guide-books tell us, according to the design (it is perfectly straight) of Lord Botetourt. This avenue is certainly the most charming walk in Cheltenham. A hundred years' growth has given the trees their full stature, and entwined their upper branches into an embowered roof of delicious shade. While enjoying the cool air of this charming promenade you forget that you are in a town that has sprung up yesterday, as it were, and fancy yourself in some old cathedral city; especially as its noble perspective is terminated on one side by the ancient spire of St. Mary's Church—the only other object in the place which age has hallowed with its finger, or old association lit up with its unseen but all-pervading influence. Modern art, however, must have done much for this walk and the grounds by which it is surrounded; for Madame d'Arblay, in her pleasant 'Diary,' speaks of them in 1788, when she visited them in the suite of George III. and his queen, "as straight clay, and sided by common trees, without any rich foliage or one beautiful opening. The meadows and all the country around are far preferable." From this visit of George III. it is that the origin of fashionable Cheltenham may be dated. In 1775, the Pump-room was erected; and five years later, the visitors

having increased to the astonishing number of 370, it was thought absolutely necessary to appoint a master of the ceremonies. But when, in 1788, the king was advised to try the waters of Cheltenham, and accordingly came hither with his family, it seemed to the townsmen as though the climax of their prosperity was nearly complete. Indeed, if we may credit an extract given in Griffiths's 'Cheltenham,' the fame of the little town reached quite to the Metropolis, and did not stop even there. "Already we hear of nothing but Cheltenham modes,—the *Cheltenham cap*—the *Cheltenham bonnet*,—the *Cheltenham buttons*,—the *Cheltenham buckles*,—in short, all the fashions are completely *Cheltenhamized* throughout Great Britain. Cheltenham will be the summer village of all that is fashionable and all that is dignified." This influx of royalty and fashion produced a golden harvest, not only for the townsfolk, but the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages also. The newspapers of the time say that, "in consequence of the overflow of Cheltenham, Tewkesbury and Prestbury are crowded. Lodgings have increased in such a degree and at such a rate, that for apartments, let the preceding season for three guineas, no less than twenty-five guineas have been asked and received." As no mansion existed in the town sufficiently capacious for the residence of the monarch, the seat of Lord Fauconbridge on Bays' Hill, a little way out of the town, was rented, as the only house that could afford even scanty accommodation; and one of the merriest chapters in the 'Diary' of "the merry little Burney," relates to the shifts the royal family and suite were put to whilst sojourning therein. "The king," she tells us, "was the only man that slept in the house;" all the male attendants were lodged in different parts of the town. "The Royals," as she humorously calls them, were forced to take all their meals in one room; and when the Duke of York came to pay his royal father a visit, the Wooden House was carried from the other side of the town, and planted upon Bays' Hill, contiguous to the royal palace. As for the maids of honour, they were obliged to take tea in one of the passages, and to make the hall their audience-chamber; and all who have read the 'Diary,' will remember the flirtations of the pleasant little Burney with Mr. Farley, and their surreptitious readings of Akenside, and Falconer's 'Shipwreck.' The waters having, as was reported, much improved the king's health, the fount at which he had quaffed, was re-christened the Royal Old Wells, and the fortune of Cheltenham was at once made. Year by year it became a more fashionable place of resort, and in 1797, the inhabitants had increased to 2700, and the houses to 530, or nearly double the number it contained in 1666. Since then, especially in the present century, the increase has been remarkably rapid. In 1804, it contained 710 houses and 3076 inhabitants; in 1821, there were 2411 houses, and 13,318 inhabitants; at the census of 1841, there were found to be 6437 houses, and 31,411 inhabitants; since which there has been a very large increase in the number of houses, and the inhabitants are supposed to be now much above 40,000.

For many years the spa at the Old Wells was the only one of any importance in the town; but after the discovery of the springs at Montpellier and Pitville, these gardens, once so much frequented, were less resorted to than the newer and more fashionable ones; at last they were comparatively deserted, and the grounds wore rather the appearance of neglect. Two or three years ago, the Wells passed to a new proprietor, who made great efforts to revive the attractions of the gardens; a new and handsome Pump-room was erected, which was opened in 1850; the grounds were tastefully laid out, and the Royal Old Wells is again one of the most popular and fashionable places of resort in Cheltenham.

Before mentioning the other spas, it will be as well to describe the geological formation of the neighbourhood, and the relative position of the different strata which

constitute the mechanical and chemical agents employed in producing the medicinal waters.

The superficial soil of Cheltenham—indeed, of the whole valley of Gloucester—is formed of lias clay beds, which are superimposed upon the red marl formation, the grand repository of sea salt. The level of this group is much above the town of Cheltenham, and the water percolating through them absorbs large quantities of muriate of soda; this, naturally desiring to find its level, forces its way through the lias beds, in which we find sulphur, iron, and magnesian limestone. The saline water, in forcing its way through the fissures, comes in contact with these materials, a chemical action ensues, and the water emerges from the springs, imbued with those health-giving properties for which they have been so long famous. The valetudinarian, as with trembling hand he drinks the sparkling waters, little thinks, perhaps, that he is quaffing from a gigantic basin fifteen miles in diameter, and that the blue hills which he sees around him form the brim of the glass Hygeia proffers to his lips.

The Montpellier Spa, situated a short distance from the Promenade, or principal walk in the town, is a conspicuous object from some distance, on account of the lofty dome which surmounts its Pump-room. It was established in 1809; but the Rotunda, which is so striking in its architectural features, is of much later date. The dome is 54 feet in height, and the grand apartment which it covers is 52 feet in diameter, and is richly embellished. Here the band performs both morning and evening, during the summer season. The Pump-room is, we think unfortunately, separated by an open carriage-way from its gardens, which are of some extent, and very prettily laid out. The Rotunda forms a grand apartment for balls and concerts, and we question if many finer rooms are to be found in any watering-place in the kingdom; whilst the open colonnade is a very pleasing architectural feature, and forms an excellent promenade in wet weather.

The whole of these grounds, and the spa itself, were not many years since laid out upon a swampy marsh, formed by the overflow of the Chelt (the little stream which, as the townsmen say among themselves, "is seldom seen, but often smelt") through low flat grounds. The improvement which has taken place in the public health of Cheltenham, from the draining of such a frequent source of miasma, situated close to the High-street of the town, must have been very great.

The Pitville Spa, though the last established, is by far the most interesting of the many of which Cheltenham can boast. A natural elevation of the ground has enabled the architect of the Pump-room to show to the best advantage a very tolerable design, and without doubt the most imposing of all the public buildings in Cheltenham. The approaches to it by the Pitville Gardens and promenade, charmingly shaded with trees, form an open space such as we rarely see in our over-crowded towns. The gardens from the lake take a gradual ascent, up which a broad and noble promenade is laid out, having its perspective closed by the Pump-room.

The building, which was erected in 1829, is of the Ionic order (although not very pure, being capped by a large dome, a feature entirely unknown to the Greeks), and has certainly a most striking effect when viewed across a wide extent of pleasure-ground, standing as it does on the brow of a gentle hill. It is surrounded by a colonnade, 20 feet in width, above which a tier of buildings rises,—the dome, which is 70 feet in height, crowning the whole. A very fine view of the whole town and of the surrounding country is to be had from the exterior of this dome, which is surrounded by a railing. Over the portico are three colossal statues of Hygeia, Æsculapius, and Hippocrates. The Pump-room is a noble apartment, and the huge concave of the dome, which is richly wrought, has a very fine effect.

The water is served from a marble tripod, which is surmounted by a statue of Hebe. The lake is a good-sized sheet of water; and surrounded as it is with trees and shrubs, it has a very ornamental appearance, and imparts a good deal of character to the Pitville grounds. On the surface of the lake are swans and a few other aquatic birds. The grounds are entirely encompassed by a broad carriage-drive, three quarters of a mile long. It is said, in one of the local guide-books, that the first construction of this spa, and the laying out of its drives, cost half a million sterling.

The Cambray Chalybeate Spa is situated at the corner of Imperial-square, near the entrance to the Bath road. Its spring was discovered half a century since, and is a very powerful chalybeate. Its Pump-room is a plain octagon building, in the Tudor style. We have not given any analysis of the different spas, as each of them contains different wells, all affording minute shades of difference in the manner in which their ingredients are mixed. The following extract from a little work on the Cheltenham waters, by a Resident Physician, will give a general idea of the nature of the different spas, and of the 'tap' suitable to particular maladies:—"Although," says the resident physician, "all the different waters of Cheltenham may be said to be *saline*, from their all containing the neutral salts in greater or less proportions; yet it is to those in which these salts predominate and give the medicinal character to the waters, that we particularly apply the epithet *saline*. These salts give them their leading character, and are easily discovered by their taste, and by their operations on the human body. The principal of these salts are muriate of soda, sulphate of soda, and sulphate of magnesia; for although, as has been seen by the analyses, other salts are contained in them, it is to these three that they principally owe their medicinal virtues. The purest salines are the two Nos. 4 at the Montpellier Spa, Nos. 1 and 4 at the Old Wells, and the salines at Pitville and Cambray; and accordingly those are the waters most frequently drunk in all ordinary disorders of the liver, stomach, and bowels; in dyspeptic and bilious disorders, nephritic and dropsical affections, &c., and many cases of gout and rheumatism."

Many more spas than we have mentioned have, from time to time, been opened in the town; but they have either failed, from the natural shallowness of the springs, or from their having been dried up by the deep-sunk wells of the larger establishments. We question whether even now there are not too many spas in existence. The natural result of the multiplicity is to divide the company; an ill-advised proceeding, in a place which people visit to see and be seen as much, if not more, than to receive any benefit from the waters.

The best season for drinking the waters is from August to October, and the quantity taken is generally two eight-ounce glasses. The morning is considered the best time for taking them, and exercise should be used afterwards:—a doubt may, indeed, be hinted whether the latter part of the recipe be not the more important of the two.

Medicated baths abound in the town, of course; and the good people seem to adopt the old social motto, "Though absent not forgotten," with regard to these medical waters; for they have established a manufactory of salts from them, and "the visitor (as one of the local guide-books, with tender consideration, informs us) has an opportunity of partaking of our mineral waters when he has departed from our locality and taken up his abode in a far distant clime."

At all the larger spas excellent bands lighten the feet and hearts of the promenaders; and galas, concerts, floral and horticultural shows, succeed each other in the summer season quickly enough, drawing from the resident inhabitants still more crowded audiences than the spas enjoyed of old. In the winter season, which is pre-

ferred by old Indians and those requiring a mild climate, the Assembly Rooms (which are very showy and handsome apartments in the High-street) throw open their doors to the merry dancers; and Captain Kirwan, the master of the ceremonies, commences his reign with all due authority over the votaries of Terpsichore. The ball-room is a splendid apartment, 87 feet in length, by 40 feet wide, and the eleven chandeliers by which it is lighted give it a very brilliant appearance.

The town consists principally of one long street, extending upwards of a mile in length, called the High-street, and dividing the town completely into two parts—Pitville and its pleasure-grounds lying on the north-eastern side, and the Old Wells and Montpellier on the south-western. With the exception of a few short streets branching out of the main thoroughfare, and one or two of third-rate character running parallel to it, the rest of the town is made up of detached villas, squares, crescents, and terraces. The drives leading to most of the villas and terraces are shaded on both sides with lofty trees, imparting a rural and verdant appearance not often to be met with in large towns. But while the town has very much increased in extent, and handsome houses have been erected on all sides, comparatively little attention has been paid to its sanatory state. This is much to be regretted, as the general healthiness of the town, and the entire immunity which it enjoyed during the general prevalence of the cholera in England, afford sufficient evidence of the purity and salubrity of the air. Cheltenham possesses no manufacture; and from the town being entirely of recent erection, and the houses and public buildings being constructed especially for the accommodation of its visitors, who are generally persons who have no occupation, or invalids of the more affluent classes, the town altogether has the appearance of being a cheerful and agreeable as well as a genteel place of residence.

Of the public walks and drives, the Promenade, which leads directly from the High-street to the Montpellier Gardens and Spa, is the most spacious and fashionable. It is bordered by rows of good-sized trees, which give a charming shade, and is terminated by the gigantic Queen's Hotel. From the Promenade diverge on one side, the walks and rides surrounding Imperial-square; and on the other, the pleasant lines of villas and the terraces on Bays Hill. Pursuing our route further up the Promenade, we come into the Park Estate Ride, which completely encircles a large space, once used for a zoological garden, and now let out for cricket-matches. Villas embosomed in trees surround the whole of the spacious and beautiful pleasure-ground, and the carriage-drive seems more like a country ride than a town promenade. Over the whole of the spot, indeed over the whole vale in which Cheltenham stands, three or four centuries back, an extensive forest flourished, and extended to the banks of the Avon near Bristol. This forest was inhabited in still earlier times by savage beasts; which accounts for the grant which the manor had to pay to the king, of "three thousand loaves of bread" for his dogs, employed in keeping them down. The Pitville estate is of the same character,—a collection of villas, and of squares enclosing extensive pleasure-grounds, interspersed with the most charming drives. The Royal-crescent, situated at the right hand side of the Promenade, and Lansdowne-crescent, in Montpellier, form two of the most imposing piles of building in the town.

We have said before that the town can boast of but little that is ancient. The parish church of St. Mary's, gray and gothic as it is, stands out amidst the works of modern men with a marked distinctness. This fine old church, which is chiefly of the decorated style, is a spacious and externally handsome edifice; it is cruciform, with a square tower rising from the intersection of the cross, surmounted with a lofty spire, which forms the central point of the town. A large wheel window, rich and elaborate in its tracery, in the northern transept, looks strikingly handsome as the spectator

pproaches the church from the High-street, through the green avenue of limes everal of the other windows, especially the great eastern window and the larger indow at the end of the north transept, exhibit very elegant tracery. Avenues of mes, similar to that just mentioned, shadow the walks leading to the church, in every irection. The church is supposed originally to have belonged to a priory founded here t an early date. The interior of the church is wholly devoid of beauty or convenience, being encumbered and disfigured by huge pews and galleries. It contains me ancient altar-tombs and other monuments, but even they are lumbered up or idden. In the churchyard is a mutilated stone cross. Until the year 1823, this hurch contained sufficient accommodation for the town. Since that period, however, ich has been the increase of the inhabitants, that seven new churches have been built. f these, Trinity Church, situated in Portland-street, was the first erected, the consecration taking place in 1823. It was speedily followed by the building of St. James's, situated in Suffolk-square—St. John's in Berkeley-street—St. Paul's in St. Paul's-treet—Christ Church, at Lansdowne—St. Philip's, situated in the vicinity of the ark, and St. Peter's, a little way out of the town, on the Tewkesbury-road. Of hese Christ Church is by far the largest and the most generally admired; it is built n the mixed modern Gothic style, with a tower 174 feet high. St. Peter's is a picturesque specimen of the Norman style, and the interior has a very chaste appearance. he others find admirers, but the less said about them the better. Another new hurch is about to be erected in the Bath-road. Chapels for all the different denominations of Dissenters are abundant. A smart dissenting chapel is one of the most oticeable of the buildings now erecting in the town.

In public instruction Cheltenham is not at all deficient. The Proprietary College situated in the Bath-road is an ambitious and imposing building, erected in 1843, rom a design by Mr. Wilson, of Bath; and is in the Tudor collegiate style. The ngade is 240 feet in length, and the building has a depth of 90 feet, with a central ower, 80 feet in height. Within is a vestibule, with a corridor leading to the Princeal's room and gymnasium, and a staircase leading to the Master's room and the ibrary, which are lighted up by two handsome oriel windows. To the right of the estibule is the principal school-room, a noble hall, 90 feet by 45 feet, which is lighted by range of large windows, and by a spacious bay window, 20 feet wide by 30 feet high xternally, which forms the chief feature of the south gable. The gymnasium, in the orresponding portion of the building to the north, is a hall of the same dimensions nd nearly similar in character. The Lecture-room is 40 feet by 32 feet; the principal indows are 35 feet high externally. This seminary is governed by a board of directors, lected annually. A first-rate education is given here. The college will accommoate 300 students.

The Grammar-school stands next in importance as a public school. It is situated in he High-street, and is very ancient, having been founded in 1578, by W. Pates, Esq., Queen Elizabeth granting land in aid of it. The income was not at first more than £80 per annum, derived from land and houses in the towns of Gloucester and Cheltenam; but the value has so far increased lately, and so many leases have fallen in, that re long it will exceed £2000. It is in contemplation to pull down the present nsignificant building, and erect a more spacious and handsome school, fitted for the eception of a greater number of boys than the fifty now admitted, according to the will f the founder. Some improvement in the character of the instruction, as well as xtension of the number of students, has long been sadly needed.

The will of Mr. Pates, the founder, contains some very curious regulations with espect to the manner of giving prizes in the school, and as to the prizes themselves.

"Previous to the annual visitation, the governors are to give four days' notice to the schoolmaster; and after the examinations the visitors shall determine which four scholars have showed themselves best of the whole number in disputation, and which of the three in the next three forms; and shall dispose to the said scholars gifts and rewards,—that is to say, to the best of the four so allowed, a pen of silver, wholly gilt of the price of 2*s.* 6*d.*; to the second best of the said four, a pen of silver, parcel gilt of the price of 1*s.* 8*d.*; to the third, a pen of silver, of the price of 1*s.* 4*d.*; and to the fourth, a pen and inkhorn of the price of 6*d.*;—which said four shall be termed the four visitors of the school for that year; and the other three adjudged the three best scholars of the three next several forms to the highest, have every one of them a quire of paper, price 4*d.* the quire, for their rewards:—which being done, and the oration of the examiner concluded, the whole company of scholars shall go in order to the parish church, the four visitors coming last (next before the schoolmaster or usher) each having a laurel garland on his head: and the other three rewarded scholars shall go together in one rank (next before the said visitors), each of them *holding his quire of paper rolled up in his right hand.*"

One of the most remarkable of the new buildings in Cheltenham is the Church of England Training-College; an institution founded for educating masters and mistresses of Infant and Parochial or National Schools. The new building is a very extensive structure, situated in the Swindon Road. It is a quaint monastic-looking edifice designed by Mr. Dankes, very clever and somewhat original in design; but to our thinking, far too monastic-looking and medieval for its purpose. This building, which by the way, is only for the male students, contains residences for the principal, vice-principal, assistant master, and ninety students. It cost upwards of £10,000; which sum was raised by subscriptions, aided by a Government grant. For the female establishment, a house of very respectable antiquity, but which is said to be well adapted for its purpose, has been rented; it will accommodate a governess and sixty pupils. At both of these there are normal schools; and there are besides in the town, several National, British, and Infant Schools. For children of a larger growth, there is a Literary and Scientific Institution, situated in the Promenade, which has recently assumed a very popular character. A Mechanics' Institute has also been established; but as it has no building specially appropriated to it, the lectures are delivered, and the meetings held, in a school-room rented for the purpose. With benevolent institutions of all kinds the town is abundantly provided. A new hospital has been erected recently, in a healthy situation on the outskirts of the town; the building in the High-street, formerly used as the hospital, is, however, still employed as a dispensary. There are, besides, an orphan asylum, almshouses for the decayed inhabitants, and several parochial charities. The charitable societies, especially connected with the various religious bodies and congregations, are very numerous.

The Market-place of Cheltenham will not, like that of some other large towns, be visited as one of the town's notabilities. It is situated in the centre of the town, and is approached from the High-street by an arcade. Markets are held daily. Fairs are held several times during the year. Cheltenham abounds in hotels and boarding-houses. The principal hotels are the Queen's before mentioned, the Imperial, and the Plough. The Queen's is a magnificent building; the rooms are lofty and spacious, and the accommodation is excellent. It is situated at the end of the Promenade, and forms an imposing finish to this noble avenue. The Imperial Hotel is also in the Promenade, but much nearer to the centre of the town. The Plough Hotel is in the High-street, and until the erection of the Queen's, was without a rival; it, however, still retains its constant flow of visitors, and is one of the busiest hotels in the town.

large portion of the handsomest and most commodious terraces and crescents are oarding-houses; and, consequently, during some months in the year, the town has ie appearance of being in a great measure deserted.

The Great Western Railway Station is very conveniently situated in St. James's quare. It is a spacious structure, and though plain, is airy and pleasing in its eneral appearance. The station of the Bristol and Birmingham Railway is a small npretending building, situated about a mile from the town, on the Gloucester Road. he terminus of the Great Western Railway occupies a portion of Jessop's Nursery; rmerly a rather favourite promenade of both townspeople and visitors. The grounds ere of considerable extent, and were furnished, in addition to the shrubs and flowers ually found in such places, with a collection of wild beasts and birds, brought here the breaking up of the old Cheltenham Zoological Gardens.

Of the numerous mansions in Cheltenham and its neighbourhood, Thirlestane House, e seat of Lord Northwick, deserves particular mention, on account of its extensive col- tion of paintings. This mansion is situated in the Bath Road, contiguous to the College. is a handsome building of the Ionic order, and was erected at the cost of £80,000. picture-gallery, 80 feet in length, has been added to the original building by the esent proprietor; but the walls of the whole suite of rooms on the ground-floor, as ell as the gallery, altogether forming a space of 300 feet in length, are covered ith works of art by the more celebrated painters, both of ancient and modern nes. This magnificent collection is open to the public daily, between the hours one and three, and when the family is absent, the whole suite of rooms is rown open to visitors. The collection is varied as well as valuable, and the rangement of the pictures is far more tasteful and judicious than is at all usual in ivate galleries. Most of the leading schools of art are represented here; and, though e pictures are not generally of large size, most of the great painters have contri- ted to the collection. Perhaps the Rubenses are the most prominent and attractive the pictures. The chief is 'The Marriage of the Virgin,' one of those extraordinary orks in which the great Flemish master, by a luxuriant splendour of colour, com- ands attention, and almost atones for coarseness of form and entire want of votional feeling. Another picture by Rubens, though somewhat less resplendent in lour, seems more fitted for his vivid pencil, and will be dwelt upon with more abid- g pleasure; a finer work in its way than the 'Tiger's attacking a party of Horse- en,' it will not be easy to find. It is so full of life, and energy, and power, that the lour, which commonly first catches the eye in his works, is here hardly thought of t a painting appealing far more powerfully to a refined taste than either of the ubenses is the 'Woman taken in Adultery,' by Giorgione. It is a marvel of subdued hness of colour, yet thoroughly imbued with a grave, becoming sentiment. It is in l respects a work to be studied, and renders even the masterly canvases of Titian cold d unsatisfactory. Another Giorgione is scarcely inferior to the first. By Titian ere are two or three good specimens, enough to maintain the high character of the netian School. And then there is an exquisite 'Virgin and Child with St. John,' Raffaelle—a picture to visit again and again with ever new delight, and one which ill on every new visit reveal a new excellence. There are also several specimens of rlier painters; some as primitive as any of the most recent examples of high art, put rth by medieval professor, or pre-Raffaellite brother. Other of the olden painters e cannot stay to speak of. Here are works by Italians, Spaniards, Flemish, and utch; by Van Eyck, Carlo Dolce, Tintoretto, Salvator Rosa, Velasquez, Murillo, olbein, Vandyke, Teniers, and very many more. And then there are also, what ery Englishman delights to see, many admirable examples of our own painters, both

deceased and living. The library is devoted to British art. By Sir Joshua Reynold there is a repetition of his famous picture, painted for the Empress Catherine, 'Th Infant Hercules strangling the Serpents.' Gainsborough has a landscape, 'The Wate ing Place,' a duplicate of the fine picture in the National Gallery. Hilton, Stothar and others of our older painters are also here. Then by living artists, there Maclise's large picture of Robin Hood, which some of our readers will doubtless reco lect having seen at the exhibition of the Royal Academy. A couple of Maclise's earli pictures are also in the room. Our living landscape painters are well represented b Creswick, Linton, and others. Creswick has one of his fresh and verdant shady spo —a clear rippling stream overhung by some light crisp foliage, and illumined by strag gling sunbeams. Linton's is one of his most glowing, yet sombre sunrises; Webste Roberts, and many more have pictures we should like well to linger and gossip ove So also have Schalken, and one or two foreign living painters, whose works woul serve well to contrast with those of our countrymen; but we have stayed, perhaps, tc long already, and must on. We may, however, just mention that Thirlestane Hous contains, besides the paintings, a good many pieces of sculpture, as well as casts an copies from the antique; and also a very large collection of coins and medals, whiel however, are of course not open to public inspection.

We have indicated the chief things to be looked for in Cheltenham; we may nov wander a while beyond its boundaries. For next to the medicinal character of it waters, the picturesqueness of its neighbourhood forms the chief attraction of Chel tenham. The Vale of Gloucester, in which it is situated, is semicircular, the Severn forming the chord, and the Cotswold Hills the arc; the towns of Cheltenham Gloucester, and Tewkesbury making a triangle within its area. The valley being open on the south and west renders the temperature equable and pleasant. Leckhampton Hill, at the foot of which Cheltenham lies, is the nearest ridge of the Cotswolds, and from its summit, which rises very precipitately in some parts, especially near the detached piece of rock called the Devil's Chimney, a beautiful view of the wide spreading valley, with its three centres of life, is to be seen. White and festive looking Cheltenham lies at the spectator's feet, the representative of leisure and fashion; Gloucester, the busy port, to the west; and Tewkesbury to the north, the representative of the past, with its old Norman abbey, and its quiet streets, scarcely changed since the time Queen Margaret and Edward fought fiercely for a crown on its "Bloody Meadow." When the day is clear, still further north across the silver Severn, the towers of Worcester Cathedral pierce the air.

Another very pleasing view, but confined to the town and the range of the Cotswold Hills beyond, with just a glimpse of the hills of Malvern, is obtained from Battledown. Continuing the walk in this direction for nearly a mile we come to a rustic lodge, whiel leads to a place well worth visiting, for its quiet rural beauty. It is a small streamlet meandering through a wild and secluded dell, and forming here and there little sparkling waterfalls. The dell is rich in a great variety of ferns, and some very beautiful mosses, with a luxuriant supply of wild flowers. The Glenfall is private property but the visitor will have no difficulty in obtaining access to it. But the finest and most extensive view anywhere in the immediate neighbourhood of Cheltenham is to be had from Birdlip, a little village, or rather hamlet, about six miles from the town; it is situated on the summit of one of the highest ridges of the Cotswold Hills, and the road leading to it from either of the towns of Cheltenham, Gloucester, or Tewkesbury (from all of which places it has numerous visitors), is exceedingly beautiful. There is nothing of the slightest interest to be seen in the village itself, but it is enclosed on two sides by magnificent woods, extending for some miles; these woods are interspersed

with narrow shady walks, while here and there a break in the rich foliage discloses a charming peep of the wide-spread country around. A walk through these woods of about three miles will bring the visitor to the remains of an old Roman Bath House, which forms one of the principal attractions of Birdlip, or rather, perhaps, we should say, of Witcombe, in which parish it is situated. The floor is covered with tesselated pavement, in a very good state of preservation, and some of the pipes for the conveyance of the water still remain perfect. The vestiges of two rooms remain: they are covered with a building, the key of which may be obtained at a neighbouring cottage.

One of the principal 'lions' of Cheltenham, and which no visitor to the town, or any of the surrounding villages, ought to neglect visiting, is the Seven Springs, the source of the Thames, near the foot of Leckhampton Hill, about three miles from Cheltenham. 'The stream which flows from Thames Head, near Cirencester, is by many writers called the source of the Thames; but from its situation, so much farther from the main trunk, and the greater quantity of water that constantly flows from it, Seven Springs seems fairly entitled to the name of the "very head" of Thames, and is now generally so considered by geographers. It is as lovely, quiet, and overflowing, as we could wish the head of Thames to be. The Springs, which lie in a secluded dell, are overhung with a luxuriant canopy of foliage. The water gushes clear as crystal out of the rock from several different openings (it is commonly said from several different springs, but they are evidently connected with each other), and, after whirling round a few times, starts

> "Off with a sally and a flash of speed,
> As if it scorn'd both resting-place and rest."'
>
> THORNE'S *Rambles by Rivers: The Thames.*

This head-stream of the Thames is named the Cern or Churn, until it unites at Lechlade with the stream which flows from Thames Head. From the Springs, almost till it reaches Cirencester, the little stream flows merrily along a glen-like valley, well earning for itself the title which Drayton so happily gives it, of "Nimble-footed Churn." In this part of its course it is extremely beautiful, and the leisurely rambler will gladly pursue its windings for a mile or two. But the excursionist has little leisure for such a purpose: we will therefore return to our starting-place. The walk from Seven Springs back to the town, through a beautiful green slope, called the "Velvet Valley," will amply repay the visitor, especially if he be in time to see the sun set over the brow of Leckhampton Hill, shedding a quiet but rich loveliness over the extensive and varied landscape with which he is surrounded.

About a mile and a half north-east from the town is the village of Prestbury, formerly a place of some importance, and having a charter-free weekly market granted to it by Henry III. In the reign of Henry VII. the town was destroyed by fire, but was soon rebuilt; for Leland, who visited it in the reign of Henry VIII., says, "It is now made a market town again, a twenty yeres' syns." At the present time it is merely a small and unimportant village; but it contains a fine old church, part of which is of great antiquity, and it stands in a pretty rural churchyard; the porch at the western end is covered with roses and other climbing plants. Prestbury lies at the foot of Cleeve Hill, which is 1134 feet high, and from the summit of which a most extensive view may be obtained. The ground on the top of this hill is level for some miles. It is now used as a racecourse; but the Cheltenham races are not of the highest class. To the right of the village is the ancient mansion of Southam, the property of Lord Ellenborough, who purchased it from a descendant of its original founder, De la Bere. The house, deservedly called by Leland, "a pretty manour place," is one of the most ancient

mansions in Gloucestershire; having been built about the year 1499, and still retains, unshaken by decay, its original form of architecture. The house consists but of two stories; and one of the halls is paved with encaustic tiles, preserved from the ruins of Hayle's Abbey. The mansion contains many ancient pictures.

Another spot in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, interesting to those imbued with a love of feudal architecture, is Sudeley Castle, about a mile south by east of the little town of Winchcomb, seven miles from Cheltenham. The drive to that spot is through the most charming hill-country imaginable. The castle was built in the reign of Henry VI., by Ralph Lord Botcler, on the site of a more ancient castle. It is still imposing in size, and before it was ruined in the civil wars, it must have extended over a large space of ground. It has been purchased lately by two gentlemen, who have restored much of it to its original condition, and enriched its interior with a large portion of Horace Walpole's collection from Strawberry Hill, and with many valuable historical pictures. One very interesting association connected with this stronghold is, that it contained some years since the remains of Catherine Parr, the surviving queen of Henry VIII. She married Lord Seymour, of Sudeley Castle, in 1548, and died in child-birth, as it was alleged, but not without strong suspicion of having been poisoned by her husband. In 1782, her coffin was opened, and the body found in a most perfect state of preservation: a few years later, however, a company of drunken brutes dug up her remains in the dead of the night and mutilated them; and she now lies interred in the parish church, a plain stone being all that marks her resting-place.

Winchcomb itself is a place worth a visit. Though now little better than a village, it was once a market-town of some consequence, having a strong castle and an abbey for three hundred monks of the Benedictine order; the superior, moreover, being a mitred abbot. Not a trace of these buildings remains. One source of its prosperity was the growth of tobacco, which plant appears to have flourished more in the vale of Gloucester than elsewhere. Fuller says, in his quaint way, "Tobacco lately grew in this country, but now may not. It was first planted about Winchcomb, and many got great estates thereby, notwithstanding the great care and cost in planting, replanting, transplanting, watering, snailing, suckering, topping, cropping, sweating, drying, making and rolling it. But it hath been prohibited of late by Act of Parliament, as hindering our English plantation in the West Indies, abating the revenues of the State in customs and import, and spoiling much of our good ground, which might be employed for corn or cattle." This act was passed in the reign of Charles II. Now that the hindrance and advancement of our West Indian plantations are alike disregarded, the culture of corn might be perhaps left to shift for itself, and farmers be permitted to try the fitness of their soil for the growth of the weed, did not the abating of the revenue interpose as powerful an objection as ever. Some of the old tobacco warehouses are still pointed out in Winchcomb. The chief object of interest in the town now is the church, which is a fine old Gothic edifice. Part of it was built in the reign of Henry VI. by the Abbot William of Winchcomb.

The little villages of Leckhampton, Shurdington, and Swindon, are exceedingly pretty; and well worth a visit by any one staying at Cheltenham. Leckhampton Church is a very picturesque specimen of a country village church; it was built about the middle of the fourteenth century, and is surmounted with a lofty spire. The churchyard contains some very fine old trees, which completely encircle the church, some parts of which are covered with ivy and wild creeping-plants. There are some ancient tombstones in the churchyard, and many almost hidden beneath the rich wild flowers which are planted about them. Both the other villages possess churches of some interest.

TEWKESBURY.—One of the pleasantest excursions that can be made from Cheltenham is to Tewkesbury, famous the world over for its Abbey. The nine miles are run over by the railway in less than half an hour, and the visitor finds himself in a place where time seems for the last four or five centuries to have almost stood still. The abbey, indeed, looks thoroughly Anglo-Norman. The huge shadows of the massive structure speak of an ascetic gloom, such as we are accustomed to couple with the earlier ages of the Church. The tower especially, with its rich arrangement of Norman arches, is peculiarly impressive, and its great window is celebrated throughout England. This magnificent window is upwards of 132 feet in height, and is formed like a gigantic doorway; a series of receding Norman arches giving a gloomy depth to the window itself, which is of a much later date than its imposing frame. The abbey is one of the largest in England, being no less than 300 feet long. It contains some of the finest specimens of Norman and early English architecture extant. The clerk who showed us over the building, spoke of the raptures with which Mr. Pugin surveyed some of the details, which he copied with the most religious care; and doubtless it was he who pointed out to Mr. Barry, the elaborate Gothic tracery still visible over one of the arches which formed the now demolished cloisters to the church; at any rate, that gentleman has had faithful working models made of them for the interior arches of the Victoria Tower; where the spectator may now see them freshly cut, and producing a striking effect in the building. The abbey bears a very ancient date, having been founded by the Mercian Dukes Odo and Dodo. Much of it was destroyed by fire in the Saxon time; but in the reign of King John it was so important a place, that it was allowed the custody of one of the seven copies of Magna Charta granted by the king. It was the last abbey in Gloucestershire that surrendered to the Crown, and the monks, who bitterly opposed the commissioners sent by the king to inquire into its condition, are charged with having burnt down the Cloisters, the Lady Chapel, and the Chapter House in revenge: on the other hand, however, the commissioners are said to have been themselves the incendiaries. The church is built in the cathedral form, having a nave, choir, and transepts, with several side chapels. The side aisles are separated from the nave by eighteen massive Norman pillars, from which the roof springs in rich groins, decorated with the quaintest knots of foliage, and added figures. In one of the side chapels a very singular series of frescoes of the most curious character, and some of them possessing great beauty of drawing, has been discovered of late years on the removal of several coats of whitewash.

Several of the ancient abbots lie in huge stone coffins, placed in niches in the walls. The tomb of one of these, Abbot Alan, of Tewkesbury, the friend and biographer of Thomas à Becket, was opened in 1795, and when the lid was taken off, the body appeared astonishingly perfect; the folds of the drapery were distinct, but the whole soon crumbled away when exposed to the air; the boots, which hung in large folds about the legs, retained their form and elasticity. On the right-hand lay a wooden crosier, neatly turned, and gilt at the top; on the left side were the remains of a chalice. In this church sleep also in peace many of the nobles who fought in the famous battle of Tewkesbury, which utterly extinguished the Lancastrian party; among these were the Duke of Somerset, Lord Wenlock, the Prince Edward, and several others. Leaving the cool gloom of the ancient abbey, after a walk of a few minutes, you come out on a beautiful mead, full of wild flowers, and smiling in the sun. The stranger little thinks, as he treads it, that it was once the scene of the greatest slaughter that England's annals record; and that its green breast was, hundreds of years ago, dyed red with the best blood of the land—that he is, in fact, upon that famous Bloody Meadow in which the high-spirited Margaret staked her last stake, and

was hurled into the dust. On this bloody field Lord Devonshire, Lord John Somerset, Sir R. Whittingham, Sir Edward Hampden, and many other eminent men were found among the 3000 slain. Many fled to the abbey for sanctuary, but this sacred place did not avail them; they were dragged forth, arraigned as traitors before the Dukes of York and Norfolk, convicted, and beheaded on a scaffold erected in the centre of the town. The unfortunate Queen Margaret was found concealed in a waggon, on the field of battle, fainting with terror, and was sent off to the Tower, where she remained in captivity for many years, until she was ransomed by Louis XI. of France. The young Prince Edward, as is well known, was murdered in cold blood after the battle, by the king, Edward IV. and his brother Richard, the butcher. We have been led away from the abbey; we shall now only add, that at the dissolution of religious houses, the abbey of Tewkesbury possessed a revenue of £1595 17*s.* 6*d.*; and that according to Dyde, there were then 144 servants attached to it. The Abbey Church is the only building of consequence in the town, but there are some curious half-timber houses. Tewkesbury took a part in the great civil war, and was held during the chief part of the struggle by the parliamentarians. The town of Tewkesbury is composed of three long streets, built in the form of the letter Y. Of old it had a considerable portion of the West of England clothing business, but that has now wholly departed. It must once also have been famous for its mustard; for we find Shakspere saying of a person with a sad heavy countenance, that he looked "as thick as Tewkesbury mustard;" and it is a proverbial expression among the people, when speaking of an acute person, that "he looks as sharp as Tewkesbury mustard." At Tewkesbury, the Avon, Shakspere's Avon, falls into the Severn. From the meeting of those rivers, and the Carron and Swilgate brooks, there is a great rise of water here at floods, and the town which lies very low, is in consequence subject to inundations. It has happened more than once that boats have been employed to carry people *over* the bridge, and sometimes boats have been used in the streets, and the water has stood high in the church chancel.

GLOUCESTER.

The history of the City of Gloucester begins with the Romans, by whom it was held as an important military station. It was one of the principal of the Saxon cities, and was frequently ravaged by the Danes, in common with other rich towns in the west. In 1016, it was the scene of a memorable combat between Edmund Ironsides and King Canute. These two kings were forced by their followers to bring to a conclusion, by their own personal prowess, a war which had long lasted, with ever varying successes. The royal duel was fought on the small island formed at Gloucester by the division of the Severn into two channels, which re-unite again close to the city. Like many another duel, it ended in a compromise; the two champions agreeing to divide the kingdom between them.

Many of the early English kings held courts and parliament here; and the city has taken part in nearly all the civil wars of the island. The event which has rendered it historically memorable, was the success with which it withstood the siege of the royal army, and the fatal check it gave to the hitherto triumphant progress of Charles towards his capital. It was the valour of Massey's defence which turned the fate of

e war, raising the spirits of the dejected parliamentarians, and clouding the fortunes Charles. Clarendon, in his account of the siege, tells us that, upon his Majesty mmoning the city with his numerous army, just flushed by the taking of Bristol' d requiring an answer within two hours, "Within less than the time prescribed, gether with the trumpeter returned two citizens from the town, with lean, pale, arp, and bad visages,—indeed, faces so strange and unusual, and in such a garb and sture, that at once made the most severe countenance merry, and the most cheerful arts sad; for it was impossible that such ambassadors could bring less than a defi- ce. The men, without any circumstance of duty or good manners, in a pert, shrill, dismayed accent, said, 'they had brought an answer from the godly city of Gloucester the king.'" The answer was, of course, a refusal to give up the city; immediately on which, preparations were made for commencing hostilities, both by besiegers and sieged. The former set fire, without remorse, to all the houses without the walls, cording to Dorney, "By burning of the suburbs, the city is a garment without irts, which we were willing to part withal, lest our enemies should set upon them." e Royalists did not dare to assault the place; and after closely investing it for ree months, were obliged to raise the siege on account of the advance of the London tin-bands, under Essex, to the relief of the city. On the 5th of September, 1643, oucester was relieved, when it had but one barrel of powder left in store. With is celebrated adventure ends the military history of Gloucester.

It is said that William the Conqueror, after he had subdued the southern part of e kingdom, came to Gloucester, and greatly liking the place as forming a barrier ainst the Welshmen who had rendered his predecessor's reign so uneasy, had the rth and south walls fortified with embattled stone walls and gates. These fortifica- ns remained until 1662, when they were demolished by the Commissioners appointed the regulation of Corporations. The gates forming the terminations of the four cets were long preserved, however. The original South Gate was battered down ring the siege, but was rebuilt the same year, and on it was cut in capital letters and the arch on one side:—A CITY ASSAULTED BY MAN, BUT SAVED BY GOD. On the ner side next the city, EVER REMEMBER THE 5th OF SEPTEMBER (the day the siege s raised by Essex), 1643. GIVE GOD THE GLORY. Shortly after the Restoration, e king, remembering his father's defeat before this city, ordered the doors belonging the gates to be pulled down, and presented them to the city of Worcester, which d so long remained faithful to his cause.

The streets of Gloucester do not appear to have suffered much alteration since the ne when they were first laid down by the Romans, notwithstanding that of late ars it has much increased in population. It consists mainly of four streets, forming ross, and named Northgate, Southgate, Eastgate, and Westgate streets, from their ng according to the points of the compass, and their having been limited by the y gates. Every here and there some old house—old as the early Henrys—projects hanging front upon these streets, or an ancient church marks the antiquity of the ce. Gloucester, like Bristol, must originally have been a great stronghold of e clergy, as it contained fifteen churches, besides the Cathedral, in former times when had not perhaps a tithe of its present number of inhabitants. Only six of these main, but six more have been built within these few years.

The manner in which the city has increased may be estimated from the fact, that in 62, the householders of the city numbered only 936, and in 1710, the houses had ly increased to 1003, containing 4990 inhabitants. In the year 1743, there were 35 householders, and about 5585 inhabitants in Gloucester; and in the hamlets ich are within the liberties, there were 275 householders, and 936 inhabitants

more. At the census of 1841, this city contained 2514 houses with 14,152 inhabita
Gloucester of old was celebrated for several kind of manufactures. Even as early
the reign of William the Conqueror, the workers in iron were very numerous he
The ore was brought from Robin Hood's Hill, at a distance of two miles from the ci
where it was once found in great abundance. Smith-street was formerly inhabi
almost entirely by persons employed in iron work. At this early date the metal v
worked by hand; but when water-power came to be applied to the smelting a
working of the metal, the city lost the manufacture. The clothing trade was a
carried on here once very extensively; but it decayed in common with all the l
employments in the West of England, and at the present time almost the only ma
facture in the town is that of pins, which has long flourished.

The tall and beautiful tower of the Cathedral is the centre which attracts all visit
The secluded space around the old time-worn abbey, adds an atmosphere of solemni
which is quite in keeping with it. In size, it has few superior in the kingdom, bei
427 feet in length, and 154 feet in breadth. The tower, which is in the perpendicu
style, was erected in 1457, and is perhaps the most striking feature of the exterior
the building. It is 225 feet in height, square and massive, while the exquisite paral
tracery gives it great lightness and elegance. The view from the summit is extens
and full of interest.

The interior well illustrates the history of the art of Gothic architecture as practis
in England from the earliest times. There is little doubt that a religious house w
founded here, soon after the introduction of Christianity into Britain, and a nunne
existed on the spot in the seventh century; the present building, dedicated as
Benedictine Abbey, was founded in 1090. From this period to the dissolution,
abbots employed themselves in adding to and beautifying it, so that there is not an a
of Gothic but has its representative in this Cathedral. The crypt, which has curious lo
elliptical arches, is the oldest part, having been constructed by Abbot Serlo, A.D., 108
the nave and side aisles are not much later. The pillars of the nave are very massi
and simple, after the manner of the Anglo-Norman style, and give a perspective
177 feet, of great dignity and breadth of effect. Passing from the simple grandeur
this portion of the church to the elaborate tracery of the choir, transept, and La
Chapel, is like visiting two different worlds, and indeed they represent periods
different in manners and ideas as the lapse of 500 years of the world could be expect
to have made. The east window, which was put up in Edward III.'s reign, is one
the largest and finest windows in England, being no less than 78 feet in height a
35 feet in width. The stained glass with which it is filled was sadly mutilated in th
civil war, and its broken pieces all mingled together represent the rich yet vag
assemblage of colours in a Persian carpet. A committee of the Society of Antiquari
issued a report relative to Gloucester Cathedral some years since; and when speakin
of the east window and the choir, state that "The great elevation of the vault, th
richness of the design, the elaborate tracery which covers the walls, and the vast e
panse of the east window, render the choir an almost unrivalled specimen of the flori
style of architecture." The design of the east window is perhaps quite singular, an
was probably owing to the necessity or convenience of founding the new work on th
solid basis of the old Norman foundations. Of this the architect has, however, mad
a most ingenious use. The fan-like expansion of the two eastern compartments o
the side walls, and the bowed form of the east window itself, are extremely beautifu
and give a peculiar air of lightness and space to the termination of the church. Th
Lady Chapel, constructed in 1490, is the latest portion of the church. A gallery
which connects the upper side aisles of the choir with this building, is known as th

aispering gallery, and although 75 feet long, transmits sounds, however low, in the ost distinct manner. On the wall of the passage the following lines are written:—

"Doubt not but God who sits on high,
Thy secret prayers can hear;
When a dead wall thus cunningly
Conveys soft whispers to the ear."

Among the monuments are some of historical interest,—one, that of Robert Curt-se, duke of Normandy, who was confined so many years in Cardiff Castle, consists his effigy habited as a crusader, upon an altar-tomb. It is formed of Irish oak, and said to be the oldest of the kind in England. Another yet more interesting tomb is at of the ill-fated King Edward II., whose body after his savage murder at Berkeley stle was brought here. After his death, Abbot Thokey had the courage to go to Berke-y Castle, attended by his brethren solemnly robed, and accompanied by a procession m the city, and claim the body for burial, which, with the observance of all possible pect, he conveyed in his own chariot, *drawn by stags*, to the abbey, where it was erred with becoming solemnity. Soon after the corpse of the royal victim was laid, the grave, the people from all parts of the kingdom thronged to pay homage to it such numbers, that the town at one time could not hold them, and their offerings re so great, that they sufficed to rebuild the south aisle and the principal part of e church. The monument to his memory is full of beauty, and the effigy of marble mounting the altar-table is wrought most exquisitely. The face is sad, yet resigned, d in a fine style of sculpture. Around the capital of the Saxon column near which s monument stands, are painted a number of white stags; whether this animal med his armorial device, or whether they were placed there in recollection of the nner in which the monarch was conveyed to his last home, we know not. Passing t of the church, a very different kind of monument attracts the eye. At the foot of marble statue, the simple name of 'Edward Jenner' is sufficient epitaph for one of e greatest benefactors to the whole human race. A monument of Abbot Serlo, the ginal builder of the Cathedral, may well claim a passing word. Some other of the cient monuments are also deserving of notice by visitors, either for their own rits, or on account of those they commemorate.

The cloisters, erected in 1390, and which are strangely placed on the north side of e Cathedral, are perhaps the most perfect remaining in England; indeed they are most as sharp, in all their beautiful details, as the day they were first cut. The very rious lavatories are still preserved; and in the dim light we can, with ease, imagine ow of shaven monks cooling their crowns with the pure element. The recesses in hich it is alleged they sat painting their curious missiles, and transcribing, are also inted out; but it may well be doubted whether the monks used them for any such rpose. Many repairs and restorations are now going forward at the Cathedral, d, as it appeared to us, they are being conducted with judgment and excellent ste.

A short distance from the Cathedral, in St. Mary's-square, a monument is erected to shop Hooper. On this very street the martyr had suffered at the stake. He was moted to the see of Gloucester by Edward VI., where he strenuously opposed rdiner and Bonner; on the death of the young king, however, he was marked out r destruction. When his friends perceived what would be his fate if he remained his post, they urged him to fly; but he replied, "Once did I fly, but now I am led to this place, I am resolved to live and die with my sheep." Having been amined, and his faith declared heretical by Gardiner, he was for some time confined

in Newgate, and then conducted to Gloucester where he was burned on Saturda February 9th, 1555, that being market day.

Gloucester contains scarcely any fine buildings of modern date; the largest ar most important being the County Hall, in Westgate-street, designed by Smirke; ne to this, the Lunatic Asylum is the finest building. The new bridge over the Seve is a handsome structure. A dissenting chapel, now in course of erection, and near completed in the most orthodox medieval manner, is really a very pretty and church-lil edifice. Gloucester, by the way, appears to be pretty strong in dissent, as seems b fitting the birthplace of George Whitefield.

Gloucester was made a port, and had its first customhouse erected in the reign Elizabeth; but the Severn is too dangerous to navigate as high as the city, and is shallow that no vessels of any size could reach it. This evil was in a measure rem died in 1826, by the completion of the Berkeley and Gloucester Canal, eighteen miles length, which opens into the Severn at Sharpness Point, a most interesting and pi turesque spot. This is the deepest and largest canal in England, vessels of 400 to passing along it and discharging their cargoes at Gloucester; and a most singul sight it is, to see large ships moving along the surface of the meadows, as they appe to do in their way up to the city. The chief trade carried on at Gloucester is timber and corn, both of which commodities it imports largely; indeed, since tl repeal of the corn-laws, its commerce has been rapidly increasing, and it bids fai before long, to be one of the largests *dépôts* for foreign wheat in the West of Englan In the vicinity of the dock large brick warehouses are already numerous, and more a building. The timber trade is also a very important traffic for the port of Glouceste Situated as it is in the very heart, almost, of the midland counties, the railroads t which it is surrounded draw from it their supplies almost entirely. The only drav back to its progress is the want of any back cargoes, with the exception, perhaps, salt from Droitwich. This evil will be in some measure remedied when the Sout Wales line, now in full progress, is extended to this city, and when the projected Fore of Dean Railway is completed. Iron and coal will then be at the very doors of tl city, and will form important articles of export. Gloucester promises to form a ver important centre of railway communication. At present it is connected with the nort and south by the line running from Birmingham to Plymouth. It is also indirectl connected with the east by the Great Western branch, running through Cheltenha and the Stroud Valley to Swindon. The South Wales line will put it in connexio with the richest counties of the Principality. With such facilities of communicatio Gloucester bids fair to have a very prosperous future.

Gloucester is a municipal and parliamentary city, sending two members to Parli ment, and being governed by a corporation, consisting of six aldermen, and seventee councillors, one of whom is mayor. The streets are well paved and lighted; and th city is pretty well furnished with schools and benevolent institutions.

Berkeley.—The family of the Berkeleys is so intimately connected with both Glouce ter and Cheltenham, that a history of either place would scarce be compete witho some account of their famous castle—

"Berkeley, whose fair seat hath been famous long,"

as the quaint Polyolbion hath it, and which every visitor to either place never fails t visit, both on account of the manner in which it is woven into our history, and for th excellent example it affords of the feudal castle, of which it is one of the most perfec specimens existing in England. The town of Berkeley is sixteen miles from Glou

cester, and is reached by one of the most beautiful rides in the country. The railway station is about three miles east of the town. The stronghold is situated in a beautiful park.

"There stands the castle by yon tuft of trees,"

said our great bard, two centuries and a half ago, and it has probably changed little in appearance since that time. It is quite Norman in its construction, having been founded a short time after the Conquest, by Roger de Berkeley, to whom the manor had been given by the Norman William. It came into the possession of the present family in the beginning of the twelfth century, when the castle with its lands was given to Robert Fitzhardinge, a famous merchant and magistrate of Bristol, a descendant of one of the Danish sea-kings, whose daughter afterwards married the heir of the old possessor; and from them the family has descended to the present Earl Fitzhardinge in an unbroken line, extending over seven hundred years. This celebrated fortress has been the scene of several historical events, the most memorable of which is familiar to every schoolboy—the savage murder of King Edward II. Holinshed, who gives a very particular account of the transaction, tells us that "His cric did move many within the castle and town of Birckelei to compassion, plainly hearing him utter a wailful voyse, as the tormentors were about to murder him: so that dyvers being awakened thereby, (as they themselves confessed,) prayed heartilie to God to receyve his soule, when they understode by his crie what the matter ment." But from the situation of the castle and the thickness of the walls, it is hardly conceivable that his cries could have been heard.

Berkeley Castle is situated at the south-east side of and close to the town; and commands an extensive view of the Severn and the neighbouring country. It remains a tolerably perfect specimen of a castellated building, being in complete repair, and not ruinous in any part. It is an irregular pile, consisting of a keep and various embattled buildings, which surround a circular court of about 140 yards in circumference. The chief ornament of this court is the fine exterior of the Baronial Hall, which is a noble room, in excellent preservation; adjoining to it is the chapel. The apartments are very numerous, but except where modern windows have been substituted, they are mostly of a gloomy character. In one of them are the ebony bedstead and chairs used by Sir Francis Drake in his voyage round the world. The entrance to an outer court is under a machicolated gate-tower, which is all that remains of the buildings that are said to have formerly surrounded the outer court. The keep is nearly circular; it has one square tower and three semi-circular towers. That on the north, which is the highest part of the castle, was rebuilt in the reign of Edward II., and is called Thorpe's Tower, from a family of that name, who held their manor by the tenure of castle-guard, it being their duty to guard this tower when required. In another of the towers of the keep is a dungeon chamber, 28 feet deep, without light or aperture of any kind, except at the top; in shape it resembles the letter D, and the entrance to it is through a trap-door in the floor of the room above it; but from being in the keep, which is high above the natural ground, this gloomy place is quite free from damp. The great staircase which leads to the keep is composed of large stones, and on the right of it, a kind of gallery leads to the room, in which, from its great strength, and its isolated situation, it is generally supposed that Edward II. was murdered. It is a small gloomy apartment, and until within the last century was only lighted by narrow loop-holes. The heart of the murdered monarch was inclosed in a silver vessel, and a procession, of which the Berkeley family formed a part, attended the body to Gloucester, where it was interred in the Cathedral.

The then Lord Berkeley was acquitted of any active participation in the measure

which caused the death of the king; but shortly afterwards he entertained Queen Isabella and her paramour, Mortimer, at the castle. This Lord Berkeley kept twelve knights to wait upon his person, each of whom was attended by two servants and a page. He had twenty-four esquires, each having an under-servant and a horse. His entire family, besides husbandmen, who fed at his board, consisted of about three hundred persons. In Berkeley Castle royal visitors have been several times entertained. In the reign of Henry V. a lawsuit was commenced between Lord Berkeley and his cousin, the heiress of the family, which was continued for 192 years; during which time the plaintiff's party several times laid siege to the castle. In the civil wars of Charles I. the castle was garrisoned for the king, and kept all the surrounding country in awe; but it was afterwards besieged by the army of the Commonwealth and surrendered after a defence of nine days. In the west door of the church are several bullet holes, supposed to have been made by the besieging army. On the north of the castle is a portion of the ancient fosse; it is now quite dry, and has some very fine elms and other trees growing in it. A terrace goes nearly round the castle and to the west of it is a large bowling-green, bounded by a line of very old yew trees which have grown together into a continuous mass, and are cut into curious shapes.

The church demands a word of passing notice. It is a very large and handsome structure, partly of the early English style, but in part perpendicular. The west window is large, and very beautiful. Near the pulpit are two recumbent figures which represent Thomas Lord Berkeley and Margaret his wife. The former is the original of the Lord Berkeley of Shakspere's play of "Richard the Second." A simple tablet in the chancel marks the birthplace of Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, who was a native of this town. Adjoining the chancel is the mausoleum of the Berkeley family, a handsome edifice of the perpendicular style; in it are several very curious monuments. The tower, which is square and modern, has six bells, and is situated at some distance from the church. The town itself possesses no attractions for the stranger.

CIRENCESTER.—We may just notice one other town, which is only about fifteen miles from Cheltenham, by the road, and within little more than half-an-hour's ride of both Gloucester and Cheltenham by railway. Cirencester is one of the most interesting towns in the west. It occupies a portion of the site of an important Roman military station, the metropolis of the Roman province of the Dobuni. By Ptolemæus it is called Corinium; by Richard of Cirencester, Corinum; and by Antoninus, Duro-Cornovium. Three Roman roads; the Fosseway, the Ermine Street, and the Icknield Way, formerly met here. It is said that the walls of the town were two miles in circumference. Roman remains of uncommon extent, variety, and interest, have been discovered at various times at Cirencester, and in its immediate vicinity; and from the character of the villas which have been traced, Corinium appears to have been the residence of a wealthy people. Hypocausts of elaborate construction, fourteen tesselated pavements, some of very superior design and execution, statuettes, pottery, fibulæ, bracelets, beads, and other personal ornaments, coins, &c., have been found, as well as sepulchral inscriptions of much historical value. In the latter part of the year 1849, some very important discoveries were made. Roman remains of great extent and unusual beauty have been found, and excavations are still in progress, under the direction of the Gloucestershire Archæological Institute. A museum was erected in 1850, to contain the various remains. Some of the finer tesselated pavements will be relaid in this museum. The Roman remains have been fully described in a valuable work, by Professor Buckman, and C. H. Newmarch, entitled "Illustrations of the remains of Roman Art in Cirencester, 1850."

During the Heptarchy, Cirencester was successively included in the kingdoms of Wessex and Mercia. It was taken by the Danes in 879, and was the seat of a great council held by Canute. It was again completely dismantled in the civil war between Henry III. and the Barons. In the reign of Henry IV., the Lords Surrey and Salisbury having promoted an insurrection for the restoration of Richard II., gained possession of Cirencester. The noblemen and officers took up their abode in the town, leaving their soldiers encamped outside the walls. Perceiving how careless a guard was kept, the mayor and the municipal officers got a number of the townsmen together, and attacked the Earls; and, having easily defeated their retinue, struck off the heads of Salisbury and Surrey, who had fled to the abbey for sanctuary, with those of some other men of rank. The soldiers, meanwhile, imagining, from the tumult, that some of the King's troops had arrived, hastily abandoned their camp. Henry, out of gratitude for this timely service, granted to the men of Cirencester all the goods and chattels left in the town by the rebels, "except such as were of gold, or silver, or gilded; and excepting also all money and jewels." By another grant was given "during our pleasure to the *men*, IV. does in season, to be delivered unto them by our chief forester, or his deputy, out of our forest of Bradon; and also one hogshead of wine, to be received out of the part of our town of Bristol." He also granted "unto the *women* aforesaid four bucks, to be delivered them in right season, and also one hogshead of wine."

Cirencester possessed an abbey which, in its day, was a place of considerable wealth and splendour. It was built by Henry II., in 1117. The abbot wore a mitre, was styled lord, and had a seat in Parliament. Of the noble buildings belonging to it, the only vestige is a gateway leading to Grove-lane. Nor are there many other remains of the ancient ecclesiastical splendour of the town. Of the three churches which formerly existed, only one remains. It is a fine old structure, partly of the 13th and partly of the 15th centuries. The building is especially interesting on account of its magnificent porch house and mortuary chapels. Its embattled tower contains a peal of twelve bells. In the interior are several interesting monuments. A new church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, was commenced in 1850.

The town is not now a place of much trade. Its appearance is pretty much that of a very respectable, well-to-do, quiet sort of country town. It has its fairs and markets, and what else usually belongs to such places. Besides the church, there are no buildings that will attract much attention. An Agricultural College, of a very complete and important character, was established at Cirencester in 1846.

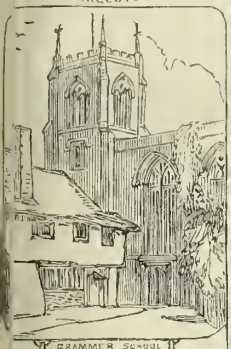
We can now do no more than just glance at Oakley Grove, Lord Bathurst's seat and park, though it is the most celebrated place in the neighbourhood, and one which the visitor to Cirencester will do well to stroll through at leisure. It is extensive, being sixteen miles in circumference; and associated with it are some of the most eminent names of what used to be called the Augustan era of our literature. Pope, Swift, Addison, Prior, Gay, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, and many lesser stars, used to assemble here to partake of the hospitality of Lord Bathurst—a nobleman who outlived them long enough to welcome Sterne as their successor, and whose lengthened existence gave rise to a celebrated passage in Burke's speech on moving his resolutions for a conciliation with America in 1775. Many a spot in the grounds of Oakley Grove bears one or other of the names of the famous men who used to assemble there. Pope, in his Letters, frequently refers to the "enchanted forest," and his taste is said to have contributed to the arrangements of it. Besides the associations, it contains many other attractions; such as a very extended avenue, an architectural combination called Alfred's Hall, the ancient cross which formerly stood in Cirencester market-place, and, what is perhaps most interesting, there is in it one of the finest Roman tes-

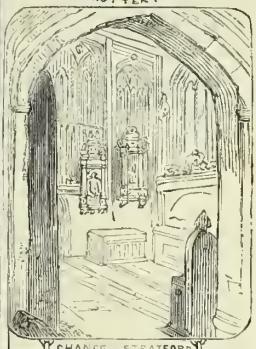
selated pavements existing in this country; while the house, though not remarkably handsome, is a large building, and contains some good pictures. Permission to see these objects is readily granted to the stranger. Oakley Grove should be seen, the church should be seen, and, above all, the Roman remains should be seen; and then the attractions of Cirencester will have been pretty nearly exhausted.

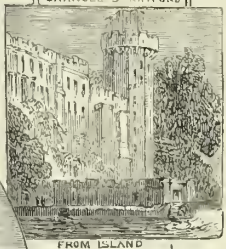
The line to Gloucester and Cheltenham leaves the Great Western Railway at Swindon. The Table of Stations on the Great Western line has been given in the number devoted to BATH. We add here the Stations between Swindon and Cheltenham.

LONDON TO GLOUCESTER AND CHELTENHAM.

	From London.	Stations.	From Cheltenham.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
Purton, 1½ mile	81¼	Purton	39¾	Cricklade, 4 miles. An old market town; good church.
	85¼	Minety	35¾	
	95	Cirencester (by a short branch).	34	Very ancient town; noble church; Roman bath and other remains.
Tetbury, 6 miles; an old market town	91	Tetbury Road	30	Thames Head, the source of one of the head-streams of the Thames, lies in a field within sight of the station.
Remarkably picturesque scenery	99¼	Brimscomb (Near Chalford).	21¾	Chalford, 1½ mile. Some cloth making.
Rodborough, 1 mile	101½	Stroud	19½	Stroud, a market town of 8000 inhabitants; centre of Gloucester cloth trade; returns two members to Parliament.
Stonehouse, a village where some cloth is made	103¾	Stonehouse (Line joins Bristol and Birmingham Railway.)	19¼	Randwick, 1½ mile.
	114	GLOUCESTER	7	
	121	CHELTENHAM		







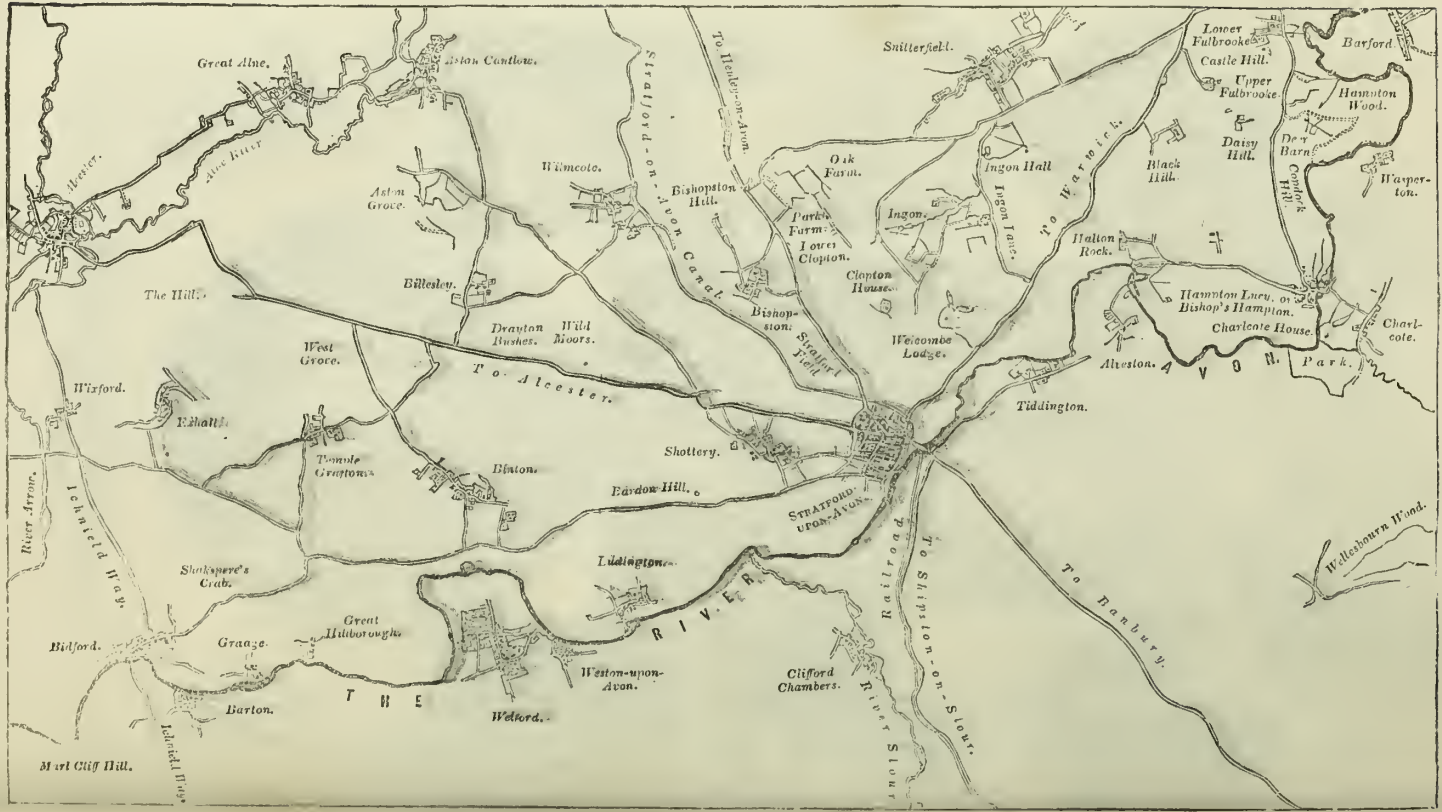
KNIGHTS

EXCURSION

COMPANION.

NO. XVI.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, AND WARWICK.


Great Alne.
Aston Cantlow.
Alne River
Wilmcote.
Aston Grove.
Bishopton Hill.
Stratford-on-Avon Canal
To Henley-in-Arden.
Snitterfield.
Oak Farm.
Parke Farm.
Lower Clopton.
Clopton House.
Ingon Hall
Ingon.
Ingon Lane.
To Warwick.
Lower Fulbrooke.
Castle Hill.
Upper Fulbrooke.
Barford
Hampton Wood.
Dey Barn.
Daisy Hill.
Black Hill.
Copdock Hill.
Warperton.
Hatton Rock.
Hampton Lucy, or Bishop's Hampton.
Charlcote House.
Charlcote.
Alveston.
AVON.
Park.
Tiddington.
Welcombe Lodge.
Bishopston.
Stratford Field
The Hill.
Billesley.
Drayton Bushes.
Wild Moors.
West Grove.
To Alcester.
Wixford.
Temple Grafton.
Bidford.
Shottery.
Bardon Hill.
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.
Luddington.
Shakspere's Crab.
Great Hillborough.
Graage.
Weston-upon-Avon.
Clifford Chambers.
To Shipston-on-Stour.
Railroad
To Banbury.
Wellesbourn Wind.
River Arrow.
Icknield Way.
Barton.
Welford.
Mart Cliff Hill.
Icknield Way.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

Washington Irving, in one of his pleasantest papers in the 'Sketch Book,' speaking of the tomb of Shakspere, in the chancel of Stratford Church, says, "There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakspere. This idea pervades the place." The American essayist could only look upon this fine old church as Shakspere's 'mausoleum.' Through the same predominant association, the pleasant town of Stratford, the gentle river, the quiet meadows, the old woods, the pretty villages, which are as interesting in themselves as many a locality which the topographer has delighted to describe, appear to have no value but in connexion with the memory of him who was born here and died here,—who had knelt in this church, and conversed with neighbours in these streets, and gazed upon this river, and rambled amidst these meadows and woods, and had been familiar with all the features of these scenes that two centuries and a half of change have not yet obliterated. It is the Stratford of William Shakspere that we are about to present to our reader, and nothing more.*

In the custody of the vicar of Stratford is a venerable book—a tall, thick, narrow book, whose leaves are of fine vellum—which contains various records that are interesting to us—to all Englishmen—to universal mankind. It is the 'Register of the Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials of the Parish of Stratford.' The record commences in 1558, the first year of Elizabeth, when the regulation for keeping such registers was strictly enforced. Let us pause on the one entry of that book, which most concerns the human race :—

"1564, April 26.—Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspere."

John Shakspere, the father of William, was thus unquestionably dwelling in Stratford in 1564. He was dwelling there in 1558, for the same register in that year records the baptism of a daughter. His wife was Mary, the daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmcote (a neighbouring village), who was unmarried in 1556, as we learn from the will of her father. Various have been the stories as to the occupation of John Shakspere.

In 1556, the year that Robert, the father of Mary Arden, died, John Shakspere was admitted at the Court-leet as the purchaser of two copyhold estates in Stratford. In 1570, John Shakspere is holding, as tenant under William Clopton, a meadow of fourteen acres, with its appurtenance, called Ingon, at the annual rent of eight pounds —equivalent to at least forty pounds of our present money. When John Shakspere married, his wife's estate of Asbies, within a short ride of Stratford, came also into his possession. With these facts before us, scanty as they are, can we reasonably doubt that John Shakspere was living upon his own land, renting the land of others,

* Many of the passages in the following paper will be necessarily repeated from the writer's 'William Shakspere. A Biography.' The local descriptions of that work were the result of diligent observation. They are here condensed and brought together.

actively engaged in the business of cultivation, in an age when tillage was becomin rapidly profitable,—so much so, that men of wealth very often thought it better t take the profits direct than to share them with the tenant? A yeoman he might ea himself, a yeoman he might be called by his neighbours; but he was in that soci position that he readily passed out of the yeoman into the gentleman, and in all regis ters and records after 1569 he was styled Master John Shakspere.

The parish of Stratford, then, was unquestionably the birth-place of William Shak spere. But in what part of Stratford dwelt his parents in the year 1564? It was te years after this that his father became the purchaser of two freehold houses in Henley street—houses which still exist—the houses which the people of England have preserve as a precious relic of their greatest brother. William Shakspere, then, might have bee born at either of his father's copyhold houses, in Greenhill-street, or in Henley-street he might have been born at Ingon; or his father might have occupied one of the tw freehold houses in Henley-street at the time of the birth of his eldest son. Traditio says, that William Shakspere *was* born in one of these houses; tradition points out th very room in which he was born.

Whether Shakspere were born here, or not, there can be little doubt that this pro perty was the home of his boyhood. It was purchased by John Shakspere, fro Edmund Hall and Emma his wife, for forty pounds. In a copy of the chirograph o the fine levied on this occasion (which is now in the possession of Mr. Wheler, o Stratford), the property is described as two messuages, two gardens, and two orchard with their appurtenances. This document does not define the situation of the property beyond its being in Stratford-upon-Avon; but in the deed of sale of another property in 1591, that property is described as situate between the houses of Robert Johnso and John Shakspere; and in 1597, John Shakspere himself sells a 'toft or parcel o land,' in Henley-street, to the purchaser of the property in 1591. The properties ca be traced, and leave no doubt of this house in Henley-street being the residence o John Shakspere. Stratford, in the middle of the 16th century, was a scattered town —no doubt with gardens separating the low and irregular tenements, sleeping ditche intersecting the properties, and stagnant pools exhaling in the road. Even in th reigns of Elizabeth and James the town was nearly destroyed by fire; and as late as 1618, the privy council represented to the corporation of Stratford that great and lamentable loss had "happened to that town by casualty of fire, which, of late years hath been very frequently occasioned by means of thatched cottages, stacks of straw, furzes, and such-like combustible stuff, which are suffered to be erected and made confusedly in most of the principal parts of the town, without restraint." If such were the case when the family of William Shakspere occupied the best house in Stratford, it is not unreasonable to suppose that, sixty years earlier, the greater number of houses in Stratford must have been mean timber buildings, thatched cottages run up of combustible stuff; and that the house in Henley-street which John Shakspere occupied and purchased, and which his son inherited and bequeathed to his sister for her life, must have been an important house,—a house fit for a man of substance, a house of some space and comfort, compared with those of the majority of the surrounding population. John Shakspere retained the property during his life; and it descended, as his heir-at-law, to his son William. In the last testament of the poet is this bequest to his "sister Joan:"—"I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelvepence." His sister Joan, whose name by marriage was Hart, was residing there in 1639, and she probably continued to reside there till her death in 1646. The *one* house in which Mrs. Hart resided was doubtless the half of the building which formed the

butcher's shop and the tenement adjoining; for the other house was known as the Maidenhead Inn, in 1642. In another part of Shakspere's will he bequeaths amongst the bulk of his property, to his eldest daughter, Susanna Hall, with remainder to her male issue, "two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford." There are existing settlements of this very property in the family of Shakspere's eldest daughter and grand-daughter; and this grand-daughter, Elizabeth Nash, who was married a second time to Sir John Barnard, left both houses, namely, "the inn, called the Maidenhead, and the adjoining house and barn," to her kinsmen Thomas and George Hart, the grandsons of her grandfather's "sister Joan." These persons left descendants, with whom this property remained until the beginning of the present century. But it was gradually diminished. The orchards and gardens were originally extensive: a century ago tenements had been built upon them, and they were alienated by the Hart then in possession. The Maidenhead Inn became the Swan Inn, and afterwards the Swan and Maidenhead. The White Lion, on the other side of the property, was extended, so as to include the remaining orchards and gardens. The house in which Mrs. Hart had lived so long became divided into two tenements; and at the end of the last century the lower part of one was a butcher's shop. Mr. Wheler, in a very interesting account of these premises, and their mutations, published in 1824, tells us that the butcher-occupant, some thirty years ago, having an eye to every gainful attraction, wrote up,—

"William Shakspere was born in this house. N.B.—A Horse and taxed Cart to Let."

It is not now used as a butcher's shop, but there are the arrangements for a butcher's trade in the lower room—the cross-beams with hooks, and the window-board for joints. Until recently we were told by a sign-board,

"The immortal Shakspere was born in this House."

Twenty-five years ago, when we made our first pilgrimage to Stratford, the house had gone out of the family of the Harts, and the last alleged descendant was recently ejected. It had been a gainful trade to her for some years to show the old kitchen behind the shop, and the honoured bed-room. When the poor old woman, the last of the Harts, had to quit her vocation (she claimed to have inherited some of the genius, if she had lost the possessions, of her great ancestor, for she had produced a marvellous poem on the Battle of Waterloo), she set up a rival show-shop on the other side of the street, filled with all sorts of trumpery relics, pretended to have belonged to Shakspere. But she was in ill odour. In a fit of resentment, the day before she quitted the ancient house, she whitewashed the walls of the bed-room, so as to obliterate the pencil inscriptions with which they were covered. It was the work of her successor to remove the plaster; and manifold names, obscure or renowned, again see the light. A few ancient articles of furniture were about the house; but there was nothing which could be considered as originally belonging to it as the home of William Shakspere.

From a drawing made by Colonel Delamotte in 1788, the houses, it is seen, then presented one uniform front, and there were dormer windows connected with rooms in the roof. We have a plan before us, accompanying Mr. Wheler's account of these premises, which shows that they occupied a frontage of thirty-one feet. From a drawing made by Mr. Pyne, after a sketch by Mr. Edridge, in 1807, we see that the dormer windows were by that time removed, as also the gable at the east end of the front. The house, moreover, had been shorn of much of its external importance. From a lithograph engraving in Mr. Wheler's account, published in 1824, the pre-

mises, we see, had then been pretty equally divided. The Swan and Maidenhead half has had its windows modernized, and the continuation of the timber-frame has been obliterated by a brick casing. In 1807, we observe that the western half had been divided into two tenements;—the fourth of the whole premises, that is the butcher's shop, the kitchen behind, and the two rooms over, being the portion commonly shown as Shakspere's House. Some years ago, upon a frontage, in continuation of the tenement at the west, three small cottages were built. A fourth appears, from the continuation of the framed timber front, and from the old doorways, which communicate internally, plainly to have formed part of the birth-place, but which, in 1771, was separated from it. The whole of this property belongs now to the nation, it having been purchased, partly by private contract, and partly by public auction, at a cost of some four thousand pounds.

How far the one messuage extended, in which John Shakspere lived, which William Shakspere, his heir, gave to his sister for life, and which did not pass out of the hands of Shakspere's descendants till 1807, cannot perhaps be exactly determined. It is evident, from the plan, that in some parts doors have been stopped up, and in others doors have been cut through; and we are inclined to think that the second messuage, which became the public-house in 1642, occupied less of the frontage than it now claims.

Was William Shakspere, then, born in the house in Henley-street, which has been purchased by the nation? Mr. Wheler says, "In this lowly abode it has been the invariable and uncontradicted tradition of the town, that our inimitable Bard drew his first breath." Disturb not the belief. To look upon this ancient house,—perhaps one of the oldest in Stratford, votaries have gathered from every region where the name of Shakspere is known. Washington Irving says, "I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakspere was born; and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster,—a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature. The house is shown by a garrulous old lady, with a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was particularly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds." Washington Irving had a true poet's faith even in the relics:—"What is it to us whether these stories be true or false, so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them, and enjoy all the charm of the reality?" The American pilgrim found a representative of the matter-of-fact portion of the world in the old sexton of Stratford, and a superannuated crony named John Ange:—"I was grieved to hear these two worthy wights speak very dubiously of the eloquent dame who shows the Shakspere House. John Ange shook his head when I mentioned her valuable and inexhaustible collection of relics, particularly her remains of the mulberry-tree; and the old sexton even expressed a doubt as to Shakspere having been born in her house. I soon discovered that he looked upon her mansion with an evil eye, as a rival to the poet's tomb; the latter having comparatively but few visitors. Thus it is that historians differ at the very outset; and mere pebbles make the stream of truth diverge into different channels, even at the fountain-head." For ourselves, we frankly confess that the want of absolute certainty that Shakspere was born in the house in Henley-street produces a state of mind that is something higher

and pleasanter than the conviction that depends upon positive evidence. We are content to follow the popular faith, undoubtingly. The traditionary belief is sanctified by long usage and universal acceptation. The merely curious look in reverent silence upon that mean room, with its massive joists and plastered walls, firm with ribs of oak, where they are told the poet of the human race was born. Eyes now closed on the world, but who have left that behind which the world "will not willingly let die," have glistened under this humble roof, and there have been thoughts—unutterable, solemn, confiding, grateful, humble—clustering round their hearts in that hour. The autographs of Byron and Scott are amongst hundreds of perishable inscriptions. Disturb not the belief that William Shakspere first saw the light in this venerated room.

Pursuing the associations connected with Shakspere, we naturally turn from the home of his childhood to his school, and his school-boy days.

In the seventh year of the reign of Edward VI., a royal Charter was granted to Stratford for the incorporation of the inhabitants. That charter recites, "That the borough of Stratford-upon-Avon was an ancient borough, in which a certain Guild was theretofore founded, and endowed with divers lands, tenements, and possessions, out of the rents, revenues, and profits whereof a certain Free Grammar-school for the education of boys there was made and supported." The charter further recites the other public objects to which the property of the Guild had been applied; that it was dissolved; and that its possessions had come into the hands of the king. The charter of incorporation then grants to the bailiff and burgesses certain properties which were parcel of the possessions of the Guild, for the general charges of the borough, for the maintenance of an ancient almshouse, "and that the Free Grammar-school, for the instruction and education of boys and youth, should be thereafter kept up and maintained as theretofore it used to be." The only qualifications necessary for the admission of a boy into the Free Grammar-school of Stratford were, that he should be a resident in the town, of seven years of age, and able to read. The Grammar-school was essentially connected with the corporation of Stratford; and it is impossible to imagine that, when the son of John Shakspere became qualified by age for admission to a school, where the best education of the time was given literally for nothing, his father, in that year being chief alderman, should not have sent him to the school. We assume, without any hesitation, that William Shakspere did receive, in every just sense of the word, the education of a scholar; and as such education was to be had at his own door, we also assume that he was brought up at the Free Grammar-school of his own town.

The Grammar-school is now an ancient room, over the old Town-hall of Stratford—both, no doubt, offices of the ancient Guild. We enter from the street into a court, of which one side is formed by the chapel of the Holy Cross. Opposite the chapel is a staircase; ascending which we are in a plain, antique-looking room, which has within the last few years been neatly repaired and restored to something like what may be supposed to have been its original appearance. A rude, antique desk used to stand in this room, which was called Shakspere's desk; how long it had been called so, is uncertain. But it appears that the Chapel of the Guild was also used as a school-room. This chapel is in great part a very perfect specimen of the plainer ecclesiastical architecture of the reign of Henry VII.—a building of just proportions and some ornament, but not running into elaborate decoration. The interior now presents nothing very remarkable. But upon a general repair of the chapel in 1804, beneath the whitewash of successive generations was discovered a series of most remarkable paintings—some in a portion of the building erected by Sir Hugh Clopton, and others in the far more

ancient chancel. If this was the school-room of William Shakspere, those rude paintings must have produced a powerful effect on his imagination. Many of those in the ancient chancel constituted a pictorial romance—the History of the Holy Cross, from its origin as a tree, at the creation of the world, to its rescue from the pagan Cosdroy, king of Persia, by the Christian king, Heraclius; and its final exaltation at Jerusalem,—the anniversary of which event was celebrated at Stratford at its annual fair, held on the 14th of September.

There is a passage in one of Shakspere's sonnets, the 89th, which has induced a belief that he had the misfortune of a physical defect, which would render him peculiarly the object of maternal solicitude:—

> "Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
> And I will comment upon that offence;
> Speak of my *lameness*, and I straight will halt;
> Against thy reasons making no defence."

These and other lines have been interpreted to mean that William Shakspere was literally lame, and that his lameness was such as to limit him, when he became an actor, to the representation of the parts of old men. Of one thing, however, we may be quite sure—that, if Shakspere were lame, his infirmity was not such as to disqualify him for active bodily exertion. The same series of verses that have suggested this belief that he was lame, also show that he was a horseman. His entire works exhibit that familiarity with external nature, with rural occupations, with athletic sports, which is incompatible with an inactive boyhood. It is not impossible that some natural defect, or some accidental injury, may have modified the energy of such a child; and have cherished in him that love of books, and traditionary lore, and silent contemplation, without which his intellect could not have been nourished into its wondrous strength. But we cannot imagine William Shakspere a petted child, chained to home, not breathing the free air upon his native hills, denied the boy's privilege to explore every nook of his own river. We would imagine him communing from the first with Nature, as Gray has painted him,—

> "The *dauntless* child
> Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled."

Much of the education of William Shakspere was unquestionably in the fields. A thousand incidental allusions manifest his familiarity with all the external aspects of nature. He is very rarely a descriptive poet, distinctively so called; but images of mead and grove, of dale and upland, of forest depths, of quiet walks by gentle rivers,—reflections of his own native scenery,—spread themselves without an effort over all his writings. All the occupations of a rural life are glanced at or embodied in his characters. The sports, the festivals, of the lone farm or the secluded hamlet, are presented by him with all the charms of an Arcadian age, but with a truthfulness that is not found in Arcadia. The nicest peculiarities in the habits of the lower creation are given at a touch: we see the rook wing his evening flight to the wood; we hear the drowsy hum of the sharded beetle. He wreathes all the flowers of the field in his delicate chaplets; and even the nicest mysteries of the gardener's art can be expounded by him. All this he appears to do as if from an instinctive power. His poetry in this, as in all other great essentials, is like the operations of nature itself; we see not its workings. But we may be assured, from the very circumstance of its appearing so accidental, so spontaneous in its relations to all external nature and to the country life, that it had its foundation in very early and very accurate observation. Stratford was especially fitted to have been the "green lap" in which the boy-poet was "laid." The whole face of creation here wore an aspect of quiet loveliness. Looking on its placid stream,

ts gently swelling hills, its rich pastures, its sleeping woodlands, the external world vould be to him full of images of repose: it was in the heart of man that he was to eek for the sublime. Nature has thus ever with him something genial and exhilarat- ng. There are storms in his great dramas, but they are the accompaniments of the nore terrible storms of human passions; they are raised by the poet's art to make the igony of Lear more intense, and the murder of Duncan more awful. But his love of a miling creation seems ever present. We must image Stratford as it was, to see how he young Shakspere walked "in glory and in joy" amongst his native fields. Upon he bank of the Avon, having a very slight rise, is placed a scattered town; a town whose dwellings have orchards and gardens, with lofty trees growing in its pathways. Its splendid collegiate church, in the time of Henry VIII., was described to lie half a mile from the town. Its eastern window is reflected in the river which flows beneath, as it is at present reflected; its grey tower is embowered amidst lofty elm-rows. At he opposite end of the town is a fine old bridge, with a causeway, whose "wearisome but needful length" tells of inundations in the low pastures that lie all around it. We ook upon Dugdale's Map of Barlchway Hundred, in which Stratford is situated, pub- ished in 1656, and we see four roads issuing from the town; and these are amongst the principal roads at the present day. (See Map.) The one to Henley-in-Arden, which ies through the street in which Shakspere may be supposed to have passed his boy- nood, continues over a valley of some breadth and extent, unenclosed fields undoubt- edly in the sixteenth century, with the hamlets of Shottery and Bishopton amidst them. The road leads into the then woody district of Arden. At a short distance from it is the hamlet of Wilmecote, where Mary Arden dwelt; and some two miles aside, more in the heart of the woodland district, and hard by the river Alne, is the village of Aston Cantlow. Another road indicated on this old map is that to Warwick. The wooded hills of Welcombe overhang it, and a little aside, some mile and a half from Stratford, is the meadow of Ingon, which John Shakspere rented in 1579. Very beautiful, even now, is this part of the neighbourhood, with its rapid undulations, little dells which shut in the scattered sheep, and sudden hills opening upon a wide landscape. Ancient crab-trees and hawthorns tell of uncultivated downs, which have rung to the call of the falconer or the horn of the huntsman; and then, having crossed the ridge, we are among rich corn-lands, with farm-houses of no modern date scattered about; and deep in the hollow, so as to be hidden till we are upon it, the old village of Snitterfield, with its ancient church, and its yew-tree as ancient. Here the poet's maternal grandmother had her jointure; and here, it has been conjectured, his father also had possessions. On the opposite side of Stratford, the third road runs in the direction of the Avon to the village of Bidford, with a nearer pathway along the river- bank. We cross the ancient bridge by the fourth road (which also diverges to Ships- ton), and we are on our way to the celebrated house and estate of Charlcote, the ancient seat of the Lucys, the Shaksperian locality with which most persons are familiar through traditions of deer-stealing. A pleasant ramble, indeed, is this to Charlcote and Hampton Lucy, even with glimpses of the Avon from a turnpike-road. But let the road run through meadows with hedge-rows, with pathways following the river's bank, now diverging when the mill is close upon the stream, now crossing a leafy elevation, and then suddenly dropping under a precipitous wooded rock, and we have a walk such as a poet might covet, and such as Shakspere did enjoy in his boy- rambles.

On the road to Henley-in-Arden, about two or three hundred yards from the house in Henley-street, where John Shakspere once dwelt, there stands even now a very ancient boundary-tree—an elm, which is recorded in a Presentment of the Perambula-

tion of the boundaries of the Borough of Stratford, on the 7th of April, 1591, as "Th Elme at the Dovehouse-Close end."* The boundary from that elm in the Henley road continued, in another direction, to "the two elms in Evesham highway." Suel are the boundaries of the borough at this day. At a period, then, when it was usua for the boys of grammar-schools to attend the annual perambulations in Rogatio Week of the clergy, the magistrates, and public officers, and the inhabitants, o parishes and towns, might William Shakspere be found, in gleeful companionship under this old boundary elm. A wide parish is this of Stratford, including eleve villages and hamlets. A district of beautiful and varied scenery is this parish—hil and valley, wood and water. Following the Avon upon the north bank, against th stream, for some two miles, the processionists would walk through low and fertil meadows—unenclosed pastures then, in all likelihood. A little brook falls into th river, coming down from the marshy uplands of Ingon, where, in spite of modern im provement, the frequent bog attests the accuracy of Dugdale's description. The brool is traced upward into the hills of Welcombe; and then, for nearly three miles fron Welcombe Greenhill, the boundary lies along a wooded ridge, opening prospects o surpassing beauty. There may the distant spires of Coventry be seen peeping abov the intermediate hills, and the nearer towers of Warwick lying cradled in their sur rounding woods. In another direction a cloud-like spot, in the extreme distance, is th far-famed Wrekin; and turning to the north-west are the noble hills of Malvern, with their well-defined outlines. The Cotswolds look in the landscape on another side while in the middle distance the bold Bredon-hill looks down upon the vale o Evesham. All around is a country of unrivalled fertility, with now and then a plain of considerable extent; but more commonly a succession of undulating hills, some wood-crowned, but all cultivated. At the northern extremity of this high land, which principally belongs to the estate at Clopton, and which was doubtless a park in early times, we have a panoramic view of the valley in which Stratford lies, with its hamlets of Bishopton, Little Wilmcote, Shottery, and Drayton. As the marvellous boy of the Stratford Grammar-school looked upon that plain, how little could he have foreseen the course of his future life! For twenty years of his manhood he was to have no constant dwelling-place in that his native town; but it was to be the home of his affections. He would be gathering fame and opulence in an almost untrodden path, of which his young ambition could shape no definite image; but in the prime of his life he was to bring his wealth to his own Stratford, and become the proprietor and the contented cultivator of some of the loved fields that he now saw mapped out at his feet. Then, a little while, and an early tomb under that grey tower—a tomb so to be honoured in all ages to come,

"That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

For some six miles the boundary runs from north to south, partly through land which was formerly barren, and still known as Drayton Bushes and Drayton Wild Moor. Here,

"Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away."

The green bank of the Avon is again reached at the western extremity of the boundary, and the pretty hamlet of Ludinton, with its cottages and old trees standing high above the river sedges, is included. The Avon is crossed where the Stour unites with it; and the boundary extends considerably to the south-east, returning to the town over Clopton's Bridge.

* The original is in the possession of R. Wheler, Esq., of Stratford.

As we become familiar with the neighbourhood of Stratford we find it associated with traditions of Shakspere's early manhood. The world has for the most part received these traditions as it found them, and has cared little to examine whether the stories were baseless, that described the youth of the great master of wisdom as one of gay revelry, of bold adventure, and of rash love. We may take these associations as they present themselves, without very scrupulously examining into their historical value.

Eight villages in the neighbourhood of Stratford have been characterized in well-known lines by some old resident, who had the talent of rhyme. It is remarkable how familiar all the country-people are to this day with these lines, and how invariably they ascribe them to Shakspere:—

> "Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
> Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton,
> Dudging* Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
> Beggarly Broom, and drunken Bidford."

It is maintained that these epithets have a real historical truth about them. The neighbourhood of Bidford is associated with a 'drunken' tradition. About a mile from the little town on the road to Stratford was, some twenty years ago, an ancient crab-tree, well known to the country round as Shakspere's Crab-tree. The tradition which associates it with the name of Shakspere is, like many other traditions regarding the poet, an attempt to embody the general notion that his social qualities were as remarkable as his genius. In an age when excess of joviality was by some considered almost a virtue, the genial fancy of the dwellers at Stratford may have been pleased to confer upon this crab-tree the honour of sheltering Shakspere from the dews of night, on an occasion when his merry-makings had disqualified him for returning homeward, and he had laid down to sleep under its spreading branches. It is scarcely necessary to enter into an examination of this apochryphal story. Indeed, although the crab-tree was long ago known by the name of 'Shakspere's Crab-tree,' the tradition that he was amongst a party who had accepted a challenge from the Bidford topers to try which could drink hardest, and there bivouacked after the debauch, is difficult to be traced further than the hearsay evidence of Mr. Samuel Ireland. In the same way, the merry folks of Stratford will tell you, to this day, that the Falcon Inn in that town was the scene of Shakspere's nightly potations, after he had retired from London to his native home; and they will show you the shovel-board at which he delighted to play. Harmless traditions, ye are yet baseless!—The Falcon was not an Inn at all in Shakspere's time, but a goodly private dwelling.

Charlcote:—the name is familiar to every reader of Shakspere; but it is not presented to the world under the influence of pleasant associations with the world's poet. The story, which was first told by Rowe, must be here repeated:—"An extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest geniuses that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and, amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been

* Sulky, stubborn, in dudgeon.

so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that h was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, an shelter himself in London." The good old gossip, Aubrey, is wholly silent about th deer-stealing and the flight to London; merely saying, "This William, being inclinec naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess, about eighteen." But ther were other antiquarian gossips of Aubrey's age, who have left us their testimony upo this subject. The Reverend William Fulman, a fellow of Corpus Christi College Oxford, who died in 1688, bequeathed his papers to the Reverend Richard Davies, o Sandford, Oxfordshire; and on the death of Mr. Davies, in 1707, these papers wer deposited in the library of Corpus Christi. Fulman appears to have made some col lections for the biography of our English poets, and, under the name Shakspere, h gives the dates of his birth and death. But Davies, who added notes to his friend' manuscripts, affords us the following piece of information:—"He was much given to al unluckiness, in stealing venison and rabbits; particularly from Sir Lucy, who had him oft whipped, and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country, to his great advancement. But his revenge was so great, that he is his Justice Clodpate, and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three louses rampant for his arms." The accuracy of this chronicler, as to event supposed to have happened a hundred years before he wrote, may be inferred from his correctness in what was accessible to him. Justice Clodpate is a new character and the three louses rampant have diminished strangely from the "dozen white luces' of Master Slender. In Mr. Davies's account we have no mention of the ballad— through which, according to Rowe, the young poet revenged his "ill-usage." But Capell, the editor of Shakspere, found a new testimony to that fact:—"The writer of his 'Life,' the first modern (Rowe), speaks of a 'lost ballad,' which added fuel, he says, to the knight's before-conceived anger, and 'redoubled the prosecution;' and calls the ballad 'the first essay of Shakspere's poetry.' One stanza of it, which has the appearance of genuineness, was put into the editor's hands many years ago by an ingenious gentleman (grandson of its preserver), with this account of the way in which it descended to him:—Mr. Thomas Jones, who dwelt at Tarbick, a village in Worcestershire, a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and died in the year 1703, aged upwards of ninety, remembered to have heard from several old people at Stratford the story of Shakspere's robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park; and their account of it agreed with Mr. Rowe's, with this addition,—that the ballad, written against Sir Thomas by Shakspere, was stuck upon his park-gate, which exasperated the knight to apply to a lawyer at Warwick to proceed against him. Mr. Jones had put down in writing the first stanza of the ballad, which was all he remembered of it, and Mr. Thomas Wilkes (my grandfather) transmitted it to my father by memory, who also took it in writing." This, then, is the entire evidence as to the deer-stealing tradition. According to Rowe, the young Shakspere was engaged more than once in robbing a park, for which he was prosecuted by Sir Thomas Lucy; he made a ballad upon his prosecutor, and then, being more severely pursued, fled to London. According to Davies, he was much given to all unluckiness, in stealing venison and rabbits; for which he was often whipped, sometimes imprisoned, and at last forced to fly the country. According to Jones, the tradition of Rowe was correct as to robbing the park; and the obnoxious ballad being stuck upon the park-gate, a lawyer of Warwick was authorized to prosecute the offender. The tradition is thus full of contradictions upon the face of it. It necessarily would be so, for each of the witnesses speaks of circumstances that must have happened a hundred years before his time. The state of the law, as to the offence for which William Shakspere is said to have been prose-

cuted; the state of public opinion, as to the offence; and the position of Sir Thomas Lucy, as regarded his immediate neighbours—all these circumstances go very far to destroy the credibility of the tradition.

Charlcote, then, shall not, at least by us, be surrounded by unpleasant associations in connexion with the name of Shakspere. It is, perhaps, the most interesting locality connected with that name; for in its great features it is essentially unchanged. There stands, with slight alteration, and those in good taste, the old mansion as it was reared in the days of Elizabeth. A broad avenue leads to its fine gateway, which opens into the court and the principal entrance. We would desire to people that hall with kindly inmates; to imagine the fine old knight, perhaps a little too puritanical, indeed, in his latter days, living there in peace and happiness with his family; merry, as he ought to have been, with his first wife, Jocosa (whose English name, Joyce, sounded not quite so pleasant), and whose epitaph, by her husband, is honourable alike to the deceased and to the survivor:—"All the time of her life a true and faithful servant of her good God; never detected of any crime or vice; in religion, most sound; in love to her husband, most faithful and true; in friendship, most constant; to what in trust was committed to her, most secret; in wisdom, excelling; in governing her house, and bringing up of youth in the fear of God that did converse with her, most rare and singular. A great maintainer of hospitality; greatly esteemed of her betters; misliked of none, unless of the envious. When all is spoken that can be said, a woman so furnished and garnished with virtue as not to be bettered, and hardly to be equalled, of any. As she lived most virtuously, so she died most godly:

> Set down by him that best did know
> What hath been written to be true.—Thomas Lucy."

We can picture Sir Thomas planting the second avenue, which leads obliquely across the park from the great gate-way to the porch of the parish-church. It is an avenue too narrow for carriages, if carriages then had been common; and the knight and his lady walk in stately guise along that grassy pathway, as the Sunday bells summon them to meet their humble neighbours in a place where all are equal. Charlcote is full of rich woodland scenery. The lime-tree avenue may, perhaps, be of a later date than the age of Elizabeth; and one elm has evidently succeeded another from century to century. But there are old gnarled oaks and beeches dotted about the park. Its little knolls and valleys are the same as they were two centuries ago. The same Avon flows beneath the gentle elevation on which the house stands, sparkling in the sunshine as brightly as when that house was first built. There may we still lie

> "Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
> Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,"

and doubt not that there was the place to which

> "A poor sequester'd stag,
> That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
> Did come to languish."

There may we still see

> "A careless herd,
> Full of the pasture,"

leaping gaily along, or crossing the river at their own will in search of fresh fields and low branches whereon to browse.

The village of Charlcote is now one of the prettiest objects. Whatever is new about it—and most of the cottages are new—looks like a restoration of what was old.

The same character prevails in the neighbouring village of Hampton Lucy; and it may not be too much to assume that the memory of him who walked in these pleasant places in his younger days, long before the sound of his greatness had gone forth to the ends of the earth, has led to the desire to preserve here something of the architectural character of the age in which he lived. There are a few old houses still left in Charlcote; but the more important have probably been swept away.

In the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' which we hold to be one of Shakspere's very early plays, he has denoted some of the characteristics of the Avon of his boyhood:—

"The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so, by many winding nooks, he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean."

Very lovely is this Avon for some miles above Stratford; a poet's river in its beauty and its peacefulness. It is disturbed with no sound of traffic; it holds its course unvexed by man through broad meadows and wooded acclivities, which for generations seem to have been dedicated to solitude. All the great natural features of the river must have suffered little change since the time of Shakspere. Inundations in some places may have widened the channel; osier islands may have grown up where there was once a broad stream. But we here look upon the same scenery upon which he looked, as truly as we gaze upon the same blue sky, and see its image in the same glassy water.

The Avon necessarily derives its chief interest from its associations with Shakspere. His contemporaries connected his fame with his native river:—

"Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!"

So wrote Jonson in his manly lines, "To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakspere, and what he hath left us." After him came Davenant, with a pretty conceit that the river had lost its beauty when the great poet no longer dwelt upon its banks:—

"Beware, delighted poets, when you sing,
To welcome nature in the early spring,
Your numerous feet not tread
The banks of Avon; for each flow'r,
As it ne'er knew a sun or show'r,
Hangs there the pensive head.

"Each tree, whose thick and spreading growth hath made
Rather a night beneath the boughs than shade,
Unwilling now to grow,
Looks like the plume a captain wears,
Whose rifled falls are steep'd i' the tears
Which from his last rage flow.

"The piteous river wept itself away
Long since, alas! to such a swift decay,

That reach the map, and look
If you a river there can spy;
And, for a river, your mock'd eye
Will find a shallow brook."*

Joseph Warton describes fair Fancy discovering the infant Shakspere "on the winding Avon's willowed banks." Thomas Warton has painted the scenery of the Avon and its associations with a bright pencil:—

"Avon, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with the embattled sedge;
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;
Soothe me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
But while I muse, that here the Bard Divine,
Whose sacred dust you high-arch'd aisles enclose,
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
Above th' embowering shade,
Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,
Of daisies pied, his infant offering made;
Here, playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:—
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of some magic wand;
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
And awful shapes of leaders and of kings
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall;
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity seems to stand,
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood."†

The well-known lines of Gray are among his happiest efforts:—

"Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
'This pencil take,' she said, 'whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'"‡

These quotations sufficiently show that the presiding genius of the Avon is Shakspere. But even without this paramount association, the river, although little visited, abounds with picturesque scenery and interesting objects.

* In Remembrance of Master William Shakspere. Ode.
† Monody, written near Stratford-upon-Avon.
‡ The Progress of Poesy.

Shottery, the prettiest of hamlets, is scarcely a mile from Stratford. Here, in all probability, dwelt one who was to have an important influence upon the destiny of the boy-poet. We cannot say, absolutely, that Anne Hathaway, the future wife of William Shakspere, was of Shottery; but the prettiest of maidens (for the veracious antiquarian boldly says there is a tradition that she was eminently beautiful) would have fitly dwelt in the pleasantest of hamlets. Shakspere's marriage bond, which was discovered a few years since, has set at rest all doubt as to the name and residence of his wife. She is there described as Anne Hathwey, of Stratford, in the diocese of Worcester, maiden. Rowe, in his 'Life,' says:—"Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world, after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford." At the hamlet of Shottery, which is in the parish of Stratford, the Hathaways had been settled forty years before the period of Shakspere's marriage; for in the Warwickshire Surveys, in the time of Philip and Mary, it is recited, that John Hathaway held property at Shottery, by copy of court-roll, dated 20th of April, 34th of Henry VIII. (1543.)* The Hathaway of Shakspere's time was named Richard; and the intimacy between him and John Shakspere is shown by a precept in an action against Richard Hathaway, dated 1579, in which John Shakspere is his bondman. Before the discovery of the marriage-bond, Malone had found a confirmation of the traditional account that the maiden name of Shakspere's wife was Hathaway; for Lady Barnard, the grand-daughter of Shakspere, makes bequests in her will to the children of Thomas Hathaway, "her kinsman." But Malone doubts whether there were not other Hathaways than those of Shottery, residents in the town of Stratford, and not in the hamlet included in the parish. This is possible. But, on the other hand, the description in the marriage-bond of Anne Hathaway, as of Stratford, is no proof that she was not of Shottery; for such a document would necessarily have regard only to the parish of the person described. Tradition, always valuable when it is not opposed to evidence, has associated for many years the cottage of the Hathaways at Shottery with the wife of Shakspere. Garrick purchased relics out of it at the time of the Stratford Jubilee; Samuel Ireland afterwards carried off what was called Shakspere's courting chair; and there is still in the house a very ancient carved bedstead, which has been handed down from descendant to descendant as an heir-loom. The house was, no doubt, once adequate to form a comfortable residence for a substantial and even wealthy yeoman. It is still a pretty cottage, embosomed by trees, and surrounded by pleasant pastures; and here the young poet might have surrendered his prudence to his affections:—

> "As in the sweetest buds
> The eating canker dwells, so eating love
> Inhabits in the finest wits of all."†

The very early marriage of the young man, with one more than seven years his elder, has been supposed to have been a rash and passionate proceeding. Upon the face of it, it appears an act that might at least be reproved in the words which follow those we have just quoted:—

* The Shottery property, which was called Hewland, remained with the descendants of the Hathaways till 1838. Amongst the laudable objects proposed by the Shaksperian Club was the purchase and preservation of this property.

† 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Act i. Scene 1.

> " As the most forward bud
> Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
> Even so by love the young and tender wit
> Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
> Losing his verdure even in the prime,
> And all the fair effects of future hopes."

'his is the common consequence of precocious marriages; but we are not therefore to onclude that "the young and tender wit" of our Shakspere was "turned to folly"—hat "his forward bud" was "eaten by the canker," that "his verdure" was lost "even 1 the prime," by his marriage with Anne Hathaway before he was nineteen. The ıfluence which this marriage must have had upon his destinies was no doubt conderable; but it is too much to assume, as it has been assumed, that it was an nhappy influence. All that we *really* know of Shakspere's family life warrants the ontrary supposition.

Stratford and its neighbourhood are not less associated with the Shakspere of middle ıd later life. He left Stratford, as we believe, about 1585 or 1586. If he were absent .one during a portion of the year from his native place, his family probably lived ıder the roof of his father and mother. His visits to them would not necessarily be ' rare occurrence, and of short duration. The latter part of the summer and autumn ems to have been at his disposal, as far as theatrical performances were concerned, durg the first seven or eight years of his career. In 1597, he bought "all that capital essuage or tenement in Stratford, called the New Place." In 1602, he made a large addion to his property at Stratford, by the purchase of 170 acres of arable land, and also a ouse in Stratford, situated in Walker-street. In 1603, he purchased another messuage Stratford, Barne's gardens and orchards. In 1605, he accomplished a large purchase ' the moiety of the lease of the great and small tithes of Stratford. There could be o doubt, from these circumstances, and from documents that show that he dealt in orn, that he was a cultivator of his own land in his native place. At what period he ıtirely gave up his profession of an actor it is difficult to say. We believe it was rlier in the seventeenth century than is commonly imagined. There can be no doubt .at, for several years previous to his death, he had returned, wealthy and honoured, to e bosom of those who were dearest to him—his wife and daughters, his mother, his sters and brothers. The companions of his boyhood are all around him. They have en useful members of society in their native place. He has constantly kept up his tercourse with them. They have looked to him for assistance in their difficulties. e is come to be one of them, to dwell wholly amongst them, to take a deeper interest their pleasures and in their cares, to receive their sympathy. He is come to walk ıidst his own fields, to till them, to sell their produce. His labour will be his recrea-ın. In the activity of his body will the energy of his intellect find its support and st. A pleasanter residence than Stratford, independent of all the early associations ıich endeared it to the heart of Shakspere, would have been difficult to find as a poet's sting-place. It was a town, as most old English towns were, of houses amidst rdens. Built of timber, it had been repeatedly devastated by fires. In 1594 and 95, a vast number of houses had been thus destroyed; but they were probably small ıements and hovels. New houses arose of a better order; and one still exists, uring the date on its front of 1596, which indicates something of the picturesque ıuty of an old English country town. Shakspere's own house was no doubt one of ose quaint buildings which were pulled down in the last generation, to set up four lls of plain brick, with equi-distant holes called doors and windows. His garden

was a spacious one. The Avon washed its banks; and within its enclosures it had its sunny terraces and green lawns, its pleached alleys and honeysuckle bowers. If the poet walked forth, a few steps brought him into the country—near the pretty hamlet of Shottery, by his own grounds of Bishopton, then part of the great common field of Stratford. Not far from the ancient chapel of Bishopton, of which Dugdale has preserved a representation, and the walls of which still remain, would he watch the operation of seed-time and harvest. If he passed the church and the mill, he was in the pleasant meadows that skirted the Avon on the pathway to Ludington. If he desired to cross the river, he might now do so without going round by the great bridge; for in 1599, soon after he bought New Place, the pretty foot bridge was erected, which still bears that date. His walks and his farm labours were his recreation. We believe that his *higher* labours continued till the end.

It would be something if we could now form an exact notion of the house in which Shakspere lived—of its external appearance, its domestic arrangements. Dugdale, speaking of Hugh Clopton, who built the bridge at Stratford and repaired the chapel, says :—"On the north side of this chapel was a fair house, built of brick and timber, by the said Hugh, wherein he lived in his later days, and died." This was nearly a century before Shakspere bought the "fair house," which, in the will of Sir Hugh Clopton, is called the "great house." Theobald says that Shakspere, "having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to New Place." Malone holds that this is an error :—"I find from ancient documents that it was called New Place as early at least as 1565." The great house, having been sold out of the Clopton family, was purchased by Shakspere of William Underhill, Esq. Shakspere by his will left it to his daughter, Mrs. Hall, with remainder to her heirs male, or, in default, to her daughter Elizabeth and her heirs male, or the heirs male of his daughter Judith. Mrs. Hall died in 1646, surviving her husband fourteen years. There is little doubt that she occupied the house when Queen Henrietta Maria, in 1643, coming to Stratford in royal state with a large army, resided for three weeks under this roof. The property descended to her daughter Elizabeth, first married to Mr. Thomas Nash, and afterwards to Sir Thomas Barnard. She dying without issue, New Place was sold in 1675, and was ultimately re-purchased by the Clopton family. Sir Hugh Clopton, in the middle of the eighteenth century, resided there. The learned knight thoroughly repaired and beautified the place, as the local historians say, and built a modern front to it. This was the first stage of its desecration. After the death of Sir Hugh, in 1751, it was sold to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, in 1753.

The total destruction of New Place in 1757, by its new possessor, is difficult to account for upon any ordinary principles of action. Malone thus relates the story :—"The Rev. Mr. Gastrell, a man of large fortune, resided in it but a few years, in consequence of a disagreement with the inhabitants of Stratford. Every house in that town, that is let or valued at more than 40*s.* a year, is assessed by the overseers, according to its worth and the ability of the occupier, to pay a monthly rate toward the maintenance of the poor. As Mr. Gastrell resided part of the year at Lichfield, he thought he was assessed too highly; but being very properly compelled by the magistrates of Stratford to pay the whole of what was levied upon him, on the principle that his house was occupied by his servants in his absence, he peevishly declared, that *that* house should never be assessed again; and soon afterwards pulled it down, sold the materials, and left the town. Wishing, as it should seem, to be 'damn'd to everlasting fame,' he had some time before cut down Shakspere's celebrated mulberry-tree, to save himself the trouble of showing it to those whose admiration of our great poet led them to visit the poetic ground on which it stood." The cutting down of the

mulberry-tree seems to have been regarded as the chief offence in Mr. Gastrell's own generation. His wife was a sister of Johnson's correspondent, Mrs. Aston. After the death of Mr. Gastrell, his widow resided at Lichfield; and in 1776, Boswell, in company with Johnson, dined with the sisters. Boswell on this occasion says—"I was not informed till afterwards, that Mrs. Gastrell's husband was the clergyman who, while he lived at Stratford-upon-Avon, with Gothic barbarity cut down Shakspere's mulberry-tree, and, as Dr. Johnson told me, did it to vex his neighbours. His lady, I have reason to believe, on the same authority, participated in the guilt of what the enthusiasts of our immortal bard deem almost a species of sacrilege." The mulberry-tree was cut down in 1756, was sold for firewood, and the bulk of it was purchased by a Mr. Thomas Sharpe, of Stratford-upon-Avon, clock and watchmaker, who made a solemn affidavit some years afterwards, that out of a sincere veneration for the memory of its celebrated planter he had the greater part of it conveyed to his own premises, and worked it into curious toys and useful articles. The destruction of the mulberry-tree, which the previous possessor of New Place used to show with pride and veneration, enraged the people of Stratford; and Mr. Wheler tells us that he remembers to have heard his father say that, when a boy, he assisted in the revenge of breaking the reverend destroyer's windows. The hostilities were put an end to by the Rev. Mr. Gastrell quitting Stratford in 1757, and, upon the principle of doing what he liked with his own, pulling the house to the ground in which Shakspere and his children had lived and died.

There is no good end to be served in execrating the memory of the man who deprived the world of the pleasure of looking upon the rooms in which the author of some of the greatest productions of human intellect had lived, in the common round of humanity—of treading reverentially upon the spot hallowed by his presence and by his labours. It appears to us that this person intended no insult to the memory of Shakspere; and, indeed, thought nothing of Shakspere in the whole course of his proceedings. He bought a house, and paid for it. He wished to enjoy it in quiet. People with whom he could not sympathize intruded upon him to see the gardens and the house. In the gardens was a noble mulberry-tree. Tradition said it was planted by Shakspere; and the professional enthusiasts of Shakspere, the Garricks and the Macklins, had sat under its shade, during the occupation of one who felt that there was a real honour in the ownership of such a place. The Rev. Mr. Gastrell wanted the house and the gardens to himself. He had that strong notion of the exclusive rights of property which belongs to most Englishmen, and especially to ignorant Englishmen. Mr. Gastrell was an ignorant man, though a clergyman. We have seen his diary, written upon a visit to Scotland three years after the pulling down of New Place. His journey was connected with some electioneering intrigues in the Scotch boroughs. He is a stranger in Scotland, and he goes into some of its most romantic districts. The scenery makes no impression upon him, as may be imagined; but he is scandalized beyond measure when he meets with a bad dinner and a rough lodging. He has just literature enough to know the name of Shakspere; but in passing through Forres and Glamis, he has not the slightest association with Shakspere's Macbeth. A Captain Gordon informs his vacant mind upon some abstruse subjects, as to which we have the following record:—"He assures me that the Duncan murdered at Forres was the same person that Shakspere writes of." There scarcely requires any further evidence of the prosaic character of his mind; and if there be some truth in the axiom of Shakspere, that

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sou ds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spo'ls,"

we hold, upon the same principle, that the man who speaks in this literal way of th "person that Shakspere writes of," was a fit man to root up Shakspere's mulberry tree, and pull down his house, being totally insensible to the feeling that he was doin any injury to any person but himself, and holding that the wood and the stone wer his own, to be dealt with at his own good pleasure.

It is a singular fact, that no drawings or prints exist of New Place as Shakspere left it, or at any period before the alterations by Sir Hugh Clopton. It is a more singular fact, that although Garrick had been there only fourteen years before the destruction, visiting the place with a feeling of veneration that might have led him and others to preserve some memorial of it, there is no trace whatever existing o what New Place was before 1757. The representation of 'New Place,' given in some variorum editions of Shakspere, is unquestionably a forgery. A modern house is now built upon the spot. Part of the site is still a pleasant place of garden and bowling green.

Pass we to Stratford Church—the last and most solemn association with the nam of Shakspere. We transcribe a brief description of this honoured pile from the 'Rambles by Rivers' of Mr. James Thorne :—"Stratford church is a structure o large size and unusual beauty. The bold, free hand of the old English architect i seen to advantage here. It is placed on the banks of the Avon, which is fringed by a few willows, and from the river our church appears of surpassing gracefulness. I has transepts, nave, chancel, and aisles, a fine tower and steeple. The tower, tran septs, and some other portions are of the early English style, and very perfect; the remainder belongs to a later period, and is not less graceful. Its windows are some of them full of rich tracery. The approach from the town is by a curious avenue o lime-trees. The whole appearance of the pile, with the surrounding objects, is extremely pleasing. Beautiful as is the exterior, the interior is even more so. It has very recently been fully restored, and with very great skill—so great skill, indeed, i displayed, that little is left to desire. All the barbaric refinements and embellishments of the last two centuries have been swept away—would they were in every church in the country!—and there is really now a fair restoration of the whole to its original state, with some little concessions, indeed, to modern requirements, but all done in the spirit of its original contrivers. The monuments in the church are many, and, besides *the* monument, are interesting. One chapel is entirely filled with those of the Clopton family, and many of them are handsome. On the north of the east window is a marble tomb to the memory of John Combe, the friend of Shakspere, and whom he has been charged with libelling in some rhyme that would have disgraced a Thames waterman. The statue of Combe was executed by Gerard Johnson, the sculptor of Shakspere's bust. But all else sinks into insignificance before the monument of Shakspere, rendered, too, so doubly interesting by the likeness of him it has preserved."

The sculptor of *the* monument was Gerard Johnson, whose name we learn from Dugdale's correspondence, published by Mr. Hamper, in 1827; and we collect from the verses by Digges, prefixed to the first edition of Shakspere, that it was erected previous to 1623 :—

> "Shakspere, at length thy pious fellows give
> The world thy works; thy works by which outlive
> Thy tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,
> And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
> Here we alive shall view thee still. This book,
> When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
> Fresh to all ages."

he fate of this portrait of Shakspere, for we may well account it as such, is a singular ne. Mr. Britton, who has on many occasions manifested an enthusiastic feeling for he associations belonging to the great poet, published in 1816, his 'Remarks on his lonumental Bust,' from which we extract the following passage:—"The Bust is the ize of life; it is formed out of a block of soft stone; and was originally painted ver in imitation of nature. The hands and face were of flesh colour, the eyes of a ght hazel, and the hair and beard auburn; the doublet or coat was scarlet, and overed with a loose black gown, or tabard, without sleeves; the upper part of the ushion was green, the under half crimson, and the tassels gilt. Such appear to have een the original features of this important but neglected or insulted bust. After remaining in this state above one hundred and twenty years, Mr. John Ward, grandather to Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, caused it to be 'repaired,' and the original olours preserved, in 1748, from the profits of the representation of Othello. This was generous, and apparently a judicious act; and therefore very unlike the next alteraon it was subjected to in 1793. In that year, Mr. Malone caused the bust to be overed over with one or more coats of white paint; and thus at once destroyed its riginal character, and greatly injured the expression of the face." It is fortunate hat we live in an age when no such unscrupulous insolence as that of Malone can be gain tolerated.

The following lines are inscribed beneath the bust:—

"Judicio Pylivm, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, popvlvs mæret Olympvs habet.
Stay passenger, why goest thov by so fast?
Read, if thov canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this Monvment, Shakspeare, with whome
Qvick natvre dide; whose name doth deck ye tombe
Far more than cost; sith all yt he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his wit.
Obiit ano. doi. 1616. ætatis 53. die 23 ap."

elow the monument, but at a few paces from the wall, is a flat stone, with the folwing extraordinary inscription:—

"Good freend for Jesus' sake forbeare,
To digg the dust encloased heare;
Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones."

The wife of Shakspere died on the 6th of August, 1623, and was buried on the h, according to the register. The gravestone is next to the stone with the doggrel scription, but nearer to the north wall, upon which Shakspere's monument is aced. The stone has a brass plate with the following inscription:—"Heere yeth interred the bodye of Anne, wife of Mr. William Shakspeare, who ep'ted this life the 6th of Avgvst, 1623, being of the age of 67 yeares." ome Latin verses then follow, which are intended to express the deep affection of her aughter, to whom Shakspere bequeathed a life interest in his real property, and the ilk of his personal. The widow of Shakspere, in all likelihood, resided with this der daughter, contributing her dower to the family expenses. It is possible that ey formed one family previous to his death. That daughter died on the 11th of ily, 1649, having survived her husband, Dr. Hall, fourteen years. She is described widow in the register of burials. Ranging with the other stones, but nearer the uth wall, is a flat stone now bearing the following inscription:—

"Heere lyeth ye body of Svsanna, wife to John Hall, Gent., ye davghter William Shakspeare, Gent. She deceased ye 11th of July, Ao. 1649, ged 66."

WARWICK.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON is not itself reached by the Excursion Train. The nearest railway station is at Warwick, which is nine miles distant. But thither Excursion Trains will probably run not infrequently during the coming summer. One, at least has run already, and at so low a rate as might well tempt the least locomotive. For five shillings, the journey could be made from London to Warwick or Leamington and back on the next day! The time thus allowed the tourist would permit Stratford to be easily visited, and its places of interest lie all within a narrow compass. It will be convenient to add a brief sketch of Warwick here: Leamington with Kenilworth and other of the neighbouring attractions will be noticed in a future number.

Warwick is a good example of an ancient town—the more remarkable, as standing in such close proximity and contrast with its bran-new neighbour—Leamington. In itself and for its own sake, the town would well deserve and amply repay a visit, even apart from the castle; but then the castle is an almost unrivalled example of the ancient English feudal castle, and will be looked on with delight and something of wonder by every one who sees it for the first time. Warwick ought to be seen first from the river. The town, indeed, is not seen to much advantage, for it is scarcely seen at all; but the castle, as it rears its long front and dark towers with stern majesty against the sky, forms a magnificent object.

Warwick Castle may as well be visited first. It is unquestionably the most splendid relic of feudal times in England. Its history is the history of the Earls of Warwick; and that is far too long a theme for a work like ours. The first earl was created by William the Conqueror, and his successors played an important part in English history, till the culminating point was reached in the person of the king-maker, whose name Shakspere has made, as he prophesied it would become, "familiar in our mouths as household words." But in connection with the castle itself, few remarkable events have happened. It has been the scene of many a splendid and many a gloomy occurrence; but it has had to withstand few prolonged sieges or fierce storms.

You approach the castle by a long winding narrow passage, cut out of the solid rock, only now and then catching a glimpse of a tower or battlement. It is not until the great gateway is passed that the vast extent of the building is seen. That part of the castle which serves as a residence is then seen on your left hand. Its principal front, however, is turned from you, towards the river, along which it stretches for four hundred feet. A strong outer wall, with all needful defences, encloses the great base-court, and was formerly surrounded by a wide and deep moat, which is now drained and green. On the right hand, as you enter, at the north-east angle of the wall, is a large and massive tower, above a hundred feet high. It was erected in 1394, and is called Guy's Tower, in honour of the redoubted earl of that name. The walls of this tower are ten feet thick; and it has rooms for its defenders, with loop-holes in them, so arranged, as to command a considerable extent. The view from the summit is magnificent. To the left of this is a still older and stronger tower, known as Cæsar's Tower. This is the keep, the last stronghold of the castle. It rises out of a huge mass of rock, and wears a most grim aspect as you stand at its base and look upwards. Within it is a gloomy dungeon, cut out of the solid rock.

The great range of buildings on the left, as you enter, which forms the lordly resi-
ence, has lost something of its ancient aspect by the substitution of larger windows;
ut its character has been preserved, as far as was compatible with rendering it a
welling-place adapted to the refinements of the present age. Internally it is very
lendid. Several of the rooms are of handsome proportions, and all of them are fitted
p and furnished in a rich and costly manner. The great hall, since its restoration, is
fine specimen of the great hall of a feudal lord. Its proportions are noble, it being
xty-two feet long by thirty-seven feet wide. In it are some curious pieces of antique
rniture, ancient arms, &c., and on the walls are suspended a few old pictures, arms,
d branching antlers. A room, which is deserving of especial notice, is the cedar-
om. It is of large size, and is very striking from its cedar wainscoting, its splendid
rniture, and its noble paintings; while from its windows is obtained a view over the
ounds which surpasses all besides. This view was famous in the time of the second
arles, and is noticed by Fuller in his usual quaint manner. In this cedar-room, and
other rooms, is contained a large and excellent collection of paintings, the works
incipally of the old masters. The collection is, perhaps, richest in historic portraits.
veral of Vandyke's portraits are here; among them are a grand portrait of Charles I.
d his queen, and others of considerable interest. One of the most striking portraits
that of Ignatius Loyola by Rubens. There is also a fine portrait of Gondomar, by
lasquez—a capital specimen of the Spanish school, as well as of a Spanish head. In
ong gallery, which has been hollowed out of the huge walls, is a curious collection
ancient arms. And in other rooms, in themselves worth noticing, are numerous
icles of taste and *bijouterie*. For a more particular account of the castle rooms and
eir contents, we refer to the Guide: what has been here said may serve to indicate
e kind of entertainment which may be anticipated on a visit to Warwick Castle.

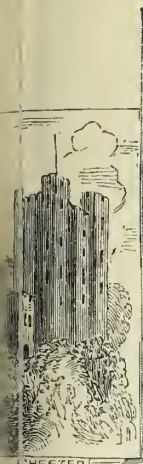
We must, however, just mention the grounds, which are extensive, and about the
stle are very beautifully laid out. In a large green-house in these grounds is the
inous Warwick vase, which was brought from Italy by the late earl. It is of marble,
large size, and so handsome, that it alone would render Warwick Castle attractive.
the visitor is about to leave, the porter will probably call his attention to a collec-
n of arms and antiquities which is placed in the lodge. For the most part it con-
s s of relics of the famous Guy, Earl of Warwick. There are his eating and his
nting utensils, and they evince his portentous appetite and bulk. His porridge-pot
ld hold a dozen men; his armour shows he must have been nearly nine feet high; and
must have had antagonists worthy of his bulk, for the rib of the famous cow which
slew is as big as that of a whale—with which indeed it has been confounded by
me living *savans*.

Warwick town has some quaint old half-timber houses, and some older public
ldings; and it would, doubtless, have had more of both classes, but for a fire which,
1694, destroyed more than half the town. The chief building is the church, which
uld by all means be visited. It is dedicated to St. Mary, and stands nearly in the
ntre of the town. It was built between 1370 and 1391, by Thomas Beauchamp,
rl of Warwick, in pursuance of the will of his father. But the present church is
n wholly of that date, a large portion of the original edifice having been destroyed
the great fire of 1694. It is very large, with transepts, nave, chancel, and chapel.
The chancel and Beauchamp, or Mary Chapel, escaped with little damage from the
fi The chancel has a beautiful groined stone ceiling, and is altogether a very fine
ample of the late pointed, or perpendicular style. But the glory of the place is the
Beauchamp Chapel, which it would be difficult to overpraise. The chapel is small,
b beautifully proportioned, and of exquisite finish in the details. It is arched and

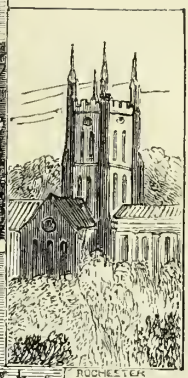
panelled, and has a small aisle on the north side. The chapel was built as a mortuary chapel by the executors of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died in 1439. Beauchamp's tomb, which was finished in 1460, occupies the centre of the chapel, and there are several others of later date; but they, though many of them are fine in themselves, rather detract from the general effect of the chapel. Beauchamp's is an altar-tomb of marble, upon which is laid the statue of the earl in plated armour. It is somewat larger than life, of gilt brass, and in perfect preservation. A hearse of gilt hoops is placed over it; about the tomb are many small figures; and it is literally powdered with bears and ragged staffs, one or other of the insignia being inserted between every three or four words of the long inscriptions, as well as everywhere else that a place could be found for them. Dugdale has preserved some interesting records of the construction of both tomb and chapel. From them it appears that the figure of the earl was executed by an Englishman, "Will. Austen, citizen and founder of London;" and that he covenanted to make the image, carry it to Warwick, and fix it in its place, for £40. The total cost of the monument was £170. The execution of the figures generally, but especially of the earl, is remarkably fine. Flaxman declared that it could not have been surpassed by any of Austen's Italian contemporaries. Several other of the monuments in this chapel are also of much interest. A monument in the church, to the ancestor of the present Earl of Warwick, claims attention for the inscription which is around it:—"Fulke Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Councillor to King James, Friend to Sir Philip Sydney." Few churches can show such monuments, and fewer monuments such an inscription.

In the town are some curious old gatehouses. The upper part of one of them formerly served as a church; it is now used as a school-room. An old building in the town originally belonged to a religious fraternity, which was dissolved with all like establishments in the reign of Henry VIII. In the reign of Elizabeth it had become the property of the Dudley family, and the Earl of Leicester converted it into a hospital for twelve infirm men. The endowment has since so increased in value as to support twenty-two brethren, with salaries of £80 a year each, and a master with an annual income of £400. The building itself retains little of its original appearance.

The Avon flows through Warwick Park for somewhat more than a couple of miles, and for the whole way is exceedingly beautiful. It continues to flow through a beautiful country all the way to Stratford, and it is equally beautiful a few miles *above* Warwick. One spot on its banks, on this side of Warwick, ought to be visited, if time can be spared. A prettier place in its way than Guy's Cliff, it would be hard to find anywhere. It is a private property, but access to it is readily granted. By us, however, it must be left undescribed. Its caves, its steep rocks, and pleasant walks; lovely prospects and shady dells; the beauty of the river there; the air of tranquillity; the seclusion, the freshness of the verdure, the majesty of the trees;—all are the theme of constant admiration. Then there is the cell hewn out of the rock, in which the mighty knight, who has given his name to all this spot, came, as ballads tell, to spend his last years in eremitic seclusion. There is also a little chantry chapel, which was erected by the executors of the Richard Beauchamp whose monument is in the middle of the Beauchamp Chapel. The little chapel is still standing, and so is the statue of Sir Guy, which they set up at the same time.



CHATHAM AND SHEERNESS



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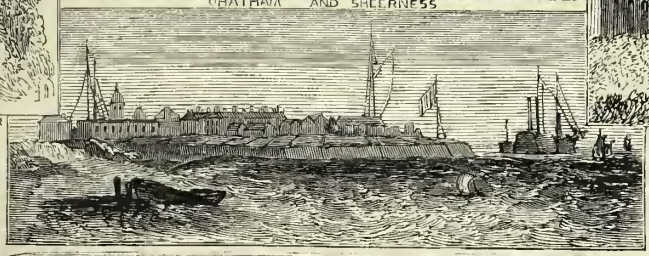
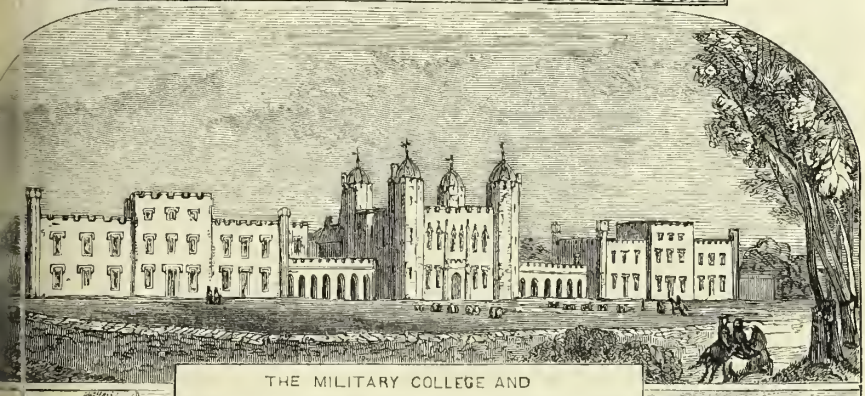
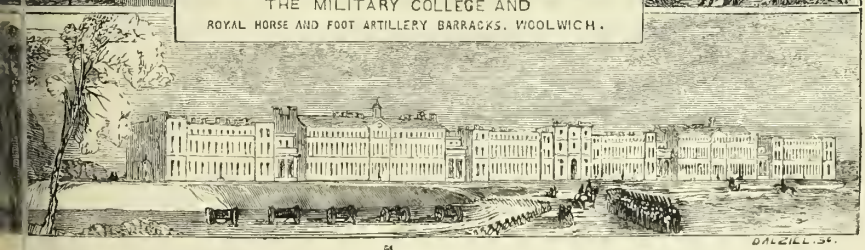




THE MILITARY COLLEGE AND
ROYAL HORSE AND FOOT ARTILLERY BARRACKS, WOOLWICH.



DALZIEL SC.

THE REPOSITORY

KNIGHTS

EXCURSION

COMPANION.

WOOLWICH, SHEERNESS, ROCHESTER, AND CHATHAM.

Woolwich is reached much more quickly by railway than by the Thames steamers, though the journey is much less varied and interesting. Still the railway route is a pleasant one, as on the North Kent line the carriages have broad windows, and we have a varied country to gaze upon. We pass the wooded and green slopes that extend beyond Lewisham, Blackheath, and Charlton, and soon "Woolwich Dockyard" is the cry of the officers on the station at which we are stopping; and there begins our work. There are certain noticeable periods in the history of Woolwich which it is pleasant to look at for a moment in conjunction. The first carries us back to the time of the Conqueror, when Haimo, the sheriff, was the one great man of the neighbourhood, when there were but three cultivators of the soil rich enough to pay a yearly rent of forty-one pence each; and when the whole value of the manor was just three pounds. In the second we behold Woolwich raised to the rank of a royal dockyard, and Henry VIII. is personally inspecting, with great and evident satisfaction, the new ship that had been built in it, and named after him, *Harry Grace à Dieu*, the largest vessel ever built up to its time, 1515. This vessel had a peculiar and unfortunate destiny; she was burnt at the mature age, for ships, of eight-and-thirty years, in the very dockyard where she had been reared. In the third period, we perceive that Woolwich, though possessing a royal dockyard—and which had become still more famous since Henry VIII.'s time, for the excellence of its ship-architecture, as was proved by the vessels of Drake and Hawkins, Cavendish and Frobisher,—remained in all other respects but a comparatively unimportant fishing-village. The three payers of rent of forty-one pence each, had been replaced by one hundred and twelve payers of rates. But this slow progress was soon to be greatly accelerated.

There was then in Moorfields, London, a royal foundry, for the casting of brass cannon. This was put into use for an interesting purpose in the year 1716, when such of the cannon taken from the French by Marlborough as had been injured, were to be re-cast. A brilliant assemblage of officers and other persons of distinction were present; and the process went on apparently in a very proper manner. But there was among the spectators a young German, Andrew Schalch, just out of his apprenticeship, who, according to the custom of the German artisans, was travelling to improve himself in his craft, as a journeyman, before he could be considered at liberty to commence as a master. He noticed what had escaped the eyes, or thoughts, of the artisans and others engaged—moisture in the moulds, the consequence of which he knew would be the instantaneous formation of steam, which must explode since it cannot escape from the moulds. He immediately warned the bystanders, and sent a message, through Colonel Armstrong, the Major-General of the Ordnance, to the Duke of Richmond, then the head of the department. The warning was disregarded; so the young

German quietly withdrew with his friends. Before long all London was alarmed by a terrible explosion; part of the roof of the foundry building was blown off, the galleries for the company were broken down, many of the persons who occupied them were injured, and most of the workmen terribly burnt, while some were killed. The authorities acted in a very prompt, un-official mode. They advertised for the young German, soon found him, offered him the superintendence of a new foundry, and set him to work to find a more suitable place for its erection than Moorfields. Before long the young German was at Woolwich, examining with a critical eye the advantages of the spot,—neighbourhood to London, without being inconveniently near—on the banks of the Thames, possessing, therefore, ample facilities for shipping and unshipping the cannon—unoccupied spaces for dangerous operations and tests—and an open country around; so that if in process of time the first institution here should expand, and throw off other institutions, there would be room enough for all to grow and flourish as they pleased. He said to himself and to the government, "This is the place,"—and so it became. Schalch, after giving further proof of his skill, by casting some pieces of ordnance, was appointed master founder, which office he held about sixty years, dying in 1776, at the ripe old age of ninety. He lies in Woolwich churchyard.

The last of the four periods we referred to is that in which we live; when, in place of the half-desert of the Conqueror's days, or the insignificant fishing-village, and not very busy dockyard of the last century, we look upon a place whose name resounds throughout the world, and with a terrible significance attached to it, as that from whence issue so many brazen and iron-throated ministers of war—as being, in short, Britain's chief arsenal, and one of our chief dockyards; to say nothing of the various other corresponding institutions which have grown up around these, and of which we shall presently speak. We must not forget to add, that the population has risen, through the causes indicated, to nearly 40,000, and the yearly rates paid to nearly £12,000.

A somewhat curious conversation takes place as we enter the DOCKYARD gateway. Two comfortable-looking policemen confront you, and one of them asks, "What do you want?" "To walk through the dockyard." "Are you a foreigner?" "Certainly not, why do you ask?" "No foreigner can be admitted without an express order from the Master-General,—please to step this way." We follow him into the little office close by—enter our names, professions, and residences. The policeman then puts a card into our hand—and lo! the dockyard-world is before you, and you may wander at your will. Stay, there are exceptions; you must not go into the engine-house, where the steam-engines for the navy are made, without an express order, although the doors move to your touch, and you can glance in without much fear of offence. It is against rules also to engage the attention of the workmen, and others scattered about. Without going into very minute particulars, we shall endeavour to indicate to the visitor some of the most interesting points to which the attention should be directed.

Passing various dwelling-houses for the officers, and which have a particularly fresh country-village aspect for such a situation, we reach one of the great houses devoted to the smith's work. Those tall massive machines, supported on two widely-expanding legs, are hammers, which play on corresponding anvils beneath. Watch their work. In yonder corner are heaps of old iron, of every conceivable kind, built up into squares of two feet or so each way; these are put into the glowing furnaces for half or three-quarters of an hour. And see!—they are now taking one batch from the furnace to the hammer; the intense brightness dazzles your eyes. Two artisans stand before you, why you know not. The half-melted mass is placed on the

anvil,—down comes the hammer, crushing the metal into nearly half the space it before occupied, while the brilliant sparks fly in thick showers to a great distance. Presently the whole mass of what seems to be worthless rubbish is put aside, solid new iron, fit for any purpose.

At another hammer they are preparing iron for ship's knees, and every now and then a piece of glowing metal, some six inches or so thick, is cut through as if it were only a piece of tough cheese. A bar of cold iron, of the size of your wrist, is snapped asunder with little more apparent effort than we should make to divide a stick of sealing-wax. But all this illustrates only the strength of the hammer; ask it, however, to break a nut for you, and not to injure the kernel, and it will do it most obligingly. It is, in fact, Nasmyth's hammer which is at work here, as we have already seen and spoken of it, at work at Portsmouth and Plymouth. And Nasmyth's patent hammer may be said to illustrate generally the exquisite finish and power of the machinery in use here and in the arsenal, in nearly every branch of industry. The work, roughly prepared in this shop, is completed in the adjoining one, where between thirty and forty men labour, each having his own furnace and anvil. But where are the bellows that, unseen, kindle the latent flames at the pleasure of the artisans?—go to the other side of the wall, into an adjoining place, and you will be satisfactorily answered. Those cylinders, three or four together, are each in fact equivalent to a vast pair of bellows. The pistons, moving up and down, are perpetually drawing air into their chambers, to send it to another vessel, on the top of which the lid, notwithstanding its weight is above a thousand pounds, dances as elastically as if it took a pleasure in simply amusing itself, instead of being, as it is, very busy, pressing down the air with all its force, in order that it may pass into the adjoining building, and then, through suitable channels, blow every man's fire for him. There is an escape at the back of this last-named chamber, in the shape of a long slit; put your hand against it, and feel for once in a quiet and safe way, the material presence of the power, which manifests itself in storms and tempests. We have spoken of furnaces. One wonders to see no chimney, and enquires whether there is none; when an attendant opens a sort of underground Tartarus, which you dare not bend over for above a second or two, so terrible is the glow of the flames rushing through. It is a part of the flue, which connects underground the furnaces with a tall shaft at a great distance, in connection with the saw-mills. Cross over now to these saw-mills. The floor is covered with parallel lines of rails; in the centre of each is a saw-mill. And a very various tribe is that of saw-mills. Take these two, for instance, side by side. One can cut horizontically, or vertically, or in a circle, or in short, in any way you please. The other is the common circular-saw, but how beautifully it works. There is now a great log of timber, nearly two feet square, advancing with as much ease and quiet through the air, a foot or two above the ground, as if that particular movement was a part of the law of its vegetable life; while, on its side, the saw dashes round with a piercing shriek of enjoyment, cutting its way through the very centre; and so the bulk which commenced that little movement as one, ends it a minute or so later, as two. Thirty feet of such timber sawed through in so brief a period is in itself something remarkable, but the perfect easiness of the whole proceeding is far more impressive.

Anchors are no longer made in the dockyard, which has thus lost one of its picturesque spectacles; but what is going on may well satisfy the most inveterate sight-seer. On yonder slip they are building a 50-gun frigate, which it is expected will turn out an unusually beautiful specimen of naval architecture. Here they are erecting an 84. Further on are two of these grand marine structures, side by side,

slowly rising into their perfect states. And what a contrast—the one a steamer, which will be mischievous enough, no doubt, to those who venture to meddle with her—but still only a steamer; the other a ship of war of almost fabulous power, which will carry 130 guns, and be of some 3500 tons burthen. The builders of *Harry Grace à Dieu*, or of the Sovereign of the Seas, which made so much noise in Charles I.'s time, as the greatest ship then known, would be a little astonished to look on this, the Royal Albert—the largest ship, without exception, in the greatest navy the world has ever seen. What a curious walk it is to ascend the long-continued series of inclined planes, made of rough timbers, which enable you to pass upward from the ground to the edge of the monster's deck. And then to think of the height of the forest of masts and spars that will rise above that again!

As we wander onward the extent of the Dockyard begins by degrees to astonish us; and no wonder, for it is nearly a mile long. The buildings are countless, and no two are alike. We now approach long ranges of workshops with gable roofs: these past, we find ourselves on the edge of one of the two Dockyard basins, where now lie two or three packet-boats, steamers, for repair. Looking up we perceive that we are standing between two tall mast-like erections, each moving upon an iron joint at the bottom, where the two divide widely, while at top they nearly meet. These are the Shears, and will drop you a new boiler, of any size, into a steamer, or take a mast coolly out from one of the largest ships, at your pleasure.

Among the other features of the Dockyard may be briefly enumerated,—the Dry-docks, the Parade, where the Royal Dockyard battalion exercise, and where, on summer evenings, a military band, that most spirit-stirring of musical effects, may be often heard; the Guard-house, the Surgery, the Chapel, the Dockyard-school, for apprentices, and the supply of water, which comes from a reservoir at the base of Shooter's Hill, a couple of miles or so distant. But ere we quit the Dockyard, there remains one thing to notice, and to dwell on,—a sight of melancholy interest, and which, though we have not before spoken of it, meets one at every turn. Here is a sample:—nine or ten men are dragging a truck with ropes. At first you might not see anything peculiar about them. Their dress is simple,—gray jacket and trousers, and a sailor's glazed round hat. But do you see their attendants?—the soldier carrying a musket on one side—the smart keeper, giving his orders on the other. Perhaps, unconsciously, you go a little nearer and look in their faces: then the truth flashes on you—they are Convicts! Hulks!—Ay; and there is one of the Hulks, on the Thames in front of the Dockyard. But you have gone too near. The soldier warns you "the keeper does not like any one to approach the convicts." He is quite right, and one's own feelings suggest the warning to be unnecessary, now we know who they are. This is, we repeat, a sight of melancholy interest; and grows more and more so, as you see group after group pass you, occupied in a variety of labours, none of them we fancy really very hard, and certainly none of them degrading; but then the ever-watching soldier, with his gleaming weapons,—and the equally vigilant keeper. A continuous hunt without the excitement,—punishment inexorably dogging the heels of crime.

Let us now bend our steps towards Woolwich Common, passing, on our way, through the streets of the dull town, in one of which we find the Royal Marine Barracks; in this pile some 1500 soldiers can be accommodated, and it has the reputation of being the most commodious place of the kind the army possesses. We now reach the fine breezy common, upon which we enter by means of a couple of iron gates. We have now on the right one end of the magnificent Barracks of the Royal Artillery, in front a fine expanse of green-sward, crossed diagonally from the left by a line of buildings

terminating in the Royal Military Academy, and crowned in the distance by the finely-wooded heights of Shooter's Hill — most appropriate of names! while lastly, on the right, the eye is arrested by the tall, tent-like form of the Rotunda, situated among beautifully picturesque undulating and broken grounds, diversified with fine pine-groups, snatches of water, &c. We will first, then, visit the Repository, in the grounds of which the Rotunda stands. Every step now brings some fresh object of interest into view; here is a park of artillery, pointing their dumb, blank-looking, demure mouths at us, and making one shiver to think of the scene they could suddenly raise about us—and possibly yet may raise somewhere or other. A little farther on we see, facing us, a genuine piece of field-fortification, formed of earth, and faced with sods, and having cannons grimly peering out of every embrazure. Here the artillery-men are exercised in their terrible business; here sieges are constantly lost and won—would all sieges were equally bloodless! In the waters of which we have spoken, which lie beyond the Rotunda, the management of pontoon boats, crossing rivers in the face of an enemy, diving for sunken pieces of ordnance, form the chief exercises. The Repository is peculiarly the show-place of Woolwich, and would be considered, anywhere else, a very striking one; here it is so surrounded by rival attractions, that it suffers a degree of eclipse. By the little field-gate that admits freely all visitors except the unlucky foreigner, again stands on each side a sort of Ordnance Cerberus, triple-mouthed, in the shape of a small piece of cannon, containing three distinct bores. These pieces were taken by Marlborough from the French, at Malplaquet. In the centre of the Repository-ground stands a soldier's memento of grateful and proud recollection of their eminent leader—it is an Obelisk, inscribed, "The Royal Regiment of Artillery to Sir Alexander Dickson." Do you ask who he was? Look on the other side of the obelisk, and you read a list of battles, seventeen in number, in which the veteran was engaged; and that list, which begins with Buenos Ayres, ends with Waterloo. Opposite the door of the Repository stands 'Voltaire,'—a magnificent piece of artillery, a trophy from Waterloo, and which is peculiarly interesting to unlearned visitors, as being complete in all its equipments. Close by, just raised above the ground, is a history of British ordnance, which he who runs may read; it consists (apparently) of a perfect set of specimens of our ordnance, from the days of Henry VIII., down almost to our own time. "Thyss Culveryn Bastard weys 2279," one piece remarks. Another informs us it is a "Pierrier," or stone-thrower, and thereby reminds us that cannon-balls were originally made of stone: in a commission given by Richard II. to Sir Thomas Norwich, 1378, the latter was directed to purchase six hundred balls of stone, for cannon and other engines. The extremely beautiful colour of many of these cannon must strike all eyes; it is the softest, most exquisite green one can conceive (excepting of course the green one sees in the fields on a spring morning), —the result, of course, of chemical action, and a colour which would be much more agreeable to the antiquary or artist than to the Master-General of the Ordnance, were the pieces for use. The length of one of the pieces is enormous; we should say, measuring by the eye, nearly, if not quite, 15 feet. And one is the very piece of ordnance that burst in Moorfields, broke down the Foundry, and raised up the fortunes of the young German, Schalch.

The Rotunda would be a very graceful building, if all idea of consistency were not destroyed by making the lower portion of the tent-like pile (the base, as it were, on which it stands) of brick; but seeing *that* you only wonder why so apparently fragile and graceful a superstructure was placed upon so solid a foundation. Within, the effect has been still more injured by the truly barbarous idea of putting in the centre a thick Doric pillar, whose massive capital just manages to thrust itself into the

pointed roof or apex of the tent, having therefore apparently nothing to support. A slender tree-shaft would have been beautiful, and quite as useful, if support were really needed. However, having got the thick Doric pillar, the authorities have made excellent use of it, in mounting upon it all sorts of fancy military ornaments,—conspicuous among which stands the complete armour of Bayard, the knight "*sans peur et sans reproche*." The object of the Rotunda is here stated to be for the reception of the "arms and other trophies taken by the British Army in Paris, in 1815." The building itself, we are informed, came from the Carlton Gardens, as the gift of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., who erected it there as a banqueting-house for the reception of the allied sovereigns on their visit to England. The contents of the Rotunda are so multifarious as almost to defy any generalisation except the very vague one of relating to warfare, and even that would not include many of the most interesting objects. For instance, under a glass is a cinder, of about six cubic inches. That cinder is the last vestige of above fifty-six millions of one pound bank-notes, burned by the Bank of England after calling them in. Here is also a new instrument for the measurement of time, by W. Congreve, which, it is asserted, may be kept in motion for thirty years, by a piece of chain, four feet long. Among the objects more especially proper to the place, the models of fortified towns, dock-yards, &c., first attract attention by their size. They include Woolwich, Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Deptford dockyards; Fort William, in Bengal; Quebec, including the spot where Wolfe fell, marked by a piece of the stone from the spot; Fort St. Philippe, in Minorca; Brimstone Hill and Citadel, in the Island of St. Christopher; Gibraltar, Rio de Janeiro, &c. Guns of every kind, of course, abound here, from the gigantic instrument or matchlock—which looks like a musket, but which no mortal man could shoulder, and which we find is for platform-firing, and supported artificially—down to the most elegant little weapon that ever an amateur Mars burned to discharge in the face of an enemy. The artillery-service is, as one would expect, profusely illustrated by tiny models of cannon, and mortars, and carriages, and equipments of every sort, ever used, or ever proposed to be used in war; the ordnance being in many cases mounted, and preceded by long trains of horses. There are also similar models of carriages bearing flat-bottomed pontoons turned upside down, of artillery-waggons, of infernal machines, rockets, scaling-ladders, and—like a little wholesome "bread" to all this stimulating "sack"—refuge beacons. Many of the cannons are extremely beautiful; but here is a remarkable contrast, a villanously-ugly piece from Cutch, looking like a round cannon suddenly crushed into a flat one; it was used for firing iron bars. Models again of machines for grinding powder, of foundries for cannon-making, sections of powder and other magazines, scientific, optical, and other instruments, a gigantic kettle-drum, weighing four and a half tons, models of bomb and fire-ships, a model of the Royal George, built in the dockyard we have lately quitted, and sunk at Spithead, fire-alarums, moveable targets, &c., help to compose the peculiar wealth of the Rotunda. The last objects we shall mention, are some relics of genuine old English ordnance, supposed to belong to the earliest period of the introduction of artillery into our service. They were found on the coast of Walney, Lancashire, and were dropped there, it is believed, by the fleet of Richard II., in 1379, on its expedition to Ireland, when twenty-five vessels were wrecked, and above a thousand men lost. There is one thing more, however, we must name,—this gigantic bunch of ordnance *grape*, looking like a lot of India-rubber bottles tied together by rope, and rudely smeared over with red paint: a pleasant messenger to send among a ship's crew, scattering, as it does, on its alighting, some forty shells, each vomiting forth its devilish contents in emulous

contest with its neighbours, the whole changing life into death with a ghastly suddenness, through the extent of a vast semicircle!

From the model instruments of destruction to the model men who use them, or in other words, from the Repository Museum to the *Royal Military Academy* for Cadets, on the opposite side of the common, seems a natural and felicitous transition. This institution is for the education of the sons of officers and private gentlemen, who desire to obtain commissions in the Artillery or Engineering service. At present the numbers vary from 150 to 200. The expense is proportioned to the rank of the parents, if they are in the army; if not, the annual payment is £125. It may not be uninteresting to consider what is now esteemed the ideal of a military man's education. The range of study here has of late years been greatly extended and improved. It now comprises mathematics, with all its minor branches; natural philosophy; fortifications, permanent and field; and all matters relating to attacks, defences, sieges, outworks, mining, powder magazines, bridges, coast defences, towers, &c.; drawing, including landscape and water-colour, and plan, and map, and figure; chemistry; botany (there is a garden to aid botanical study); and lastly, all the ordinary branches of an English education, as history, geography, with French and German languages, &c. So much for the mind. The body, meantime, is subjected to all sorts of drilling, and exercising, and marching, to military practice with carbines, to mortar, howitzer, and eprouvette practice, at various ranges, manœuvring with field-guns, sword-drill, formation of parades, also gymnastics, swimming, and athletic games, besides we know not how many etceteras. A rather fearful prospect for a timid youth to enter on! We have been told of one case, where for the first six months the young cadet made absolutely no progress, and was looked upon as an incorrigible dunce. Probably he was all the while only making up his mind to the place, and its demands. Suddenly he started onwards, overtook more advanced students, passed them, and presently was by the side of the masters themselves, perfectly acquainted with all they could teach him. The affair quite startled the Academy. The authorities talked about it, and wondered at it, and at last thought they would do something in it, by noticing it with some extraordinary mark of approbation: consequently a gold medal was cast and presented to the young student; an incident quite out of course, utterly unprecedented. Would not one suppose that when the gentleman cadet had mastered the foregoing routine he must have finished his studies at last?—that is by no means the case; he has only mastered the first or theoretical branch. He must next go to the Arsenal, and form one of the "practical class" established there, as a detachment from the Academy. There he remains for a twelvemonth, learning the use of all sorts of guns, carriages, and machines that are employed in the service; making drawings from actual measurements of every object, and accompanying them with original descriptions, in fullest detail. The casting of brass ordnance, the composition of gunpowder, the actual manufacture of rockets, fusees, &c., now become "familiar as his garter." Sapping and mining, field-work surveying, are all now closely and experimentally taught. The cadets receive lectures on mineralogy, geology, practical mechanics, practical astronomy, practical optics, chemistry, strategy, and other military subjects, courts martial and military law. Lastly; during the eleventh and twelfth months, they are made finished horsemen in the Riding School. Supposing the whole course of study to be creditably passed through, a commission, without fee or reward, soon gratifies the eyes of the cadet—from thenceforward he walks abroad an officer in Her Majesty's service. Monthly examinations take place, followed by reports to the Queen and the Master-General, and upon these reports the latter acts in recommending to the former those cadets whom he esteems worthy of and prepared for actual service.

The Academy in front presents three divisions, the one in the centre suggesting at a distance a likeness to the well-known central square turretted pile of the Tower of London, the others forming solid battlemented structures each higher in the middle than at the ends, and the whole three divisions forming a fine façade. A few six-pounders appropriately decorate the entrance. Here take place annually gymnastic games, which we are told are not unworthy of classic days. Prizes of books, telescopes, skates, and a host of other suitable articles are given to the winners in the different contests, which comprise foot-races, including hurdles to be leaped over, cutting lead, running high jumps, running wide jumps, high leaps with the pole, vaulting, and "putting" or throwing 24-pound shot. The prize of prizes is the Silver Bugle, which is granted to, and worn for a year by, the cadet who is victor in the greatest number of games. A pretty scene it is, when the bugle with his name engraved on it, is first slung over the manly yet youthful shoulder. These annual contests are open to the public view, and are well worth seeing. The Governor of the Academy is the Master-General of the Ordnance; practically the Academy is managed by a Lieutenant-Governor, aided by inspectors and other officers, professors, and masters. The professorship of Mathematics is generally held by one of our most distinguished mathematicians; the names of Dercham, Simpson, Hutton, Gregory, and Davies already stand upon the Academy's roll. The cadets themselves share to a certain extent in the business of government; some being appointed corporals over a number of their fellows; and each room, with three cadets, having a head, who is responsible for the conduct of the whole. The hall of the Academy looks like a piece of middle-age domestic architecture, though the whole pile was only erected in 1805 (the former Academy being too small); it is in exquisite taste, of perfectly noble proportions, with richly stained glass windows, has various suits of complete armour mounted high on the walls, and among the minor effects are some very pleasing and artistic ones, such as the continuous line of ornament along the walls, formed by the belts of the cadets hung closely together, and the lion heads formed in the recesses on both sides the centre of the hall, by weapons of war. The origin of the Academy may be said to be a small school which existed in the neighbouring village of Charlton before the year 1719, and which has gradually expanded into the institution we have described.

Re-crossing the common, but in a more easterly direction, we pass the long-extended front of the Royal Artillery Barracks for foot and horse,—a pile of enormous size, and capable of accommodating between three and four thousand men. This front is formed of five divisions, connected by four others, standing back, and having before them arched Doric colonnades, which complete the line of front unbroken, to the extent of 1200 feet. The two cupolas in the centre, and the constantly varying line of roof, prevent the slightest idea of tameness or monotony. The barracks include a large chapel, three reading-rooms for (respectively) the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, a superb mess-room (60 feet by 30), riding-schools, &c., &c. On the parade in front are five remarkable pieces of ordnance; the centre one is of immense size, and was taken at the siege of Bhurtpoor. This parade is the grand promenade of Woolwich,—and certainly nothing can be well conceived more brilliant in military spectacle than the scene here frequently presented, as, for instance, when the Horse Artillery march forth on a grand field-day, with a complete battery of guns, each drawn by four or six horses, preceded by a brass band, under the eyes, perhaps, of a general officer and his staff and friends, and surrounded by a large concourse of spectators.

We now finally direct our steps to the *Arsenal*, and the road leads us past the

Royal Ordnance Hospital and the Barracks of the Sappers and Miners. At the Arsenal gate we are again met by the query as to our extraction, and again give a satisfactory answer. With the politest of bows, the attendant on duty says, "You may now go where you please to any part of the Arsenal;" excellent! we mentally exclaim; "only," he adds, "you must not enter any of the buildings." The sense of the ludicrous nature of this climax grows on us as we proceed, through a sort of deserted path or road between houses and erections, until at last one fairly bursts out into a hearty laugh at this specimen of arsenal wit. However, it is a fact that the buildings are all hermetically closed except to those who obtain an order from the Master-General; and from what we can learn, such orders are by no means easy to be obtained by those who would make any other use of them, than merely to please their eyesight and gratify their curiosity. It is in these buildings, of course, that all the more interesting processes and manufactures are carried on. Information, however, does ooze out, even so as to supply the local guide-books. From these, then, and from recollections supplied by visits made before the prohibition, we shall give such a brief notice as accords with our plan.

The Foundry, for casting brass guns and howitzers, was erected by Vanbrugh, and contains three furnaces, one of which is large enough to hold nineteen tons of metal. Cannon are cast whole, and then bored. This operation is performed in other parts of the Arsenal, and is one of high mechanical skill and beauty. The boring of the interior, and the turning and polishing of the exterior, go on simultaneously; the gun revolving all the time on its axis, and the bore being completed by a centre-bit, placed at starting at the mouth. It is a curious and an interesting process, and it is to be regretted that it is not permitted to be witnessed. Every gun, after casting, is examined by magnifying glasses outside, and by mirrors within. If no flaw be discovered, it is then further tested by being fired: that proof is decisive one way or the other. Iron ordnance is generally supplied on contract, by private manufacturers; but alterations of iron ordnance are carried on here. Thus, an 18-pounder is sometimes enlarged into a 24-pounder. Everywhere in the Arsenal machinery is at work, performing the strongest and the most delicate operations.

The Laboratory is devoted to the business of preparing all sorts of ammunition, except ball and blank cartridges, which, on account of their hazardous nature, have been removed to the eastern extremity of the Arsenal. The Model-rooms contain specimens of all the articles, in all stages of preparation, used in the manufacture of gunpowder, also of the grinding and sifting-mills, and the machines and implements by which the manufacture itself is carried on. Here, too, are moulds for casting missiles of every kind, balls, bullets, chain, grape and canister shot, and shells, some of the latter weighing 230 pounds. A leathern bag hanging on the wall, will show you how Ghuznee was won. It was by means of a few bags like this filled with gunpowder, and applied to the gateway, that an opening was torn away into that strong fortress, which admitted the storming party, and caused the Afghans the loss of their apparently impregnable place. The military antiquary will here find many things to charm him; as, for instance, the specimens of implements of destruction of an early date, many of which have fallen into entire disuse. The percussion-cap manufactory possesses some very beautiful machines for the construction of that little but valuable auxiliary to the modern musket, the cap, which is cut out from a sheet of copper, at first in the shape of a Maltese cross, then put into rough form by boys. In the proof department metal fuses are made and fitted to shells, and the latter tested. The final test is proving them by air under water. The other chief departments are the Powder-magazines and the Gun-carriage department; in connec-

tion with the last are buildings for the manufacture of that terrible missile, the Congreve-rocket.

But though the interior of the buildings, their varied contents, and scientific processes, are sealed to the visitor, the open spaces are not altogether destitute of objects to arrest his attention. There are two almost appalling items, the one of them consisting of the ordnance ranged in lines on the ground, to the number of *twenty-eight thousand pieces* of large cannon, the other of shot and shells, pyramidally built up to the number of four millions! These two facts may give some idea of the resources of Woolwich, in case of our neighbours feeling inclined to substantiate Sir Francis Head's anticipatory alarms; and, starting from this idea of Woolwich, one may go on by degrees to vaguely reckon up the resources of the other places of the kind in England; and last, and by no means least, we may take into account what could be done by private manufacturers, when we remember that Birmingham alone, during the last European war, produced with ease a musket a minute.

THE MEDWAY AND SHEERNESS.

Resuming our place in the train, we speedily see on our left the marshes of Plumstead, with the river veiled in mist beyond. Here the authorities of the Arsenal come not unfrequently to look on, while inventors of all sorts of shells, and other "infernal machines," test the schemes with which they hope to scatter death and ruin among hostile armies, and towns, and ships, and thereby build up their own lives and fortunes. On our right the eye rests upon a long-continued slope of gentle eminences, crowned by woods of varying outline. Again our pace increases, and the scenery, as in a moving panorama, floats rapidly by. There is Erith, with its gigantic excavation in the earth, looking like the bed of some new tower of Babel to be raised here, and which is proposed as one of the places of sepulture for London under the new arrangements; and there is a hop-garden, with the poles in bundles, collected into elegant pyramidal forms, like small tapering huts; and there Dartford, where Wat Tyler's insurrection broke out, and where the first English paper-mill was said to have been established. And there is Greenhithe, with its beautifully picturesque broken grounds, extending on both sides of the railway; and there in the distance is Gadshill—the scene of the exploits of Prince Hal, and Falstaff, and their followers; and lastly, there is Gravesend, that cockney elysium! and which is really a precious breathing-ground for poor half-stifled London. Beyond Gravesend we pass chalk-pit after chalk-pit, and through the long dreary tunnel, which must, however, have seemed far drearier to the bargemen when the old canal was carried through it; and now we are at Strood, one of the "three towns," Strood, Rochester, and Chatham, and which form to the eye but one long-continued narrow city. In a few minutes we are gliding on the Medway, and through the natural basin which the river forms here by one of its many windings. A fine picture is before us of hills, densely covered with the houses of Rochester and Chatham. The stately storehouses, &c., and the great angular or curved roofs of the slips of Chatham Dockyard, which occupy the lower part of the hill, and the mysterious-looking walls and trenches, and other phenomena of the fortifications above, next attract the eye. These are scarcely looked at before you are told such a ship is a guard-ship, that is, one of our men-of-war, kept here in commission, with a regular crew, and with its weapons and stores on board, like that we noticed at Portsmouth. Its ordinary use is to instruct lads in

he duties of good seamanship. They are received here, taught the requisite knowledge and discipline, and then draughted off to such men-of-war as may need them.

But see!—that rather toy-looking fort on the left, on the very edge of the water, half-covered with ivy, and with its one projecting battery almost concealed by a sort of shed constructed over it, to protect the guns, is Upnor Castle, erected by Elizabeth for the defence of the Medway; and which played rather a conspicuous part in one of the most memorable historical events that give interest to the river, and which is also connected with the place towards which we are approaching, Sheerness. During the war between the English and Dutch in 1677, De Ruyter, the Dutch admiral, determined upon a bold adventure, no less than making a sudden dash at some of the dockyards of England, and at such portions of the fleet as he might find unprepared to resist his great force. Presently he appeared before Sheerness with fifty ships of the line. It was gallantly but vainly defended by Sir Edward Spragge; the place was taken and destroyed. De Ruyter, remaining on the watch at the Nore, at the junction of the Thames and the Medway with the sea, sent his admiral Van Ghent, with seventeen light ships and eight fire-ships, up the Medway to destroy Chatham. Monck, then admiral of the fleet, having heard the appalling news of the fate of Sheerness, hastened to the place next devoted to ruin, caused a strong chain to be drawn across the Medway, and placed three great ships that had been taken from the Dutch behind the chain. But Van Ghent was bold and fortunate. There was a strong easterly wind, and a spring tide. Careering along with all the force this conjunction gave, he snapped the chain asunder, and set fire to the ships placed behind it. But a vigorous defence was made at Upnor, and the country was soon alarmed in all directions, and began to pour in its strength to drive off the invaders; so Van Ghent was compelled to resign all hope of the chief prize, Chatham, and retreated, taking with him, however, one ship—the Royal Charles. Pepys has revealed the utter imbecility and confusion which these incidents caused in the councils of government. When all was over, fresh fortifications were planned, and to some extent erected in a great hurry. The excess of alarm was followed by a re-action of carelessness; but on the whole one can see that the event has never been utterly forgotten, nor a recurrence of such incidents left unprovided for. We may be certain that any De Ruyter of the nineteenth century would go back in a very different plight. Vessels are warned off from Upnor Castle, and the why must be perfectly satisfactory; accompanying the warning we read, in letters whose size is as portentous as their theme, "Powder Magazine." That is the use to which Upnor Castle is now applied.

But what is the meaning of these mast-less spar-less vessels—of such gigantic bulk, and lying together so thickly, frequently in pairs, that the Medway seems alive with them? These are England's men-of-war reduced to the aspect of peace; lying, as it is called, in ordinary, that is, with their crews discharged, their masts, spars, and rigging, guns, moveables, and stores of every kind removed to the dockyard, and the upper deck covered in with a framework of timber and tarpaulin that completely protects the ship from the injuries of weather. We pass these mighty erections almost every minute. Certainly the Medway thus peopled forms one of the most striking scenes our island can furnish. We pass some of them so close, that we could look into the state-cabins if we were but high enough; but our little steamer looks still less than she is beside such leviathans. And as we measure the length, breadth, and height, of the enormous structures, we are reminded that what we see out of the water, necessarily involves a world of space and timber beneath, to give the whole such buoyancy. Stern magnificence is their general expression; but in their colours

they are, for the most part, beautiful, seen under such a clear transparent sky, an brilliant sun, as these of to-day. The intensely beautiful green of the copper botto is set off, on the one hand, by the dark colour and varying form of the waves, and o the other, by the warm stone colour with which the whole ship is painted, excep where the decks are marked by long horizontal stripes of pure white, through whic appear the port-holes for the guns.

SHEERNESS now comes slowly into view in the form of a long range of stately an handsome-looking buildings, apparently of recent erection, and rising from the ver bosom of the water. And that appearance speaks but of the reality. In the time o Charles I. Sheerness was nothing but a swamp. Its position, however, at the corner o the Isle of Sheppey, and commanding the mouths of the Thames and Medway, earl marked it out as an admirable site for a stronghold of government, and as a place o refuge for its disabled vessels. Here the ships in ordinary lie far thicker than we hav yet seen them, many as we have already noticed in our morning's voyage. Not less tha forty ships of different sizes can we count; most of them, evidently, men-of-war, an some of them of the very largest class. We wish we could, without departing fro the object of our visit, take our readers over one, and explain to them what a world of industry, and skill, and self-denial, and rigorous exactness and discipline opens t us in wandering through the interior of such a ship: when crew, guns, and stores ar all on board—when, in a word, the ship is in its natural state, fitted alike to sail or to fight:—but this may not be. The tourist who has not gone over a man-of-war will do well to take the first opportunity of examining one; there are not many objects better worth a careful inspection.

The Nore Light may now, we believe, be descried by those who possess good eyes; we can perceive only the sea, and are content. Its vastness, so far beyond all our power of comprehension, once more occupies our every thought, and fills us with an awe difficult to be shaken off.

As we make our way toward the long jetty, which the spirit of the inhabitants has thrust forth some three thousand feet into the water; we are shown one of the few ships that enjoy the reputation of having fired every gun it possessed in one tremendous double broadside. Obviously this is of rare occurrence. The ship pointed out to us was chivalrous enough to run between two enemies, and, being there, did her best. But they were too much for her, and she retreated in time. The steamer in the basin must not be passed over in silence. This was originally intended to carry forty or fifty guns; but, to confess the truth, iron has failed for once—it does not do for steam war-ships. An unlucky blow may commit a terrible amount of damage, and be irreparable at sea. So the Vulcan (we think this is her name) is to be made useful in another way. She is to be a troop-ship, that is, she will carry troops to-and-fro between England and her dependencies. Her size may be best illustrated by stating her capacities—she will carry at one time fifteen hundred soldiers!

Sheerness is a bathing-place in summer, and must be always interesting from its magnificent assemblage of ships of war; otherwise the place is dull enough except to visitors of an hour or two, who wish, like ourselves, to see the dockyard.

As we reach the little toll-house at the town end of the jetty, a man presents himself with an unmistakeable "stand-and-deliver" aspect. A person by our side accordingly asks, "What's to pay!" "Nothing, Sir, for you, but a penny for this gentleman," referring to our unfortunate self. "What's the meaning of that?" we naturally ask. "Oh, you have a writing-case under your cloak; that's luggage, and we charge for luggage though not for passengers." A novel law, but it is the law of Sheerness, we suppose, and therefore, like peaceable subjects we submit to it.

Sheerness, though not very large as a whole, yet tries to make the most of itself y a threefold division, each part being dignified by the name of a town; thus we ave the town of Sheerness properly so called, Mile Town and Blue Town: the latter eing included with the dockyard in the lines of fortification. On the land side we e sloping walls rising high on each side of a dry ditch, and drawbridges, &c. acing the water are two batteries of heavy guns, divided by long walls of brick- ork, pierced with shot-holes, for musketry. Outside the guns are various intricacies f slope and ditch, and little green enclosures, pleasant enough to look at, but we nagine somewhat dangerous for an enemy to disport in. There are, in all, about ne hundred heavy guns mounted, for the defence of Sheerness. Most of these works f defence are of late creation, and have cost heavy sums of money.

But here we are at the Dockyard. Nothing can be more courteous than the officer ho admits us. We receive a card, a few hints in answer to our queries as to what most interesting in the place, and are dismissed to go just where we please. Looking ound, we are surprised at the beauty of the place. It is as though a dockyard, all repared, had been suddenly, but very gently and nicely, lowered into a gentleman's ark. The handsome pile on the left, which forms the residence of the Captain uperintendent, increases the likeness here suggested. After roaming about the yard or some time, and noticing how all the arrangements seem to conform and harmonise ith our first impressions (for Sheerness is undoubtedly one of the most perfect though lso one of the smallest of the royal dockyards), we grow inquisitive about a model f the whole, that is kept, we understand, in an upper room of that extremely large torehouse, or rather range of storehouses, six stories high, which forms a quadrangle nclosing an inner court, and will hold 30,000 tons of naval stores. So on applica- ion to the builder's office, a messenger is sent with us to show the model. It occupies he whole central part of a large room, is raised breast high, and contains an accurate epresentation of every building, however small, that is to be found within the dock- ard wall, and some buildings including a part of the town that lies beyond. The irst thing that strikes us is the infinite number of pointed sticks, some few inches ong, which extend downward from beneath every batch of building that is represented; o that if you were to take any particular batch, and turn it, with the points upward, t would look very much like a flax-dresser's comb. These sticks are the representatives f the piles, nearly 100,000 in number, that had to be driven into the marshy soil, efore any portion of the dockyard could be safely erected. Standing before the nodel, opposite the gate at which we entered, our attendant points out the house for he police superintendent on one side of the gateway, and the police station, and urgeon's house (all dockyards appear to have a resident surgeon) on the other. Next he shows us, farther in the yard, the house for heating pitch for caulking the ides of vessels &c., the saw-pits, and the steam-kiln where planks are steamed and oiled, and the most refractory timbers reduced to the shape that best suits the hip-wright's purposes. Then, outside the gates, he points to the residence of the Port-Admiral,—Sheerness being a station entitled to the guardianship of an officer f that high rank; and to the Ordnance department, which is disconnected from the lockyard management, and forms, we presume, a sort of petty arsenal. Sheerness is hiefly used for repairing and not for building vessels; there is, however, generally ne vessel, and that a steamer, on the stocks, for the purpose of keeping the permanent ands in employment, when repairing work may be slack. Besides the slip for build- ng, there are two dry docks, and two small camber-basins. Of course our attendant oes not forget to point out his own office, the Builder's. From thence his eye wanders to a large building, called the Victualling House, but which is no longer

used for that purpose, Deptford being the great victualling dépôt for all the royal doc yards, in which we are at present interested. The school for the shipwrights' apprenti is next pointed out, then the large basin, and then three large docks, opening into t basin, each of which will receive a first-class ship of war. The curious arrangemer for the transit of large timbers from the Medway outside the dockyard, to the ma pond, a considerable distance within, are now explained. There are certain openin in the sea-wall, into which the timbers are guided, then floated through a tunnel in a pond behind, and thence, if needed no further on, they go under the mast-hou which stands on the opposite side of the pond, to the mast-pond behind the ma house. The masting shears, which we noticed in our account of Woolwich, are course an indispensable requisite in every dockyard; but here, as well as at Chatha they are mounted in vessels on the water. The engine for pumping out the wat from the docks is of fifty-horse power, and can clear the whole of the enormous boc of water they contain when full, in two hours and a half. The mast-house store, tv more steam-kilns, a police-station for the residence of the dockyard policemen, t cabins assigned respectively to the timber-receiver and boatswain, the mould-lo joiner's shop, and what was the dockyard tap, all are pointed out to us on the mod Enquiring about the meaning of the word *was* as applied to the dockyard *tap*, we a informed that such places are all abolished in the royal dockyards, and that now t tap of Sheerness is used as a compass-house. "Are there then so many compasses we asked. "It is chock-full of them, or pretty near," was the answer. We learn a interesting fact relating to the supply of water, for which Sheerness used to be depe dent upon Chatham, until a well was sunk within the dockyard, 350 feet deep, ar abundance at once secured. Presently, however, a complaint reached the authoriti that the springs at Southend, ten or twelve miles distant across the Thames, wer failing, through the effects of the dockyard well. It seems incredible that the fa should have been as stated, but we are assured there is no doubt about the matte notwithstanding that all the channels of communication lie below the bed of the dee and broad æstuary of the river. Happily, the sources soon adapted themselves to th increased demands made, and have ever since afforded plenty for all parties. Th naval fleets that pass this way are now supplied with all their fresh water from thi well.

STROOD, ROCHESTER, AND CHATHAM.

RETURNING now to Strood, and landing at the very spot from which the steame took us, we are reminded by a board of the attractions of the Cathedral and Castle o Rochester, and one has not far to seek for them, for both uprear their hoary-looking walls, close together, within a quarter of a mile or so of where we now stand. As w pass on towards the bridge—itself an object of no ordinary interest—let us note dow a few particulars relating to the three towns, premising that we are not aiming t give a regular topographical description of any of the places on our route, which o the contrary has for its primary object a visit only to the royal dockyards and arsenal at Woolwich and on the Medway.

The three towns comprise, altogether, a population, according to the census o 1841, of above 41,000, and extend for nearly two miles along the banks of th Medway. This noble river is of course a tidal one, and rises here in spring tides t the height of eighteen feet, and to twelve feet in neap tides. Strood is chiefly notice able as being the railway-station for the three towns—Rochester for its Castle and

athedral—and Chatham for its dockyard, barracks, and fortifications. Of course ere is the usual proportion of churches and chapels, and public buildings in each wn, and there are some fine old specimens of domestic architecture. The environs Rochester and Chatham are very delightful, as may be readily supposed from the ture of the country. Rochester, with Strood and Frindsbury, returns two members Parliament, and Chatham sends another. Rochester is, probably, the oldest of the ree towns, and carries us back into the very midnight of English history. It was alled round at least as early as the time when Kent rejoiced in its own particular ng, Ethelbert I., and the walls in question are supposed to have been of Roman orkmanship. Traces of them still remain. But here we are at the bridge, which is ten spoken of as one of the finest antique structures of the kind in England. It nnects Strood and Rochester, is built of stone, includes some ten arches, and is now ove four and a half centuries old. The builder was Sir R. Knowles, a knight of the ign of Edward III., who was renowned alike for his piety and courage. When at King marched his army through Rochester, on his way to the siege of Calais, he und the wooden bridge, which had existed from at least the date of Henry I., unsafe; nce the erection of the stronger structure.

Gazing with some interest upon this example of our forefathers' skill in engineering, e noticed certain horizontal scaffoldings of wood, stretching out from it on the natham or sea-ward side, and other wooden platforms a little lower, stretching from th banks, and had the curiosity to ask their meaning. "It is for the erection of a w bridge," was the answer. "And of course, then, this bridge will be removed?" Yes, as soon as the new one is completed." So this fine old structure, which has en long looked on with veneration by our antiquaries, is doomed, and will soon be nown only by pictures and engravings, which, fortunately, are numerous; for the d bridge, with the castle and cathedral, had a remarkably picturesque character. e learn from the resident engineer, that the new bridge will be of iron, with three ches; the centre one, having a span of 170 feet, will take about three years to erect, d will cost a sum which cannot be estimated nearer than as ranging between one ndred, and one hundred and fifty, thousand pounds. In making the foundations, the gineers have alighted on what is evidently the foundation of the original wooden idge, and in consequence they have to penetrate through eighteen feet of Kentish g-stone. This unexpected circumstance has led to great changes in the mode of tion. The piles are of cast-iron instead of wood, and measure no less than seven t in diameter. Of these about fifty or sixty in all will be employed. Their nstruction and use will probably mark a new era in this department of engineering. ey are divided into two portions, one smaller than the other, but connected by an ernal door. The small chamber is intended as a kind of preliminary reception- om for the two or three workmen employed in each cylinder, while the communica- n is cut off between the external air they have just left and the larger chamber to ich they are going. The last is kept constantly full of compressed air, by means a steam-engine. This air—so compressed—keeps the water out of the bottom of e cylinder (which is a kind of diving-bell), and yet allows the workmen to break up d prepare the ground for the reception of the cylinder itself, which is to remain rmanently as a pile. The contrivances by which all this is effected are as simple as ey are beautiful. The inventor is Mr. Hughes, who acts for the chief engineer the bridge, Mr. W. Cubitt. Before we leave, the first-named gentleman shows us stack of black-looking pieces of timber, old piles, which have been extracted from e foundations; and he informs us of a very valuable fact that has resulted from ir examination. It is calculated that this wood has been at least a thousand years

under water; and as it consists of several kinds, there is an opportunity, of character seldom afforded, for testing their relative value. The kinds are oak, che nut, elm, and beech. The first three are perfectly sound, the fourth is entirely rott

What a change has taken place in all things, since this dark-looking ruin—t Castle—this remnant of feudal times, preserved for the instruction of our own, w erected, and nowhere is the alteration more conspicuous or significant than in itsc Formerly the protector of the whole neighbourhood, the parent, so to speak, of t towns that grew up in comparative security under its shelter, it is now unable with assistance, to keep its own worn-out body together, and its sole value is to amuse idle hour of the curious, or to afford a practical lesson in old English history. Th is, indeed, something touching to our eye, in the words written against the wa requesting that no stones, &c., be removed to be carried away as relics. No! the p old castle can no longer spare them. Still it is a magnificent ruin. Much of t walls yet remain, also one or two smaller towers scattered about the grounds: but t chief portion is the Keep, which is of great height and size, and in admirable preser tion. As we enter, thinking of the bloody sieges it has maintained, we behold—wl a contrast to such thoughts!—a kitchen garden, merging in one direction into a ki of pleasure ground. One of the towers is occupied as a residence by the party w rents the whole of the Earl of Jersey, the proprietor. In answer to our inquiries, are told the Castle is freely exhibited,—but, it is hinted, a slight remuneration expected. And certainly this is deserved, if it be only for the careful state which the Castle is preserved, and for the manner in which the convenie of the visitors is studied. A sort of gallery runs all round the Keep, openi by arches upon the different stories into the interior; and seats are placed here a there, each commanding some one of the many glorious prospects that keep bursti upon you in all directions of the compass, and with increased extent and grandeur, you wind round and round to the top, whence the whole panorama is exposed to yo gaze without interruption. We here see an amphitheatre of hills, almost entir encircling the beautiful landscape, which presses upon your delighted eyes one obj after another, of high interest, and the whole combining into a picture of rich al rare harmony. First, there is the Medway at the bottom, extending round full thr fourths of the Castle, and coming close to it at one point. How well those old feud princes knew the military value of a position! Next, there is the Cathedral, with t pinnacles of its main tower (a bald-looking structure of the present century) rising about the height of the eye, and the only thing that rivals the altitude of this f old keep. How hoary-looking, how full of years the Cathedral appears! And t parish church of Rochester, close beside it, seems infected by the same spirit of wea ness and decay. As we see where the stones have from time to time crumbled al fallen away from all these three aged and neighbouring piles, one cannot resist t fancy that, like the old man in Chaucer, they knock upon the earth, which is th mother, and say, "Leve [dear] mother, let me in." The Bridge forms a picturesq feature in the bottom of the panorama, spanning the waters of the Medway. Al lastly, the eye rests with great pleasure upon the pretty garden-grounds that embroid as it were, the exterior base of the Castle, partly within its walls, and partly witho where the moat has been filled up. These walls were 20 feet high and 7 feet thi and constructed, we must remember, before the days of powder and heavy ordnanc

The interior of the Castle is divided into three distinct portions; first, the holl space of the small entrance-tower, and then the two great divisions of the ke caused by a thick party-wall running across, which extends from the earth at t bottom to the very top of the pile, about 104 feet high, and is full of arches and do

communication between the two portions. There are six stories, reckoning the sement as one. The arches on the fourth story are magnificent, with great round orman pillars, and show plainly that these were the state apartments. Through the eat partition wall a well was constructed, to which there was a communication on ch floor. Of course, all timber-work, including floors, has utterly disappeared. is probable that a castle of some sort stood on the site of the present one as early the period of the creation of the see of Rochester, about 604; for Rochester was en known as a place of strength on the Medway. But the earliest fact of which e have cognizance, was the act of William the Conqueror, in either repairing or ilding the present Castle, and consigning it to the care of his brother, Odo, Bishop Bayeux. In the reign of William's successor, Rufus, Odo raised the standard of volt, and defied his nephew and sovereign. Rufus then issued a proclamation, in nich he declared every one a *Niding* who did not repair to the siege of Rochester. ufus soon found himself surrounded by a gallant army; the Castle was besieged, d taken after six weeks' delay. The garrison, however, marched out with their rses and arms. Rochester Castle might form the text of a discourse on the civil ars of England—it has been engaged in so many. In the time of Stephen, John d the Barons, Henry III. and De Montfort, Richard II. and Wat Tyler, Edward IV. d the Wars of the Roses, Rochester town and Castle enjoyed an undoubted though t very enviable renown. The most interesting of all these affairs was probably the ge of the Castle by De Montfort, after he had beaten the king at Lewes. Lambarde ls us, that this great soldier-statesman "girded the city of Rochester about with a ghty siege, and setting on fire the wooden bridge, with a tower of timber that stood ereon, won the first gate or ward of the Castle by assault, and spoiled the church d abbey; but being manfully resisted seven days together by Earl Warren," and aring the king was coming, he departed to meet him, and what force he left behind as soon afterwards driven off by the king's troops. When such was the sort of ork Rochester Castle had to engage in, we need not wonder at the precautions taken its founders—as manifested, for instance, in these solid bulks of masonry that form e walls of the keep, which are nowhere less than 8 feet, and in many parts 13 et thick.

The Cathedral is, as it looks, one of the oldest buildings in England; the older parts ving been erected before the close of the eleventh century, on the site of that still rlier Christian church which was begun by Ethelbert, King of Kent, about the year 4, and which was therefore coeval with the creation of the see. The builder of the esent Cathedral was Bishop Gundulph, whose name occurs so frequently in connex- n with the architecture of the Conqueror's æra. The west front, with the exception the window, the nave, nearly up to the transept which divides it from the choir, d the tower known by his name, are all from the hand of Gundulph. The great ndow just mentioned is in the perpendicular style, while the transepts, and some rts of the choir, belong to the early English. The main tower, as we have already ticed, is of quite recent erection, having been built in 1825. The Cathedral is smaller an most of our cathedrals. It measures in its entire length 306 feet, of which the ve occupies 150 feet. The appearance of the nave is grand and simple; and at the ersection of the great transept, between the nave and choir, the slender black columns, nich extend more or less numerously up the face of the gigantic and light-coloured rs, and decorate also every little arch that one sees on high, give a peculiar and turesque effect and finish to the change which takes place from the solid Norman the more graceful, though still massive-looking, early English. The crypt beneath the oir is of very early date, belonging, in fact, to that period when one hardly knows

whether we are not still lingering within the direct influence of the foreign archite who followed in the train of the Conqueror, or whether we have really arrived at t advent of native art, which in its first manifestation was but a modification of th which preceded. There are some antique monuments in the Cathedral, and many oth objects of interest, to which, however, we cannot here attempt to do justice. We mu now turn from matters relating to the cure of human souls to those whose ambition is to do the greatest possible injury to human bodies — from cathedrals and sees fortifications and dockyards.

CHATHAM.—As we pass through Chatham, nearly to its farthest extremity, an ope ing on the left brings us to the base of the hill, which here interposes between t town on the Medway, its height crowned with the embrasures that, like open mouth seem to threaten all and sundry, and whose bite follows quick upon the warning wh need is. Winding round to the left, we reach a drawbridge, on which is inscribed, "Drive slowly over the bridge." As we pause on the bridge, we find ourselves stan ing over a great trench, which ascends from the valley on the left, and pursues i undeviating course straight up the hill for some distance on the right, until it turns to include some wider portion of the top of the hill in its embracing arms. Anoth bridge crosses the trench half-way up beyond us; while at the top, or turn we ha mentioned, the face of the high wall of earth and masonry is pierced with openin of various sizes and shapes, that speak very plainly of the amiable intentions that ga them birth. What volleys of musketry, what storms of shell and shot, what avalanch of troops, if necessary, could those openings vomit forth, for the sudden destructi of all who might appear in the trench without lawful business! Midway up the hi we find one of the three barracks of Chatham, and the call to early parade is ju sounding from within. Farther on, in the same direction, we can just see the ve rich and handsome brick entrance to the dockyard. But we will stroll on farther t the heights, to see if we can get any clear idea of these fortifications, which, we confes somewhat puzzle our unmilitary minds to understand as a whole. Presently, we fi ourselves in a maze of military roads, turning and winding about, with high, stee unscaleable walls on each side, and sky above. Then, every now and then we emer upon some open ground, part of the heights, but not their highest part; and wherev there is a full command of the scenery, whether inland or sea, there you find a row intelligent cannon, looking forth apparently in mute admiration. Now you mo among fields, and begin to think of agriculture and of delving the soil, till you a reminded by various mounds that the soil has been indeed delved to some purpos Each of these grass-covered hillocks is a powder-magazine, trying, apparently, t conceal its awful secrets in the depth of the earth, but stuck fast midway in th attempt. Nowhere can the grass be greener, the breeze more cheery; and surely the must be wild flowers!—Ay, truly, yonder are a pair of them,—villanous-looking litt mortars, that might have shot up spontaneously from the soil, in that little hollow,- so innocent do they seem of any particular purpose in their present position. In an ther enclosed bit of lawn-like ground, we come upon a kindred pair,—two sma cannon. Such are the wild flowers that grow on Chatham heights. Lastly, we notic before we again reach the great trench of enclosure on the top of the heights, th there are breast-works, behind which bodies of soldiery can shelter themselves, whil they load, then advance up the gentle slope till they look over, fire, and instantl retreat back to repeat the process. Beyond the trench, we see a fine open park-lik space, descending to the Medway on the left, called popularly the "lines;" here militar exercises take place; and this also forms the race-ground.

Looking over the whole, from the highest accessible point, and judging without an

ner aid than our own civilian eyes can afford, the ideas that are here worked out em to be—first, batteries commanding the river, and all modes of approach, and sted at different elevations upon every suitable spot of ground; so that the total mber of pieces of cannon that can be brought to bear upon any point endangered must enormous. So much for your enemy, while he yet keeps a certain respectful distance. it if he can and will come closer,—if he feels the temptation of a dash at the dock-rd and all its unfathomable wealth of stores, too clearly irresistible, then there is e trench, which he must be good enough to cross; and we have already shown how at rubicon is superintended—what sort of spirits keep watch and ward over it. Let add, that the depth and width of the trench, and the evident solidity of its struc-re, are—to our notions at least—extraordinary. Measuring with the eye the part eady spoken of by the drawbridge, it seemed to us, that the walls on each side, ping outwardly as they ascend, must be at least 40 feet high, and the trench about e same width across the top, though narrower at the bottom. The whole trench is med with brick-work. Supposing the enemy to be very strong, as well as very ave and very skilful, and to pass the trench, and to sweep away the defenders of e breast-works, he has apparently but one of two courses,—to remain on the ights, exposed to the murderous fire of all the batteries, or to seek for shelter in the rious roads that lead from the heights down to the very part he wishes to reach—e dockyards, &c. Heaven help him if he does get into the roads! It is awful to ink of the wholesale slaughter that would take place among the masses of men oped up in these labyrinthine passes; out of which no army, we should think, could nerge, as an army, unless the defenders of England be absurdly weak in numbers, fearfully degenerated in all soldier-like qualities. But for aught we know, an army ice entangled in these roads, and among these heights, might be hurled suddenly to the air by exploding mines, for we hear that there are underground communica-ons, running in all directions, and even extending, it is said, to the forts on the posite heights—named respectively Fort Pitt and Fort Clarence, the one used as a ilitary hospital, the other as a military prison.

Descending now through the picturesque suburb of Brompton (which is included ithin the fortifications) towards the dockyard, we meet for the first time with a ry agreeable piece of attention shown to all visitors by the dockyard authorities—at is, they send a policeman round to explain everything to you. One cannot but ntrast this treatment with the churlishness of Woolwich, and which, we presume, is rtly to be accounted for, by the fact that visitors are more numerous and more oublesome at Woolwich, as being so much nearer to the Metropolis, than at hatham. Everything here is on the largest scale. The dockyard itself is nearly a ile long. There are no less than seven slips for building vessels, and every one of em is at the present moment in use. Of the seven ships of war thus in course erection, four are line-of-battle ships. There are four wet docks capable of receiving ssels of the largest size. The range of storehouses looks as though it might be cut into houses numerous enough to accommodate the population of a moderate-sized wn. In the rope-house, which extends to above 1100 feet, cables are constructed of ove 100 fathoms in length, and as thick as a man's thigh. The smithery, as at oolwich, is full of all sorts of contrivances for increasing at once the power and the nvenience of the workmen. We notice here what we do not remember to have seen sewhere, a pair of great, dull-looking, blunt-nosed shears, consisting of two pieces of ick iron, several feet long, playing up and down against each other, their edges just uching—a very harmless and rather useless-looking instrument at first glance; but ir attendant gets a workman to put a bar of wrought iron, thick as our wrist, to its

lips, and without apparently taking the slightest trouble, or in any way deranging economy by over-exertion, the iron-creature (for its constant motion makes it see like a thing of life) quietly snaps the bar in two. In fact, no lady's scissors can more manageable or effective in the snipping of materials for gowns and flounc than the smithery shears are in dealing with iron. In the rolling-mills, saw-mil &c., every step reveals to you some new application of practical science; and, indee this thought has, in our present tour, constantly occurred to the mind, that a doc yard, as a whole, presents perhaps a more comprehensive notion of the extent which invention and executive skill have been carried, in the operations of Engli industry, than could anywhere else be found within one class of establishments. St up to this high ground, for instance, at the top of these long-extending stac of massive timbers, marked with the countries from which they came, and the date their arrival, and among which we see African oak holds a conspicuous place, whi English oak, on the contrary, appears scarce. Let us mark how these gigantic stac are piled up, and how drawn upon for the service of the saw-mills at their furth end, on the high ground we have named. Here there commences a kind of railw track, raised high over our heads, with elegant iron arches, that stretch far aw through the yard, over the highest part of the timber stacks; and a very picturesq vista these slight elegant arches form. On the top of the iron track there is machine, holding out as it were, on each side, a pair of arms, ready to receive som thing that is no doubt commonly given to it. On the right of the machine overhan an enormous tank, some 90 feet deep, and, we should say, 60 or 70 feet across. B see! the machine is about to commence work.

We run hastily round to look over the low brick wall that defends the edge of t tank, and the whole process goes on before our eyes. A man stands at the botto with a pole, drawing towards the scaffolding, that extends from the very bottom of t tank up to the machine and iron track at the top, one of the great pieces of timb floating about the tank, and which have been brought through the tunnel that oper into the tank, which is some 300 feet long, and through various other waterway from the Thames. Attached to the bottom of the scaffolding is a pair of arm which fasten upon the timber as soon as it reaches them, and then all is ready for th ascent. We must now direct our eyes upwards. Under the machine, within th scaffolding, a kind of large iron boat, or lesser tank, is suspended. Into this, wate flows for a few seconds, during which everything else appears at rest; but suddenl the power which the hydraulic principle here in use has generated causes the boat t descend, and when it has passed through a few feet of the space, the timber begins t ascend with a motion as easy and assured as that of a child gently lifting its doll i its arms. While you gaze in wonder and delight at this exquisite piece of mechanism behold! the timber is at the top, attached to the machine, which then gently swing round, and is ready to receive another piece on what was previously the opposite side When properly supplied with its double load, off it starts down the inclined plane o the iron-road, and deposits the timber in the most convenient place of reception among the stacks. Of the various houses scattered about the yard, we think we are perhaps, more impressed with the boat-house and the mast-house, than with any o the kind that we can remember; probably because we think, as we walk through them, of our nautical friends in the Medway, the ships of war in ordinary; for it i here that *their* masts, and *their* boats, &c., &c., are all stored away in a manner tha one would have previously supposed impossible; tier above tier of great boats, fo instance—some of the launches being forty feet long, and wanting but masts to mak very respectable vessels themselves; and the masts, in bundles, all belonging to on

hip, kept together, and hung up, like so many walking-sticks, upon the various upports provided. But there is one object of attraction at Chatham which erhaps surpasses all that we have yet referred to—the block-making machine f Brunel, the engineer of the Thames Tunnel, the counterpart of that we have escribed in our account of PORTSMOUTH. We understand that not less than eighty ifferent sorts of blocks are constructed by the machine, or rather by the assemblage f machines,—for that would be the proper mode of description; these blocks being uch as are employed in raising burdens in the dockyard, and especially in the mportant service of moving the rigging of ships. To make all these varying blocks vith the utmost individual accuracy and strength, yet at the same time with the least ossible labour, was the problem with which Brunel had to deal, and which he has so uccessfully solved. The machines consist of many saws and lathes. By these the ork is prepared, from the preliminary operation of cutting up a log of timber, to that early final one of polishing the groove in which the pulleys turn; the whole being kept a motion by a single steam-engine. The blocks furnished by it are, in every respect, uperior to those used in the navy before. A public grant of £20,000 was the significant nd final approval set upon this part of Brunel's labours by the English government.

Before quitting this subject, it is but making a due acknowledgment to Isambard I. Brunel, to point out that Woolwich and Chatham owe much of their present dmirable economy to his labours; the Admiralty having employed him in 1800 to emedy the disorganized state into which they had fallen. This engagement led to nother manifestation of his most fertile mind—the saw-mills, of which we have poken, in our account of Woolwich, with so much admiration, and which owe their hief wonder—the different machines for cutting timber—to him. Chatham possesses very complete saw-mill. The metal mills at Chatham are more extensive than at ny other of the dockyards. The metal mills have produced, for the last five years, 00 tons of sheet copper, 400 tons of bolt copper, and 800 tons of re-manufactured iron er annum. All the old copper sheathing from the different dockyards is remelted ere into sheets. The guns belonging to the ships in ordinary are not kept in the ockyard, but on the Ordnance-wharf, close by. Here you see them ranged in regular rder, with the name of the ship they belong to, and their weight of metal. The all and shell occupy various parts of the yard, arranged in pyramids, and the gun-arriages are kept under sheds. This department is under the Board of Ordnance.

The number of authorised or established artificers employed in Chatham dockyard, s between sixteen and seventeen hundred, and there are about two hundred and thirty ired or supernumerary workmen; to these must be added about a hundred soldiers nd fifty policemen, independent of all the officers. For such a population, we need ot be surprised to find special religious provision made; accordingly, we find that the andsome building just within, and facing the dockyard gates, is a chapel.

The military establishments of Chatham include barracks for the marines, infantry f the line, and artillery; also hospitals, and a school for the instruction of young fficers, privates, and recruits, in the practical knowledge of the duties of the engineer-ng service. This last is a very noteworthy institution. It was founded in 1812, and s now under the able management of Sir Frederick Smith. Privates, belonging o the Engineers and to the Sappers and Miners, are here instructed in all that relates o fortification, garrison operations, and field service. The young engineer officers aught here have received a preliminary education, either at Addiscombe or at Wool-vich; and at Chatham they receive the tuition which fits them for all the duties vhich may be required of them. In 1849, there were 60 officers and 250 men under nstruction in this establishment. The entire number of the soldiery in Chatham, at

the present time, is about 3000. The most noticeable feature of the military lif here is the system of dépôt. A certain number of regiments of the line, chiefly, if nc entirely, engaged in foreign service, have each stationed at Chatham a small detach ment of their body, into which recruits are received, and from which, after du training, the said recruits are despatched as occasions offer to join the main body Each of these detachments is called a dépôt; and there are some twenty-nine dépôt at Chatham.

NORTH KENT RAILWAY, LONDON TO STROOD.

	From London.	Stations.	From Strood.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
Deptford : Dockyard, &c.....	3½	New Cross and Naval School.	27½	Royal Naval School.
Blackheath (east-end) ½ mile	5	.. Lewisham ...	26	A long straggling village.
	6	... Blackheath ..	25	Lee; handsome new Church; numerous good residences.
Extensive Sand Pits	8	... Charlton ..	23	Charlton House, a picturesque structure, finished in 1612 : village very pretty ; once notorious Horn fair held here.
	9	Woolwich Dock- ..... yard	22	
Plumstead Marshes.....	10	Woolwich Arse- ..... nal	21	Shooter's Hill, 1½ mile ; Eltham, 3 miles.
Belvidere, Lord Say and Sele's	12	Abbey Wood (for the Crays) ...	19	Bexley and the Crays, reached by omnibus.
Church, ½ mile east of village	14	..... Erith	17	Crayford, 2 miles.
Dartford Marshes	17	.. Dartford ..	14	Dartford, a town of 7000 inhabitants ; numerous paper, oil, and powder mills ; large old church.
Ingress Abbey ; Stone Church; very interesting example of early English architecture.	20	... Greenhithe ..	11	Darent, 3 miles ; very pretty village on the Darent ; church chancel of rude Anglo-Saxon work.
Chalk-pits ; ship-building yards ; Rosherville Gardens; Huggins's College, &c.	22	.. Northfleet ..	9	Swanscombe Wood, 2 miles; site of Danish encampment.
	24	.. GRAVESEND..	7	
Some Roman remains..... ...	28	.. Higham ..	3	Gad's Hill, scene of Falstaff's adventures, 1½ miles.
	31	... STROOD. ..		

KNIGHTS

EXCURSION

COMPANION.

GRAVESEND,
AND
THE HALLS OF KENT.

. XVIII.

GRAVESEND, AND THE BARONIAL HALLS OF KENT.

In the present Number we propose to give a short notice of a few of the Baronial Halls of Kent, intending them to serve as examples of the many noble mansions which are spread over the whole surface of our country. One of these mansions —Cobham—lies but a short distance from Gravesend, and we shall therefore avail ourselves of the opportunity to visit that favourite resort of the "citizens of famous London town."

Gravesend, now mainly a pleasure town, was as late as the commencement of the present century dependent almost entirely upon the shipping which anchored off it. Before the construction of the different wet-docks in London, outward-bound vessels found it convenient to take in their sea-stores at Gravesend; and long after the docks were formed, it was necessary for ships to anchor off here and wait for Custom-House "clearances." Gravesend, in consequence, had a very large trade in shipping stores. At this time the town consisted of a few very narrow streets—the High-street being only 16 feet wide in one part, and nowhere quite 30 feet wide—with several narrow and very crooked passages running from them. The houses were mostly of wood; the shops were such as are usually seen in sea-port towns. Around the town were extensive market-gardens, which, as we are told in an account of the town published towards the close of the last century, "not only supply the outward-bound vessels with vegetables, but add to the abundance of the London markets." On the formation of the London Docks, the Custom-House regulations were by degrees changed, and the trade of Gravesend seemed in a course of inevitable decay. When at length the clearances were granted to ships in the docks, and it became unnecessary for outward-bound vessels to stay at Gravesend at all, the town would have been in a great measure ruined, but that an entirely new source of prosperity had sprung up, owing to the introduction of steam-vessels upon the river. Previous to the introduction of the steam-boats, passengers were almost wholly conveyed to Gravesend by decked sailing vessels, which had some years before supplanted the old well-known Gravesend tilt-boats, as they had taken the place of the Gravesend barge.

The history of the passenger traffic to Gravesend is curious and amusing. In the fourteenth century the legal fare between London and Gravesend was twopence. About three centuries ago, there were passenger barges, carrying about twenty-four persons at twopence each; and tilt-boats, carrying about twenty persons at four-pence each. In 1573, Queen Elizabeth gave a charter of incorporation to Gravesend; and one of the first acts of the corporation was to regulate the Long Ferry, as the passage between London and Gravesend was called. The barges and the tilt-boats had their regular "turns," or order of precedence in starting; the profits going to the owners, and the corporation receiving a fee. One of the corporate regulations, made in 1595, sets forth that there were "tilt-boats, lighthorsemen, and wherries, which, for their

own private gain, take upon themselves to ply and carry passengers before the common barge be furnished and departed; by reason whereof many go in tilt-boats, light-horsemen, and wherries, and leave the barge unfurnished." To remedy this grievance therefore, it was ordered that none of these interlopers should "ply or take into any of their boats any passengers, until the Gravesend barge shall be first furnished with passengers, launched forth, and gone." The last Gravesend barge was built about 1640: the swifter and more commodious tilt-boats having by degrees put them out of favour, just as a swifter steamer will supersede a slower one at the present day.

A voyage to Gravesend in 1736, in the then prevalent tilt-boat, an improvement on the barge of former times, will give an amusing contrast with the swift and comfortable steam trips of our day. John Sherwin, in a pamphlet called the 'Gotham Swan,' thus describes his journey:—"I set out from home at half-an-hour after four o'clock, in order for Maidstone Fair. I got to Billingsgate by seven, took water at eight for Gravesend, but *fell short by a mile and a half:* the watermen landed their passengers at three o'clock, except myself, wife, and son; for John Bull advised me to sit in the boat, because I was lame, for he would strive to run to town. We did so, and I and my son laid down on the straw, covering ourselves with the tilt, and I fell asleep. In half-an-hour after, he came and helped me out of the boat, over a lime-hoy, and had much ado to get me ashore; telling us, at the same time, he could not get to Gravesend till three hours after, the tide ran so strong against them."

There was a tour taken, about the same time, by Hogarth and a few choice friends, in which a river trip to Gravesend formed part of the proceedings. Mr. Forrest, one of the party, was made historian for the occasion. He says:—"Saturday, May 27th, 1732, we set out with the morning, and took our departure from the Bedford Arms Tavern, Covent Garden, to the tune of 'Why should we quarrel for riches?' The first land we made was Billingsgate, where we dropped anchor at the Dark House. . . . Here we continued till the clock struck one, then set sail in a Gravesend boat we had hired for ourselves. Straw was our bed, and a tilt our covering. The wind blew hard at S.E. by E. We had much rain and no sleep, for about three hours. We soon arrived at Gravesend, and found some difficulty in getting ashore, occasioned by an unlucky boy's having placed his boat between us and the landing-place, and refusing us passage over his vessel; but as virtue surmounts all obstacles, we happily accomplished this adventure, and arrived at Mr. Bramble's at six. There we washed our faces and hands, and had our wigs powdered; then drank coffee, eat toast and butter, paid our reckoning, and set out at eight." The pleasure-seekers then went on to Rochester and Chatham, and, a day or two afterwards, returned to Gravesend; and then—"At eight we arose, breakfasted, and walked about the town. At ten went into a boat we had hired, with a truss of clean straw, a bottle of good wine, pipes, tobacco, and a match. We came merrily up the river, and, quitting our boat at Billingsgate, got into a wherry that carried us through bridge, and landed at Somerset Water-gate."

About 1737 the *tilts* (awnings over an undecked vessel) were abandoned, and larger sailing-boats with a deck introduced. These decked boats remained almost unaltered for more than half a century; and it seems probable that they were as comfortable, all things considered, as river sailing-boats were likely to have been. In 1816 the first steam-boat on the Gravesend station made its appearance—the *Margery*, of seventy tons burden, and fourteen horse-power; and it ran down to Gravesend one day, and back the next. A second steamer was established in the same year; it was the *Thames*, and was planned so as to go and return in the same day. At the time when the steamers started, there were twenty-six sailing passage-boats between

London and Gravesend, varying from twenty-two to forty-five tons burden. They gradually declined after the introduction of the steamers. Year after year some among the number fell of; but they lingered on till 1834. The steam-boats boasted of carrying 27,000 passengers in 1821, and nearly three times that number in 1825. The increase in the trade induced the Corporation of Gravesend to improve their Town-quay and Landing-place; and the building of the 'Town Pier' at Gravesend, and steam-boat piers at London-bridge, notably increased the facilities for the traffic. The astounding spread of steam transit to Gravesend since 1830 is known to all. In 1833, the number of persons conveyed had risen to 290,000 in the year. After that came, in succession, the formation of the Terrace Pier; the establishment of the 'Star' Company, in opposition to the 'Diamond,' or Old Company; the building of the pier at Rosherville; the rebuilding of the Terrace Pier, and the sale of it to the Corporation; and the changes effected by the opening of the Blackwall Railway. By the year 1840 the steam-boat passengers had reached a million annually; and in 1841 a million and a half were conveyed in four months! The opening of the North Kent Railway, has, of course, diverted a considerable portion of the passenger traffic, but the number of visitants has perhaps increased.

Gravesend is quite a pleasure town now. There is still the awkward huddled up old town, with its dirty river-side, courts and passages, and its narrow streets; but even they have adapted themselves somewhat to the altered character of the place. The shops make a smart watering-place-like display. Hotels and inns are abundant; and even in the little narrow passages every second house is a shop, where 'tea and shrimps' are provided at so much a head. But beyond and around the old town a new one has sprung up. New and broad streets, terraces, and detached or semi-detached villas have arisen on every hand; and now, an over-abundant supply of lodgings and lodging-houses will be found for every grade of visitors. Gravesend has suffered several times severely from fires. An extensive fire, it may be recollected, consumed a considerable portion of the High Street only a short time since; but, as often happens, fires have been the chief means of improving the aspect of the town. The houses destroyed by the recent fire are now partly replaced; and when the whole are completed, the commencement will have been made of a substantial and handsome main thoroughfare through the town. The new streets are chiefly in Milton, which, though a separate parish, and still for some purposes under separate jurisdiction, is now in fact a part of Gravesend. The streets of Milton are broad and straight, and have many good houses; but they are of a level, common-place character. Nor can much more be said for the villas and terraces which have been built outside of the town. One, however, is now in course of erection on the western slope of Windmill Hill, of a very ambitious character. It is of rather large size, is in the quaint and ornate style which prevailed in the reign of James I., and is a costly and striking structure. The grounds are being laid out and decorated in a correspondent style.

A right cheerful-looking place is Gravesend on a fine summer's day! Prodigious is the influx of visitors from the mighty metropolis on a sunshiny holiday. In the single month of June, a quarter of a million persons have landed here from the steam-boats—and all in search of enjoyment! It is quite curious to watch them streaming off from the piers into the gardens, along the winding alleys, or through the main streets, to the river, to Windmill Hill, to Rosherville, to Spring Head, or to the fields. Windmill Hill, indeed, seems of late to have lost something of its attractiveness, especially since the buildings have so encroached on its precincts, and Rosherville-gardens have been opened. Still if it be not now, as it has been termed, the Cockney Eden, it is yet a sufficiently attractive spot. And it well deserves a visit for the sake of the wide

prospect over the ship-besprinkled river, and the hills and wooded hollows inland. The varied tastes of the visitors, too, are studiously catered for by those who rent this Windmill Hill. For those who like a wide prospect, there is the old Windmill, now converted into a prospect-station, and furnished with telescopes, and an observatory at a little distance from it which serves for a similar purpose. There are also camera-houses for those who prefer the mimic shadow to the reality of the scene. Seats are there for the old and the staid; a maze for the merry, and a 'gipsy-tent,' with its occupant, who appropriates the title of 'the gipsy queen,' and reads futurity for the young, the fair, and the curious; for whom also there is a bazaar, with its wheel of fortune. And, finally, there are taverns and fruit-stalls for the sustentation and delectation alike of 'teetotallers' and 'moderates.' But Windmill Hill has yielded to the superior attractions of Rosherville, and it is to be feared that its celebrity has irrecoverably departed. It is to be hoped, however, that the builder will not be allowed to cover the site; for nowhere else around Gravesend can so fine and characteristic a prospect of the lower part of the Thames be obtained.

Few of the public buildings of the town are of much mark. The old church has been too much altered to be deserving of notice. The new church, built by subscription at Milton in 1845, is a handsome edifice in the Decorated style; it has seats for 1000 persons, 600 of them being free. A very pretty new church, intended to seat 827 persons, is now in course of erection in the town. The Town Hall, in the High Street, has a massive tetrastyle portico of the Doric order; which, however, the street is too narrow to exhibit properly, and the building has no other feature deserving notice. It was erected in 1836. The Literary Institution, near the Terrace Pier, is one of the next most showy buildings, and is said to be well adapted for its purpose. Perhaps the most characteristic structures are the piers, both of which are of a superior character. The Town Pier is a very large and substantial erection, supported upon cast iron arches, extending 127 feet into the river, with a width of 40 feet; and having at the extremity a transverse head 76 feet long by 30 feet wide. It is a very convenient and well-built edifice, and is in much request as a promenade. The Terrace Pier, at the Milton end of the town, is of more recent erection. It is wholly of iron, is supported upon massive columns, and extends 190 feet into the river. The engineer was Mr. Redman; it was constructed by Messrs. Fox and Henderson, the contractors for the 'Crystal Palace.' On the whole, it is perhaps the most complete and substantial structure of the kind that has been erected. Like the Town Pier, it forms a favourite promenade; a band plays during the day, and in the evening, when it is lighted with coloured lamps. From both the piers an excellent view is obtained of the river, with its shipping. The 'Diamond' boats ply to the Town Pier, while the 'Star' boats resort to the Terrace. The Terrace Gardens adjoin the Terrace Pier; they are very nicely laid out and planted. It is hardly worth while to add that Gravesend possesses numerous bazaars and amusements for its holiday visitors. How much more pleasure has contributed to the growth of Gravesend than commerce, a glance at the census will show. In 1801 Gravesend and Milton contained 717 houses, with a population of 4539; in 1831 they contained 1441 houses and 9445 persons; while in 1841 the houses numbered 2293, and the population had increased to 15,670. Since then building has rapidly increased; and there can be little doubt that the late census will exhibit a large increase of population also.

Close against Gravesend lies Northfleet, famous for its chalk-pits and lime-kilns; and also for its ship-building yard, from which have been launched many remarkably fine East Indiamen, some ships of war, and numerous steam-ships. A couple of noble vessels may at the present moment be seen on the slips there. But the village itself has

been thrown into the shade by its smart young neighbour, Rosherville, which, within a few years, has sprung up on its western side. Rosherville is quite a gay, pretentious-looking watering-place, with a dashing hotel; terraces of large and showy houses; a goodly pier; and, though last, not least, its well-known gardens. Rosherville Gardens have attained a very considerable and well-merited popularity with summer excursionists. The spot, a large excavation in a chalk hill, has been made the most of, and converted into really ornamental grounds: the different buildings are suitable for their several objects, and the managers take care to provide various attractive novelties. For our own parts, we prefer the hills and the woods; but for those who prefer 'Gardens' *à la* Vauxhall, Rosherville is an admirable resort. A large pile of buildings stands on the high ground at Northfleet, which deserves notice. It is called Huggins's College, and was erected and endowed by John Huggins, Esq., corn-merchant, of Mark Lane, who still lives to witness the benefits he has conferred. There are forty residences for aged men, though all are not yet occupied; each resident is allowed a sum of £1 a week, with the privilege of having, besides his wife, one female relation (a daughter or niece, for instance), to reside with him. The building is, like the institution, a really noble one.

We cannot visit the many places of interest around Gravesend; but we must just mention Spring Head, which forms so favourite a drive with both townsmen and visitors: it is a pleasant place in a pleasant locality. Not far from it are traces of some Danish and some Roman encampments. Then there is Swanscombe Wood, within an easy distance, and Darent Wood, a few miles further. Cobham we shall speak of presently.

THE HALLS OF KENT.

We should have a very incomplete series of sketches of our noble land, either pictorial or literary, if we had none of those old mansions which form so noticeable a feature in it. Nor is the subject merely an ornamental one: a history of our chief country mansions would form a theme of rich and various interest. Even to trace the history of some one at sufficient length, and in a genial spirit, would afford abundant information as well as amusement: the weather-beaten walls, and the dusty family records, would alike furnish matter which the wand of fancy might transform into vivid and speaking realities. The different parts of the building would reveal and illustrate the varying phases of public and domestic life; the embattled towers would tell of those ruder times when the feudal chief might have to call around him his retainers and tenants, and prepare against the approach of some hostile band; the huge halls and capacious kitchens, of ancient state and hospitality; the graceful bay-windows, of the growth of elegance and security; while all would display the progress of architectural skill and taste. How distinctly, too, would the apartments and their garniture record the shifting habits of social life—changing slowly and almost imperceptibly from year to year, but showing so vast a difference between the present time and that when the foundations of the house were laid, it may be some four or five centuries ago! And then in the fortunes of its owners—often the mighty, the famous, the unhappy—how impressive a story might be read! To most who visit these ancient halls some such thoughts occur; and some such history of them might, without extraordinary labour, be written. Of course that cannot be attempted here. We are to look lightly over two or three of these old buildings which lie at a few miles' distance from each other, and in one county; and whilst strolling through the rooms, we shall, without much

regard to order, speak of such matters as we meet with, or as the objects we see may recal to the memory.

Hever Castle.—Kent is a beautiful county, and one full of all kinds of interest. Few counties can display so ample a variety of pleasing scenery, and few possess more objects that will repay the examination of the curious tourist. In old baronial and manorial residences it is especially rich; and they, with the fine parks that generally appertain to them, contribute in no small measure to the beauty and interest of the county. From them we select a few that have more than the ordinary amount of historical or other value, and that may serve at the same time as examples of the several kinds of structures that are characteristic of ancient baronial domestic architecture.

We may begin with the rudest-looking and oldest. Hever Castle is a tolerably perfect example of a castellated mansion of the earliest date. Though called a castle, that is an improper designation: it retains in part the form and character of a castle, but it was erected in an age when comfort as well as security was sought after; when, though it was deemed needful to build so as to be secure from a sudden attack, defence was no longer the first thing thought of and provided for. During the sway of the Norman monarchs, castles were raised all over the land. It is affirmed that above eleven hundred were erected in England in the reign of Stephen. In the strong language of the 'Saxon Chronicle,' "Every rich man built his castles and defended them, and they filled the land full of castles. And they greatly oppressed the wretched people, by making them work at these castles; and when the castles were finished, they filled them with devils and evil men." Henry II., however, put a stop to the mischief by making it unlawful to erect a castle without the Royal licence—which he but seldom granted.

The Norman castle was a large and enormously strong building. The walls, which were of immense thickness, were surmounted with battlements, and usually further fortified by small projecting towers or bastions. Where the nature of the ground did not render the approach nearly inaccessible, a moat encompassed the walls, and across it was thrown a drawbridge. The entrance gateway was flanked by towers; there were several thick doors; and portcullises were fitted into grooves, so as to be easily dropped in case of surprisal, and to prevent the danger which might arise from the application of fire. There was also near the centre of the castle a great keep, to which the garrison might retreat if the castle itself should be forced. No more efficient stronghold than the Norman castle could well have been contrived for withstanding the assaults of an army in the then state of warfare: but it made at best but a gloomy and uncomfortable abode:—every external aperture was of the smallest size, the rooms were confined and inconvenient; the whole wore a stern and forbidding air. It was not, however, till the splendid victories of Edward III. had ensured peace and safety in the land, that the English nobility thought of erecting for themselves dwellings of a more homely character. It was in the reign of Edward III. that domestic architecture may be said to have arisen in England; but even then, as has been mentioned, although comfort and elegance were sought after, security was not neglected. The result was the construction of that class of buildings which has received the name of castellated mansions.

Hever Castle is of this kind, and of this date. William de Hever, lord of the manor, obtained a licence of Edward III. to erect his manor-house at Hever, '*more castelli*,' with towers, battlements, and machicolations; and in virtue of this grant he built the castle we are now to examine. Hever Castle does not remain as it was originally erected; alterations, additions, and modernisations have been made at different times, but in its general form and character it is pretty much as he left it.

It is situated about three miles south-east of the Edenbridge station of the South-Eastern Railway. There is a pleasant walk to it from the village of Edenbridge, along by-lanes and field-paths. Little is seen of the castle till you come close upon it, owing to its lying in so low a spot. The site was chosen, no doubt, from its proximity to the river Eden affording so much facility for surrounding the building by a moat. When fairly seen, the appearance of the castle is rather striking, as well as picturesque. The building is quadrangular, enclosing a court-yard. The place of the original draw-bridge is supplied by a fixed wooden one; but the moat remains undrained. The principal front, which presents itself to the view on approaching the castle, is the fortified part. It consists of a large and lofty gate-house, flanked by two square towers. It is built of stone, and is evidently of great strength, answering in some measure to the keep of the Norman castle. As this was the only entrance to the castle, the architect has expended upon its defences all his skill. Over the gateway impend bold machicolations from which missiles might be poured on the heads of assailants. The towers are pierced with oillets and loop-holes, through which arrows might be discharged, without chance of reprisal. Three stout gates and as many portcullises are arranged one behind the other, within the gateway. In the gate-house are guard-rooms; the chambers above were provided with furnaces for melting lead and pitch; and all other defensive appliances were carefully provided. The strength of the castle, however, does not appear to have been tested. It owes its celebrity to other than warlike recollections. It has been the abode of two of the many wives of Henry VIII. It was the birth-place and the residence of Anne Boleyn; and here it was that she dwelt a part of the tedious six years during which, to borrow the words of Mr. Sharon Turner, she patiently listened "to the solicitations and aspirations of a royal and interesting admirer." Several of this "interesting admirer's" still-existing love-letters (or as Mr. Turner prefers to call them, "congenial billets,") were addressed to her here, and her answers are dated from hence; and hither that "interesting admirer" used often to come whilst she "was in patient waiting for the nuptual tie."

Poor Anne! hers was indeed a hard lot. The sorrow and wrong she had brought upon another were with fearful interest returned into her own bosom. Hardly is the lofty eminence she had so long panted for attained, ere clouds gather around, and she sees darkness and danger on every hand. The "interesting admirer" is changed into a brutal tyrant; in place of love and hope, come alienation and misery. Then follows that hideous mockery of a trial, where the womanly ear is outraged by every insult which the depraved imaginations of coarse old men can, at the bidding of a reckless master, shape out of the vile tales of shameless attendants: and then that graceful form is, without trace of compassion, consigned to the blood-stained hands of the common executioner. But her husband was not her only—hardly her worst—persecutor. Even in the grave she has not been suffered to rest at peace. Her miserable doom has failed to excite a merciful consideration of her failings. It has been her fate to be the object of more and angrier controversy, and more bitter vituperation, than ever was any other Englishwoman,—except her daughter. Down to our own day she has been subjected to the grossest accusations which even theological rancour could inspire; and only in the case of her daughter, where to theological rancour national enmity is superadded, has the persecution been as long continued and as unrelenting.

Hever Castle was purchased by William Bullen, the great-grandfather of Anne. He was a wealthy silk-mercer in London,—of which city he was, in 1459, elected Lord Mayor; but the Bullens (for so they spelled their name) were an ancient and honourable Norfolk family. Upon the death of the father of Anne Boleyn "without

male issue," the manor accrued to the crown. After his divorce from Anne of Cleves Henry granted Hever Castle and manor to her for life, or as long as she should remain in England: and in Hever Castle were spent the remaining days of that most fortunate of the tyrant's unhappy wives. She died here in 1556, after a quiet sojourn of sixteen years. Shortly after her death the estate was sold by Royal commission. It has since passed through many hands; but nothing of interest has occurred in connexion with it. It is now the property of a family named Medley. Hever Castle has become a farm-house.

The gate-house by which you enter is the original stroughold. It is in capital preservation, and retains to a great degree its primitive appearance. The only alteration of any consequence is the insertion of some windows of Tudor date. On the front is some rather elegant tracery; but as you enter the gateway, the bold impending machicolations and triple portcullises, render it a sufficiently formidable-looking structure. The rooms inside this building are also in tolerable preservation. The principal is the great hall, the original state-room of the castle: this is a noble apartment, and very handsomely fitted up. The room is large and lofty; and is provided with a music-gallery, withdrawing-room, and the other appurtenances of an old hall. The walls are covered with carved oak panels; the roof is also panelled. The fire-place has some good carving of the arms of the Boleyns and their alliances, supported by well-designed figures of angels: on one of the shields the arms of Henry VIII. are empanelled. This hall seems to have been remodelled after the castle became the property of the Boleyns. A few years back it was carefully repaired and refitted, and is now the most completely furnished room in the whole edifice. When it was 'restored,' what remained of the old Boleyn furniture was collected and placed here, and contributes not a little to the general effect. The chairs and sofas are not only of antique form, but retain their original covering of that needlework for which the English ladies of Anne Boleyn's day were so famous. There is a feebly supported tradition that some of these covers are of Anne's own embroidery. At one time the furniture of Hever must have been of rare value, but the costlier articles were scattered by the auctioneer. Some of the curious fire-dogs, with other relics, are now at Knole. We must not quit the hall without mentioning that there are several portraits on the walls. One is pointed out as the family portrait of Anne Boleyn, and it is added that it was painted shortly before her execution. To us it seems to bear little resemblance to the authentic portraits of her: we do not believe it is even a copy of her portrait—we need hardly add, that it is not an original. The other portraits are worthless as pictures—but they help the general effect of the room.

We might be led to re-people the old hall with its early tenants; to fancy the Hevers or the Boleyns sitting here in their dignity, at a court-baron, or as sheriffs of Kent, or presiding at the banquet, or listening to some goodly interlude and merry: or place the bluff monarch in the chair of state to receive the homage of the surrounding squires: but our guide spoils the fancy, if we venture to utter it aloud, by the assurance that the old dining-room was on the other side of the court-yard; and that as for the king, he always saw company up in the long gallery. We cannot say nay to this, and so we will pass on, only intimating that this hall was probably the state dining-room of the Hevers, as the other may have been the ordinary one of the Boleyns. This hall is reached by a winding staircase in one of the towers: the visitor may, if he pleases, ascend by it to the battlements on the summit of the tower, but owing to the lowness of the site there is little prospect; he must not, however, descend the stairs without stepping into some one of the little chambers in order to see the way in which they were contrived for the annoyance of an enemy. The loop-

holes he will observe were well-adapted for discharging arrows through. The guard-rooms are also worth looking into; and on returning to the gateway, it will be well just to notice the portcullises, and some other of the original fittings which yet remain in their proper places. Altogether, this gatehouse affords a very good idea of the stronghold of a baronial mansion.

On emerging from the gateway we find ourselves in a stately quadrangular court-yard, surrounded by buildings, evidently not all of equal antiquity, but yet having a somewhat of an antique aspect. The whole is in good repair, but not in its ancient state. The fronts were once fancifully painted; but no trace of painting is now visible. We cross the court-yard (which, in passing, we notice retains the old red-brick pavement) and enter the gateway directly opposite to that we have just quitted. On the left is the dining-hall: this is a room fit for the ordinary refectory of a noble family before ancient hospitality was given up. Not so stately as the older hall we have recently come from, it is yet a goodly room; and while the master of the house with his family and his guests have places apart, there is ample room for the numerous domestics, and also for the humble dependent or stranger who may be a casual participant at the plenteous board. The room is large, and of proportionate height; the ceiling is rather elaborately ornamented. On one side is a huge fire-place. The long tables may have served when the Earl of Wiltshire was lord of Hever Castle. But the ancient hangings are gone; no banners float over head; neither arms, nor helmets, nor broad antlers hang upon the walls. As the old castle is degraded into a farm-house, so the old hall is made to serve as the farm-house kitchen. Yet there is some good even in this use of it: a bright fire is ever burning in the huge fire-place, and its cheerful blaze lights up the old walls in a way that contrasts quite gratefully in comparison with the ungenial chill that pervades the ancient halls which are kept merely for show in so many a lordly dwelling.

Passing through the hall, we proceed up what is called the 'Grand Staircase,' to the Long Gallery, or Ball-room. This is a noticeable apartment: it is very long, but narrow, and the ceiling is low. The sides are of panelled oak; the ceiling is also divided into panels. The floor is of oak, rather too rudely put together, we should fancy, to be pleasant to ladies' 'twinkling feet.' On one side, at equal distances apart, are three recesses: one of them is a large bay window—the middle one is for the fire. Altogether the room will probably remind the visitor of the Long Gallery at Haddon, to which it bears a very marked resemblance. The three recesses there, however, are all bay windows. The long gallery at Hever is in its present state evidently of the Tudor period. It was doubtless the construction of a Boleyn,—perhaps of Anne's father. In her day it was at any rate in its greatest splendour; and, filled with such a company as sometimes were assembled in it, must have presented a striking spectacle. We might be sure, if tradition were silent respecting it, that Anne's lover—the great master of revels—would have

> "A noble and a fair assembly
> Some night to meet here: he could do no less
> Out of the great respect he bore to beauty—
> . . . . and entreat
> An hour of revels with them."

And we can easily fancy how the little maiden's heart would flutter when the king "took her out" to lead the brawls.

Tradition has fixed chiefly on the bay window for the scene of its tales of Anne and her lover. Here, it relates, she sat and watched, when she anticipated his coming. A lattice is shown, from which she used to wave her handkerchief what time her royal

admirer sounded his bugle when he had reached the summit of the hill, some half mile off, where first the towers of Hever become visible from the road; or when sorrowing over his departure she caught the last glimpse of his portly form. It hardly needs tradition to tell that here was the fond pair's favourite seat; the seat in a sunny bay is, we know,

"For whispering lovers made."

In this bay-window, too, we are assured, was placed Henry's chair of state when the neighbouring gentry were admitted to a levée. At the end of the room a trap-door is pointed out, which opens into 'the dungeon'—a gloomy chamber which, you are told, was intended for a hiding-place in time of trouble. As if to counterbalance the bit of sentiment in which she had indulged at the bay-window, Tradition repeats another story of rather a grim character. When the king, she tells, was smitten by the charms of Jane Seymour, he became perplexed how best to rid himself of poor Anne Boleyn. To have two divorced wives living, was rather beyond what he liked to venture on. To cut off the head of one had not yet suggested itself to him. He determined to try whether starvation would not answer his purpose. Anne was sent down to Hever, and consigned to the dungeon. When her keeper thought time enough had elapsed, he opened the door and brought out her body. She appeared to be dead, but after a brief space she revived, and his heart failed him. Instead of replacing her in the cell, he carried her to London; and then the king took a more legal course.

They don't repeat this legend at Hever now. Visitors are grown critical, and guides taciturn.

Another room will be shown the stranger:—Anne Boleyn's bed-room. It is worth seeing: it is but scantily furnished, but what furniture it has is ancient. The bed is affirmed to be the veritable one she slept in. It is an antique-looking one, with heavy yellow hangings. The chairs and tables, and a strong carved oak chest, are said to have belonged to the Boleyns.

There is nothing to attract the visitor in the village of Hever, which is, in fact, merely a gathering on a hill-side of a few very sad-looking cottages; but he should remember that by every old baronial hall, as by every old abbey, the neighbouring church is almost sure to deserve inspection. The keys can always be easily obtained, and he should spend a quarter of an hour in looking over it. Hever Church is but a humble one, yet some few features that will repay the search for them, and a few monuments of the lords of Hever, will be found there. The altar tomb to the memory of Anne's father, the Earl of Wiltshire, has upon the top of it a brass, representing the Earl in the full costume of a Knight of the Garter, which is a very superior example of the incised work of the sixteenth century.

In front of the little village inn hangs a dismal portraiture of King Harry's head. Why he should be chosen to 'predominate' over a hostel here is rather hard to guess. Was it made to swing here from admiration or abhorrence?—or, as we have heard suggested, as a warning to the wives of Hever?

PENSHURST PLACE.—We are now to visit a place of more pleasing associations, and in every sense of greater interest. Penshurst is one of the most cherished spots all over our land:—

"For Sidney here was born;
Sidney, than whom no greater, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feigned,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady
With courteous courage and with loyal loves"—(*Southey.*)

Other associations it has of rare worth, but Sidney's is the ruling memory. His name

ecurs to the recollection whenever Penshurst is spoken of; and when we visit the lace, everything there serves to deepen the impression. It is Sidney's Penshurst.

Very difficult would it be to select a more pleasant spot for a day's holiday. The outh-Eastern railway carries you within a couple of miles of the house and village; he rooms occupy an hour or two in the best manner; the park is full of beauty, and ot devoid of special attractions; and there are charming walks about the surrounding ountry. You may find enough to occupy, without satiety or weariness, the longest ummer's day; and after a day spent as delightfully as profitably, you can return by he evening train speedily, and without fatigue. Penshurst is only three or four iles distant from Hever, and they may both be easily examined on the same day.

Come with us now and spend a day at Penshurst. Tempting are the lanes we pass hrough, and more tempting the peeps we get from them. But we linger not till we rrive at a somewhat elevated spot, from which we see stretched before us the long ront of the mansion, and the divided stream of the Medway lying just below it. We nter the park by an avenue of noble elms, and behold the mansion just before us. As we look more closely at it, we notice that its several parts are plainly of very differ- nt ages and architectural character. The older portions, which we see at the sides, re broken into not unpleasing irregularity: the chief front, with its central entrance- ower and corresponding wings, is more recent, though still old; in appearance it is tately from its extent, but very formal. We remember what Ben Jonson says of it, nd are satisfied:—

> "Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
> Of touch or marble; nor can boast a row
> Of polish'd pillars, or a roof of gold:
> Thou hast no lanthern whereof tales are told;
> Or stairs or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
> And, these grudged at, art reverenced the while.
> Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
> Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair."

The early owners of Penshurst would supply an entertaining history. Not here, owever, can it be told. It must be enough to say that shortly after the Conquest it elonged to a family named Penecstre. Great men dwelt here before the Sidneys. The Duke of Bedford, who was regent during the long minority of Henry VI., one of he bravest and best men of his age; and his brother, the "good duke Humphrey" of Shakspere, and rendered illustrious by his patronage of literature and its followers, oth resided at Penshurst. How it came into the possession of the Sidney family is old by the inscription we read over the gateway of the entrance tower:—"The most eligious and renowned Prince, Edward the Sixth, King of England, France, and Ire- and, gave this House of Penecster, with its manors, lands, and appurtenances thereunto elonging, unto his trusty and well-beloved servant, Sir William Sydney, Knight Bannerct, serving him from the time of his birth unto his coronation in the offices of chamberlain and steward of his household. In commemoration of which most worthy nd famous king, Sir Henry Sydney, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, Lord President of the Council established in the Marches of Wales, son and heir of the aforenamed Sir William, caused this Tower to be builded, and that most excellent prince's arms to be erected, Anno Domini, 1585."

Penshurst has long ceased to be the property of a Sidney. The direct line became extinct on the decease of the last Earl of Leicester, who bore that name. Upon his death, arose protracted and expensive litigation among the several branches of the family. It was at length settled by a compromise, but a good part of the estate was

consumed in the strife. The daughter of the person to whose share Penshurst fel lady named Parry, carried it by marriage to one of the Shelleys of Sussex, w assumed the name of Sidney. Sir John Sidney (the uncle of the poet Shelley) la claim to the barony of L'Isle, which had formerly been held with the earldom Leicester by the Sidneys: but the House of Lords decided against his claim. His sc the late owner of Penshurst, however, had the title of De Lisle conferred up him on his marriage with the daughter of William IV. The earldom is altogether l to the family, having been, as will be recollected, conferred some years since on t late Mr. Coke, of Norfolk.

It is yet too early to enter the mansion. We will avail ourselves of the morning a for a stroll through the park. Ben Jonson, in the lines immediately following tho we have already quoted, has sounded in sonorous strains its most celebrated attractio as well as its beauty. He says:—

> "Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport:
> Thy mount, to which the Dryads do resort,
> Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
> Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut's shade;
> That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
> At his great birth, where all the Muses met;
> There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names
> Of many a sylvan taken with his flames;
> And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke
> The lighter fawns to reach thy Lady's oak:
> Thy copse, too, named of Gamage thou hast there,
> That never fails to serve thee season'd deer,
> When thou would'st feast or exercise thy friends."

These things may be seen here still: Sidney's oak—

> "That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
> At his great birth, where all the Muses met;"

the most attractive of all these objects, there is indeed some doubt concerning. Gifford says it was cut down by mistake, in 1768; and is properly indignant that such a *mistake* should have been possible. The oak which was felled was one known among the peasantry as 'The Bare Oak;' and the belief is constant at Penshurst that it was not 'that taller tree,' but the other, which Jonson has celebrated as the 'Lady's Oak.' Indeed, it hardly seems possible that, even in 1768—although any Vandalic deed may be credited of that period—Sidney's Oak could have been destroyed by mistake: at any rate, there is no doubt at Penshurst that it is yet standing; and the tree so named agrees well with the accounts published previously to 1768 of the Sidney Oak. We accept the tradition.

Let us walk first to Sidney's Oak. It stands apart in a bottom, close by Lancup Well, a fine sheet of water, which might almost be called a lake. The oak is a very large one, and has yet abundant leaves, though the trunk has long been quite hollow. At three feet from the ground the trunk measures 26 feet in girth: a century ago, it measured 22 feet. Though not to be compared with the Panshanger Oak, nor with some others known to fame, it is yet a handsome tree, and would be noticeable apart from its associations. The tree has other poetical celebrity besides that which the verse of Jonson has conferred. Waller has tried to impress his love to Saccharissa upon it:—

> "Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
> Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
> Of noble Sidney's birth."

He was thinking of Jonson's lines, and forgot that the bark of a full-grown oak is hardly fit for such an inscription. The tree has gained nothing by this association. It is hardly worth while to recal lesser poets' musings here. As long as it lasts, the oak will continue to be visited by those who are drawn by the fine affinities which the poetic mind, no less than the prosaic, recognizes in those sensible objects that are associated with the personal being of the gifted of foregone days: and when the tree shall have perished, the spot itself will be visited; the feeling will remain which le Southey to speak thus of it, believing that the oak was destroyed:—

> "Upon his natal day the acorn here
> Was planted; it grew up a stately oak,
> And in the beauty of its strength it stood
> And flourish'd, when its perishable part
> Had moulder'd dust to dust. That stately oak
> Itself hath moulder'd now; but Sidney's name
> Endureth in his own immortal works."

The 'Lady's Oak,' as we said, is gone. The 'copse, too, named of Gamage,' remains; or rather three or four shattered trees remain, which are pointed to as 'Barbara Gamage's Copse:' but it has for a long while failed 'to serve the season'd deer.' The copse is said to have received its name from Barbara Gamage, Countess of Leicester, taking great delight in feeding the deer there. At no great distance was a beech grove that had won the name of 'Saccharissa's Walk,' from being the place where the lady whom Waller celebrated under that most unpoetical of poet's names, used to walk, and Waller to woo her. Of it only a very few trees are left standing. To our thinking, one of the most noteworthy groups of trees in the park is the fine avenue which stands on the eastern side of the mansion. The visitor to London picture-galleries will remember the noble picture which Mr. Lee painted of it a few years since.

Penshurst Park is of a considerable extent, but was formerly of much greater. The surface gently undulates, and it is richly wooded. Several of the oaks are of large size and noble form. Beeches abound, and many of them are also very large; but the soil does not seem to be so well adapted for them. Some are very lofty and handsome trees, but they begin to decay rather early. From the higher parts of the park the views are very extensive and very beautiful. In the more thickly-wooded parts there are as delicious shady spots as on a summer's day could be desired. It is a place full of delights for the poet and the painter, and for the lover of nature.

But it is noon; we must return to the mansion. The door of the entrance-tower swings open, and the attendant is summoned. While we wait for her, we pass through to the 'First Court-yard.' We are here by the oldest part of the building. The First Court-yard presents one of the most picturesque architectural combinations at Penshurst. Directly before us is the original chief entrance: with its battlements, its bold buttresses, the handsome window over the door, and the turret at the angle, in itself a fine object. Behind it is the hall, its high roof rising far up against the dark blue of the sky. On the right, lying in deep shadow, are some of the Tudor buildings. A few roots of ivy have affixed themselves to the walls in front; a good-sized tree casts its branches before the wall, on our left. The whole is rich in effect, yet wearing the sobriety of character that is proper to age. Prout or Roberts might paint it without needing to alter a feature—unless it were to replace the louvre on the hall-roof, and thereby complete the play of outline, and add the crowning finish to the composition.

We enter the old porch, and are led at once to the Hall; it is an admirable and almost perfect specimen of a great hall of the fourteenth century, when the hall was

the chief room in the mansion, and was not only the audience-chamber on occasions
state and ceremony, but the ordinary refectory wherein the lord at the head of
family, and perhaps a hundred retainers, with as many guests as chance had broug
together, assembled daily at the dinner hour. Though not so large as some oth
ancient halls still remaining in lordly mansions, it is a really noble room, and sufficient
spacious for all the requirements of old hospitality in its best days; and it is one of t
least injured. The lofty walls support a remarkably fine high-pitched open roof
dark oak, having well-moulded arched braces, resting on boldly carved corbel figur
At the farther end of the hall is the daïs—a platform that is carried across the roo
and raised a step above the rest of the floor; here the master and mistress of the hou
sat with their chief guests, as Chaucer tells in his 'Marriage of January and May:'-

"And at the feste sitteth he and she
With other worthy folk upon the deis."

The high-board, as the table at which they sat was called, still occupies its prop
place on the daïs: the other tables range along the sides of the hall. Across the low
end is a carved oak screen, supporting the minstrels' gallery. In the centre of t
hall is the hearth, with the great fire-dog, or andiron, which supported the huge lo
of wood that were burning on the hearth; but the louvre, or open lanthern, that w
placed on the roof, immediately over the hearth, for the smoke to escape by, w
removed many years ago. If in its present desolate condition the old hall is strikir
and interesting, how imposing must have been its appearance on some high festival
the good old times! But the old hall is desolate now. No fires burn on the heartl
the damp hangs heavily on the naked lime-washed walls. All that it contains are t
long tables, which are nearly rotten with age, and a few mouldering breast-plates an
matchlocks that lie upon them, and two or three rusty tilting helmets; but one
these,—a very curious one too,—is said to have been worn by Sir Philip Sidney.

The state apartments, those which are open to public inspection, are not very remark
able on their own account, nor very beautiful; it is their contents that are the chi
attraction. Yet, with their antique furniture, and the quaintly attired family picture
on the walls, they serve to place before the visitor, with uncommon distinctness, th
domestic life of a former age, and to illustrate obsolete habits. The first room int
which the visitor is conducted, on quitting the hall, is the ball-room, which retains t
a considerable extent the furniture and fittings it was provided with on occasion of th
visit of Queen Elizabeth to Penshurst. The two small odd-looking chandeliers, an
the alabaster plates on the table, are said to have been presented to Sir Henry Sidne
by her Majesty. There are some portraits here which as works of art will repay exa
mination—especially those by Vandyke; and some are also valuable on account of th
persons they represent. The miscellaneous pictures are of small account, though on
will attract a moment's notice when it is pointed out as the work of Elizabeth's Ear
of Leicester. The smaller room adjoining contains objects of far greater interest. On
is a portrait of himself by Rembrandt—broad, massive, forcible. There are some othe
pictures here by eminent painters, chiefly of the Italian schools; and there are als
some more good old English portraits. On a table is a Sidney relic—Sir Philip's two
handed sword; a sufficiently formidable weapon no doubt in skilful hands; but witha
rather unwieldy. It is a rather curious example of this kind of sword, but that is
point for the antiquary. There are several other noteworthy things in this room, bu
we must pass on.

The next room is the most perfect and the most interesting, called Queen Elizabeth'
Drawing-room, on account of its having been furnished by her when about to visit Si

enry: it still retains its furniture unaltered, save as time alters everything, since she
is its occupant. The room is very spacious, and the furniture, as may be supposed,
agnificent; yet not so magnificent as perhaps would be expected. English workmen
d not then attained any very great skill in upholstery. The chairs and couches are
vered with richly embroidered yellow and crimson damask—the embroidery being,
is affirmed, the work of the Queen and her maids, worked by them in order to do
pecial honour to Sir Henry, who was a highly esteemed and favoured servant of hers,
he had been of the two preceding monarchs. A table in this room has an em-
oidered centre-piece, which is related to have been wholly wrought by the Queen's
n hand. There are a good many pictures in this room on which we might linger.
ne or two are of a remembrable character. But the paintings, which are chiefly
luable as works of art, we must pass unnoticed, notwithstanding that there are some
hich bear the name of Titian, and of other famous masters. Generally, however, it
ay be admitted that the pictures at Penshurst are not of a high class. The attention
chiefly claimed by the portraits; and those of the Sidneys are, of course, the most
teresting. In this room the portrait of Sir Philip Sidney—a very striking one—
ims the first place; but there is, to our thinking, a still more attractive portrait of
r English Bayard in the gallery we shall visit presently. Another noticeable por-
it here is that of the lady immortalised in Jonson's famous epitaph as 'Sidney's
ter, Pembroke's mother.' From these we turn to the representation of a somewhat
er Sidney. The portrait of Algernon Sidney was taken shortly before his execution
his alleged participation in the 'Rye House Plot.' There can be no doubt that the
inciples of Algernon Sidney were entirely opposed to those of the Government, nor in-
ed that they were ultra-Republican; but there can at the same time be as little hesitancy
affirming that his trial was a mockery, that his condemnation was unjust, or that
s execution conferred eternal dishonour on the profligate and unworthy monarch.
ne portrait is undoubtedly authentic; the period when it was taken is indicated by a
presentation of the block and executioner in the background, added when the picture
as finished, after the death of the illustrious sitter. The face well accords with the
aracter which his contemporaries have left of him: stern, haughty, enthusiastic,
patient of contradiction, but of consummate ability and unwavering resolution;
thout any of the poetry of character or lofty chivalry that rendered the other
lney the object of such general admiration and devoted attachment, he, perhaps, had
en higher qualifications for public life.

In the next room, called the Tapestry Room, from two immense pieces of Gobelin
estry which are suspended in it, is a portrait of the Mother of Sir Philip Sidney;
e has pleasing, yet strongly marked features, and much resemblance in character, as
ll as contour of face, to her distinguished descendants. A curious contrast in every
spect to the matronly grace and modest dignity of the mother of the Sidneys, is
other female portrait also in this room—Nell Gwynne, by Lely, who has here exposed
t frail lady's charms even more freely than he usually does in his innumerable
presentations of her. In the little ante-room attached to this are a few more pictures,
different degrees of merit and interest; and also a relic that never fails of devotees.
is is a fragment of Sir Philip Sidney's shaving glass, which being concave, of course
ows the face considerably enlarged: one may fancy from it that the good knight
s rather curious about having a smooth chin.

The Long Gallery will require some time in its actual examination: here it must be
ssed over hastily. Among the paintings are some of considerable excellence. They
im the hands of Titian, Da Vinci, Caracci, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Holbein, and others
the great names of different ages and schools: not all of them, however, will sustain

a scrutiny into their claims. Still, as hitherto, the portraits chiefly interest the gene visitor. Among the portraits we may give first place to the lady whom Waller ma so widely known as Saccharissa, under which delectable name he wooed her favour a celebrated her beauty. As is well known, the lady rejected his suit, and he bore l fate with most exemplary but very unpoetical fortitude. She does not appear ve charming in her picture; but she had sufficient charms to attach the affections of a l more worthy man than her poetic admirer, and sense enough to prefer him. another room there is a portrait of the Earl of Sunderland, the successful lover of La Dorothy Sidney. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (who it will be recollected w the uncle of Sir Philip Sidney), is also here; and here is the portrait of Sir Philip, which we before alluded. It is a quaint, hard production; but the painter, Ma Garrard, has somehow contrived to impart uncommon *naïveté* and character to l work. Sir Philip is represented with his arm round his younger brother Robert (t lord of Penshurst whom Jonson celebrates), and both the brothers, while they a remarkably alike in features, have decided individuality of expression.

Since Horace Walpole published his deprecatory notice of Sir Philip Sidney, a go many smaller wits have given utterance to their ill opinion of him. Walpole's scoff easily accounted for. He delighted in paradox; was an habitual sneerer; frivolo and lax in mind and practice; cold, flippant, heartless; of all men least fitted to appr ciate or even understand the lofty poetic seriousness of Sir Philip's character. E censure of the writer is sufficiently refuted by the unanimous opinion of every one wl having the smallest spark of poetry in his soul, has read Sidney's works. His co demnation of the man has an answer in the universal admiration of his contemporarie and such contemporaries! He whose early death a nation mourned; whom t greatest minds praised with a devotion and lamented with an earnestness witho parallel in his generation; and of whom so gifted a man as Lord Brooke, the favour of sovereigns, so thought, as to cause to be placed on his tomb, as his highest eulog that he was "the friend of Sir Philip Sidney"—surely could not have been "a pers of the slender proportion of merit" Walpole represents.

KNOLE.—Our notice of the remaining manor-houses must be very brief. Knc Park is immediately contiguous to the quiet old market-town of Sevenoaks, and abo six miles from Tonbridge. You enter the gates opposite the church, and shortly arri at a long avenue, which leads you in time to the mansion. It is an admirable way approach. The road, or a path you may take after following it some distance, conduc you up a gentle elevation, from the summit of which you for the first time gain a vic of the house, with a wide stretch of open park in front of it. Before you quite ent upon the open space, some splendid beeches make a frame to the picture, and add n a little to its pleasing effect. Knole House is an imposing structure, rather from i extent, however, than from any particular grace or grandeur. The principal front plain in style, having little other ornament than the gables which appear in the upp story. This front consists of a lofty central gatehouse, embattled, and having squa towers at the angles; and two uniform wings. The buildings are very extensiv covering an area of above three acres. The principal parts form a spacious quadrang behind which the inferior buildings are arranged irregularly.

In the reign of Henry VI. Knole was purchased by Fiennes, Lord Say and Sel whose tragical fate during Jack Cade's rebellion forms so ludicrous an episode in t story of the Kentish captain's momentary triumph. Lord Say's son sold Knole, 1456, to Thomas Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury; to whose successors it appe tained till Cranmer found it necessary to make a *voluntary* surrender of it to t rapacious Henry VIII. It was transferred from, and forfeited to the crown sever

ties after this, before Elizabeth, about 1569, granted the reversion of it to Thomas Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset; whose family have since retained possession of it—though for a while the freehold was alienated.

The mansion is of different dates. At what time the oldest portions were erected is not known: Bourchier is said to have rebuilt the house about the middle of the fifteenth century; but an examination of it leads to the belief that some portions of the older edifice were merely altered. The principal front is supposed to have been added by Archbishop Morton, towards the close of the fifteenth century; and the great hall by the first Earl of Dorset, in the sixteenth century. Since 1604, no material change has been made: some tasteless "improvements" of the last century have been of late judiciously removed, and the whole is now in an excellent state of preservation.

That part of Knole which is so generously and freely opened to the public is of such extent that it will be quite impossible here to go through the rooms; and if we could do so, it would be a tedious labour alike to writer and reader. Generally we may state that the rooms are more spacious than those of Penshurst, and from the house having been always occupied by the descendants of the first earl, the rich furniture has been much better preserved. Though now merely 'show-rooms,' the apartments at Knole are in perfect condition, and, better than almost any others that are open to the public, exemplify the magnificence of the English nobles of Elizabeth and James. The great hall is, as has been seen, of some two centuries later date than that at Penshurst, and very different from it in style: it is a magnificent room, and in excellent condition—only the ugly close stove that stands out in the room (like the more hideous one at Hampton Court) interfering with its antique appearance. A long table, which was formerly used for the game of Shovelboard—our primitive billiards—still occupies its place on one side of the hall. Probably when this table was erected the custom of dining in a common hall was already passing away: but the 'housekeeping' was on at least as expensive a scale, though probably it did not, as in former time, 'win great favour of the commons.' The third Earl of Dorset, for example, lived at Knole in great splendour: from household books, quoted by Sidgman, we can form a conception of the state maintained by a nobleman in the reign of James I. He says: "At my lord's table sat daily eight persons; at the parlour table twenty-one, including ladies-in-waiting, chaplain, secretary, pages, &c.; at the clerk's table in the hall, twenty, consisting of the principal household officers; in the nursery, four; at the long table in the hall, forty-eight, being attendants, footmen, and other inferior domestics; at the laundry-maid's table, twelve; and in the kitchen and scullery, six—in all a constant household of one hundred and nineteen persons, independently of visitors."

Perhaps the state bed-rooms at Knole are as striking examples of the enormous sums expended at this time on grand entertainments, as anything well can be. One is called the King's Bed-room, from having been expressly fitted up for James I., and finally used by him. The state bed alone is said to have cost £8000; and the room together £20,000—a sum of course relatively very much larger than a like sum would be now. Of course where so much was spent upon the room in which he was to sleep, the entertainments prepared for the King would be on a proportionate scale. As may be conceived, the furniture of this room is very splendid; the bedstead itself is covered with furniture of gold and silver tissue, lined with richly-embroidered satin; and the chairs and stools have similar covering. The tables, the frames of the mirrors, and the candle sconces are of chased silver. There is also a chased silver toilet service, but it is said that it did not form part of the original furniture. The walls are hung with tapestry, and altogether the room is a splendid example of the

taste of the age. Besides the articles mentioned, it has many other silver ornamer and also a couple of ebony cabinets; one of which is very curious, and contains so pretty little feminine knick-knackeries. Another state bed-room has furniture also this time, but it did not belong originally to Knole, having been presented James I. to the Earl of Middlesex. This, which is called the Spangled Bed-roo though inferior to the other, is also a splendid apartment. There is yet another th will bear looking at, even after them; it was prepared for James II.; but he did r visit Knole, and it now bears the name of the Ambassador's Room, from its havi been slept in by Molino, the Venetian Ambassador. The coverings of the furnitu here are of green velvet, and there is a larger display of carving. There is a dressin room *en suite*, in which are some good paintings; among others, several portra by Reynolds (one of which is a fancy portrait of 'pretty Peg Woffington'), and portrait by Mytens, of 'Anne Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery,' epistolary fame.

Many of the other apartments are also both magnificent and interesting. T Retainers' Gallery is one of the most curious, with its singular carved-oak roof a panelling. The principal apartments are the Leicester Gallery, the ball-room, a the crimson drawing-room: all have antique furniture (though, of course, not all of the original furniture of the rooms), and consequently wear a very pleasing ol fashioned air. Much of this furniture is of a very costly description, and will repa examination. The 'fire-dogs' should not be overlooked: Knole is very rich in the curious old articles. Some of them are of richly chased silver; that in the hall has th badge of Anne Boleyn: it was bought at the sale at Hever. In the Leicester Galle are two immense parchment rolls of the pedigree of the Sackvilles; they are mounte on stout oak stands, and unrolled by a winch. In all these rooms, and indeed all throug out the house, the walls are thickly hung with pictures. Some of them are by th great masters, undoubtedly genuine, and of a very high order of merit; and Kno would amply repay a visit, were there nothing beyond the pictures to see in it. Th chief paintings are in the drawing-room, where are some by the old masters; charming portrait of the fifth Countess of Dorset, and some others, by Vandyke; an several of the more famous of the productions of Sir Joshua Reynolds—among other the 'Ugolino,' the 'Fortune Teller,' the 'Robinetta,' and a 'Samuel.' Our Englis master holds his place well amidst the older men of renown. The ball-room is devote to family portraits, in many respects a noteworthy collection. The Leicester Galler has some splendid Vandykes; one of them,—the portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby,— worthy to be placed alongside the famous Gevartius in the National Gallery: it ough not to be permitted to hang in its present wretched position. The Countess o Bedford is one of his graceful female portraits. There are also in this gallery severa portraits by Mytens, who was much patronized by the Earl of Dorset: the most notice able is a large full-length of James I., painted during his visit here. It is a marvel lous work: the broad silly stare is hit off to perfection, and yet with an evident unconsciousness on the part of the artist that he was doing anything extraordinary. It and the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' will give as lively an idea of our British Solomon a though we had talked with him. The Cartoon Gallery is a room, so called from it containing a set of copies made by Mytens of the Cartoons at Hampton Court. In i is one of Lawrence's portraits of George IV. We may pass over the hundred and one portraits in the Brown Gallery (though the visitor will not); but we must not pas over those in the Dining-parlour, which is filled entirely with the portraits of poets o other eminent literary characters. The Sackvilles have themselves a poetic fame: the first earl was the author of 'Gorboduc' and the designer of the 'Mirror for Magistrates.'

which he wrote the Induction; both works of great importance in the history of nglish dramatic poetry, and containing—the latter especially—passages of very werful genius. Had he devoted his life to literature instead of public employments, would probably have stood in a foremost rank. Charles, the sixth earl—

"Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride"—

ves more to the lavish praises of the poets who had experienced his generosity than his own verses: yet they are always lively and agreeable, and they aimed at being thing more. His liberality to literary men was indeed profuse, and he appears to ve bestowed his bounty with a frankness that was very agreeable to the recipients. orset not only patronized the poets of his day, but he delighted to have them share s social hours. A very good story (if true) is told in connection with one of Dryden's sits to Knole. During an interval in the conversation, when the wine failed to loose e tongue, it was proposed that the company should try which could write the best promptu, and the poet was appointed judge. While the others applied themselves th due gravity to their task, Dorset merely scrawled a few words carelessly on his per, and handed it to Dryden. When the other papers were collected, Dryden said thought it would be useless to read them, as he supposed no one would doubt, when heard it read, that the earl's was best. It ran thus: "I promise to pay Mr. John ryden, on demand, the sum of £500. Dorset."

Among the portraits in this room is that of 'Glorious John,' by Kneller. Dorset mself, by the same artist, is also here: as are portraits by him of Newton, Locke, d Hobbes. Several of the most interesting of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits are in is room, including himself, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, and Johnson—all excellent d characteristic, but the last savouring a little too strongly of those peculiarities hich tempted the doctor to complain that his friend had made him look like 'Blinking m:' "It is not friendly,' sir," he growled, "to hand down to posterity the imperfec- ns of any man." This is a duplicate of the Duke of Sutherland's picture. One or o of the portraits are attributed to Vandyke. Waller, Addison, and some others, e by Pope's 'Jarvis.' Among the minor pictures is a portrait of Tom Durfey, and a 'onversation piece,' by Vanderguelit, representing Durfey, the artist, and some of the ouschold at Knole, carousing. Tom Durfey deserves a place here among his betters. i his lifetime he had an apartment allotted to him at Knole, and he rendered his com- any very agreeable to the earl and his friends by his convivial talents. Poor Tom was ie of the sprightliest of the small wits of his day, and he has contrived to irradiate the ery worst of his occasional pieces with some scintillations of his unfailing liveliness; id some of his songs are a good deal above the average standard of song merit. He as not forgetful of Knole, or its master: he has praised his patron with as good heart s any of his flatterers; and he has commemorated his stay at the house by a song on he incomparable strong beer at Knole.' "Such beer," he says, "as all wine must ntrol:"—

"Such beer, fine as Burgundy, lifts high my soul,
When bumpers are fill'd for the glory of Knole."

e merited a place in Knole's Gallery of Poets.

Knole Park is on a higher site, more varied in surface, and even more beautiful than enshurst. It is very extensive, abundantly stocked with deer, and richly wooded. he beeches are perhaps hardly elsewhere to be equalled for number, size, health, and eauty. One near what is called the Duchess's Walk is very remarkable: the trunk of prodigious girth, and ascends to a great altitude; whilst the branches overshadow vast space. It is quite sound and flourishing, in every respect the finest beech we

remember to have seen. Not far from it is a very large oak, said by Mr. Brady have been known two centuries ago as 'The Old Oak:' the trunk, which is now mere shell, is thirty feet in circumference. The stranger should, if he have time, stro awhile about the park—the paths across it are freely open. At any rate he shou endeavour to reach the end of the noble avenue, which leads to the high-ground at th south-western extremity of the park, for the sake of one of the finest prospects in Ke —a county famous for its splendid scenery. We wish him a fair day for the view.

This is a very imperfect sketch of Knole, but we have the less compunction offering it, because, if we have succeeded in indicating its character, the visitor ca easily fill up the details, by providing himself with the excellent 'Guide to Knole, b J. H. Brady, F.S.A.'

We may just mention while here, that Mote House, at Ightham, about five miles fro Knole, is another specimen of a moated manor-house of a date not later than that Hever. It has never been so important a building as Hever Castle, but it is we worth seeing. The hall and chapel are remarkably fine.

COBHAM HALL—is about four miles south-east of Gravesend. Very beautiful the approach to it; and especially refreshing after newly escaping from the smoke London, and Gravesend's dusty highways. Outside the limits of the park prope is a woody tract which has gained wondrous beauty from a few years' judicio neglect. The road lies through this wood, under a thick canopy of luxuriant foliage- affording a delicious stroll on a fine autumnal day. When you reach the end of th wood, it will be well to ask,—if you can see anybody to ask,—for Brewer's Gate, the being the gate strangers are directed to pass through when they visit the house where to find it they are not told. From the broken ground along the outskirts the park you get the first glimpse of the Hall, which from this distance looks ver well. The road from Brewer's Gate leads by a magnificent cedar, on passing whic you find yourself close to the mansion.

The building is different in date, arrangement, and appearance from those we hav yet visited. Though the later parts of both Penshurst and Knole are almost withou defensive appliances, it is not so with the earlier portions. Cobham is entirel domestic in character: even the entrances are without battlements. They too ar built of stone, Cobham of brick. The main building consists of two extensive wings with lofty octagonal turrets in the middle and at the extremities. These wings bea on them their respective dates of erection, 1582 and 1594. They are united by central building, designed by Inigo Jones; the ground plan of the edifice being thu in the form of a capital H. As a whole it is both striking and picturesque. Th arrangement allows of bold masses of light and shadow; while the numerous turrets the many stacks of variously-carved chimney-shafts, the quaint gables, and handsom bay windows, produce great richness of effect, and a very pleasing play of outline.

The rooms which are shown at Cobham have little of the air of antiquity whic was so attractive in those we have hitherto visited. In the early part of the presen century the whole house underwent a Wyatvillian improvement; when, as far as th interior is concerned, almost all the original character was improved away. Th rooms were, however, rendered more convenient, and more consonant to moder habits; many of them are very elegant apartments, and they are furnished with con siderable splendour. The dining-room, into which the visitor is first led, will giv him a favourable impression of modern style; it is chastely fitted up, by which th effect of the pictures is considerably enhanced. The next, the music-room, is th most magnificent in the house, and indeed is said to have been pronounced by George IV. 'the finest room in England'—a decision we take leave to demur to. This is one

the apartments erected by Inigo Jones, who had ever a good eye for picturesque feet. It is large and lofty, and well proportioned; the walls are to some height of olished white marble, with pilasters of Sienna marble; the walls above, and the roof, ave bold relievo ornaments, richly gilt, off a ground of dead white. The fire-place is a very high chimney-piece of white marble, of elaborate sculpture, the work of ir R. Westmacott. The floor is of polished oak; at one end of the room is a music allery, in the centre of which is an organ—a present, we believe, from George IV.

But, after all, the pictures are what are most worth seeing at Cobham. In this usic-hall there is a very fine full-length, by Vandyke, of the two sons of the Earl of ennox, who were killed when fighting for Charles I. against the Parliament. In the ning-room are several other of Vandyke's portraits; they are not among the finest his works, but they possess much of the quiet grace and dignity which so em-natically distinguish him; the best, perhaps, is that of the second Duke of Lennox. here are also in this room portraits by Lely and Kneller worth looking at, though rdly worth describing. There is elsewhere a roomful of portraits, of which this ention may suffice. On the staircase are several large paintings; one of which, a ag Hunt, by Snyders, full of life and fire, deserves to be hung where it could be tter seen.

The chief and most valuable paintings are assembled in the Picture Gallery. It is fine collection, spoiled by the arrangement. One would fancy that some upholsterer ad been commissioned to arrange them, as he would the tables or the curtains in a om. The only principle followed seems to have been that of hanging them as though ey were mere furniture, and were to be placed where the *frames* would produce the st effect. Some of the choicest pictures are in the worst positions, and almost all e put beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. There is one exception, however: ubens' grand picture, 'The Head of Cyrus brought to Queen Tomyris,' which hangs the farthest end of the gallery, catches the eye as you enter, and is so brilliant as most to illumine the room. It is one of his most glowing pieces of colour; indeed, he power and harmony of the colouring more than atone for the entire disregard of l propriety of costume and character. It was purchased from the Orleans collection. here is another very good painting, by Rubens, here—a Boar Hunt—very animated nd vigorous; but falling far short of the power displayed in the other. Several mall but very spirited oil sketches by him should also be examined. The Guidos, of hich there are several, are generally considered among the choicest paintings in the ollection: the Herodias with John the Baptist's Head is the best. By Titian there e two or three, hung where it is not easy to judge of their merit. The two historical ictures by Salvator Rosa, which the connoisseurs admire so much, appear to us very uninteresting. The only English paintings that we remember are some two or three y Sir Joshua Reynolds; one is a repetition of the 'Samuel,' differing a good deal om that we saw at Knole; another is a female head, very gracefully painted. There e a few small paintings that deserve examination; and a few portraits.

The park extends over an area of some 1800 acres; and is well diversified with hill nd valley, and broad smooth glades, and bosky dells. Some parts of it afford the most eautiful little closed-up spots of woody scenery that can be desired; others afford ide and noble prospects. The park contains many very large trees; the chestnuts ing especially famous. One, known as the Four Sisters, is some five-and-twenty et in girth.

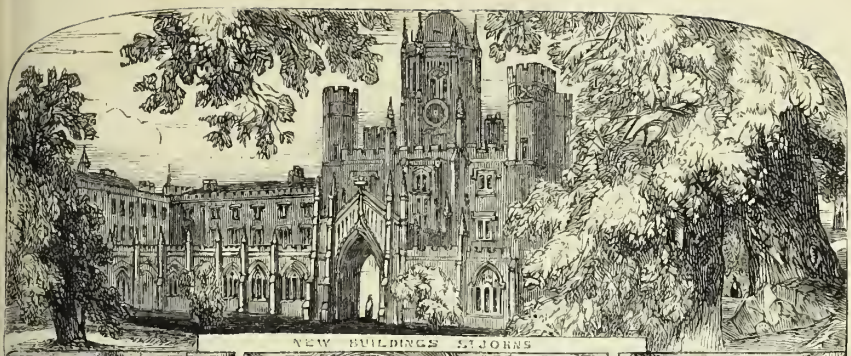
The stranger must not quit Cobham without visiting the Church. In it are several ery interesting monuments of the Cobhams; among them is a very fine altar tomb, ith a recumbent statue of the Lord Cobham who was executed in the first year of

the reign of Mary, for his participation in Wyatt's rebellion. But what the churc is mainly visited for, is the series of thirteen monumental brasses of the Cobham Eight of them represent knights; five, ladies: they vary, of course, in execution, bu they are probably the finest and most perfect series of incised slabs in Great Britain.

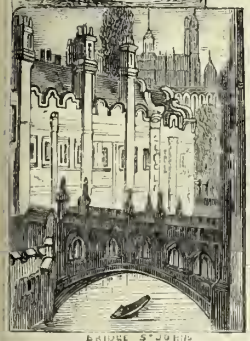
CHARLTON HOUSE.—By way of completing the series of manor-houses, we add short notice of Charlton House, between Greenwich and Woolwich, one of the build ings erected when the old English domestic architecture was about to be supplante by what was then thought to be a purer style.

Inigo Jones is commonly said to have been the architect of Charlton House. It wa begun in 1607 by Sir Adam Newton, and completed about 1612. The building is o brick, with stone quoins and dressings. In form it is an oblong, with projecting wings, and a central porch projecting somewhat less than the wings: the ground-plan being nearly that of a capital E. At each end there is a tall square turret. The styl is the extremely florid one then in vogue. When first erected, its appearance mus have been very different from the soberer structures of a preceding age; but time ha taken off a good deal of its extravagancy, and it is now rather a pleasing, though i cannot be termed a graceful building. The chief labour is expended upon the centre which, as was Jones's custom, is very elaborately ornamented. The arched doorway has plain double columns on each side; over it is a niche, in which is a female bust The first story has quaintly-carved columns; and above them a series of grotesque sculptured brackets. To this succeeds another story, and another row of simila brackets. Along the entire summit is carried a rather singular balustrade. A some what similar balustrade originally divided the terrace in front of the house from the garden. In the interior are some very handsome rooms. The entrance-hall is large considerably ornamented, and has a deep central pendant hanging from the ceiling There is also a grand saloon, which seems, by its bold and profuse ornamentation, t claim the parentage of Jones. Another of the more striking features is a gallery seventy-six feet in length, very similar to that in Charlton House, Wiltshire, which i known to have been constructed by him. Indeed, the resemblance is so strong betwee these two houses (which are of nearly the same date) as to leave very little doubt tha they are the work of the same architect. The grand staircase is made a prominen object, and it is a very effective one in the design. In the various rooms are a goo many pictures and articles of vertù; and some very showy and costly sculptured chimney-pieces; but as they cannot be seen by the stranger, it is not worth while t describe them.

To the reader who may desire to visit any of these places, it will be useful to know the days on which they can be inspected; it is a surpassing annoyance to make a holiday for the purpose, and then, after a journey perhaps of thirty miles or more, t be told you have selected the wrong day, and denied admission. Hever Castle is occu pied by a farmer, who readily permits it to be seen on any week-day. Penshurst ca only be viewed on Monday or Saturday. Penshurst and Hever may, as we mentioned be easily examined on the same day. The Countess Dowager of Plymouth, who owns Knole, and constantly resides in it, very handsomely permits the readiest access to th state-rooms on any week-day. Cobham can only be seen on Fridays, between the hours of eleven and four, and the visitor must be careful to provide himself beforehand with a ticket (or if there be more than one in the party, with a ticket for each), whic may be obtained of Mr. Caddell, bookseller, Milton-road, Gravesend; or at the stationers at Rochester, on payment of one shilling each; no fee is allowed to b taken at the hall. The interior of Charlton House is not shown at all, the rooms being in the ordinary occupation of the family.



NEW BUILDINGS ST JOHNS



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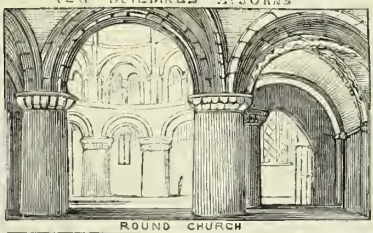

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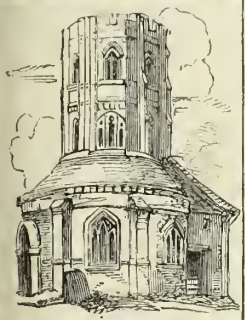

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KINGS COLLEGE CHAPEL

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KNIGHTS

NO. XIX. EXCURSION CAMBRIDGE.

COMPANION.

CAMBRIDGE.

You reach Cambridge by the Eastern Counties Railway, of which a Table will be ound at the end of this Number. At present, excursion trains run thither every unday, but on no other day. No doubt, however, as the season advances, there will e occasionally week-day excursion trains also; when the University buildings, the alls, and the museums, which are closed on Sundays, will be open.

To the stranger who for the first time visits Cambridge—and of course with expect-tions highly raised—there is something exceedingly disappointing in its appearance. t lies in the midst of a country almost perfectly flat. However you may approach it, ou must come close upon it before you are aware that you are near it; and then only spire or two, and the turrets of King's College Chapel, rise above the surrounding ees to indicate its proximity. Nor does its aspect much improve when you enter . The town is devoid of dignity or beauty. Not only has it no street that can val the famous High-street of Oxford, but it has only one that is respectable. Even ie classic Cam is found to be but a lazy stream of muddy green water. Yet, were 'ambridge infinitely worse than it is, what Englishman could walk through it ithout feeling his spirit stirred within him, when he recollected, as he must recol-ct, that it was the intellectual birth-place of Milton, Bacon, Newton, and many nother

"Giant of mighty bone and bold emprise,"

hose peaceful victories are among the most glorious achievements of his country? nd though the first view of Cambridge be disappointing, a further and closer ac-uaintance with it will supply enough, both of beauty and of grandeur, to yield a rich arvest to the memory in many an after day.

Our survey of this great seat of learning must necessarily be both general and ursory, but we hope to be able, at least, to direct attention to some of its most note-orthy features; and while endeavouring to guide the visitor, we trust to be able to nterest in some degree the reader who can only visit it in imagination. Before we et about our perambulation of the town and University, it may be well to glance astily at their history.

For a long time the alumni of Oxford and Cambridge felt themselves bound in onour, and in duty, to contend for the pre-eminence and seniority of their respective ursing-mothers. Often has the matter been eagerly debated; and more than once ith some pomp of circumstance. When Elizabeth visited Cambridge, in 1564, among ther 'pleasures in learning' wherewith the Heads of Houses entertained her Majesty, as a Latin speech by the University Orator, in which he expatiated on the superior ignity and antiquity of his university; assuring her that it was of far more ancient ate than either Oxford or Paris, "and out of the which, as out of a most clear foun-ain, they sprang." As soon as the report of this speech reached the banks of Isis,)xford was aroused, and a champion at once stood forth. His challenge was readily ccepted, and the war of words raged fierce and long. The Cambridge Orator had laimed but an indefinite antiquity—"the time of Gurguntius"—for his university;

but when it was said that Oxford was founded A.D. 870, Cambridge triumphant declared that she had existed for 400 years before the Christian era—and some bold advocates insisted on carrying her origin still further back. The Oxonians, so f from being silenced, issued a reply which they fondly imagined would 'extinguis their opponents; but the men of Cambridge held firmly to their pedigree. Nearly century later the controversy was renewed where we should hardly expect to hear it. In the Long Parliament, which we are accustomed to consider as a very business like, or at any rate very anti-archæological body, the question was warmly discusse In a subsidy bill, the Committee which drew the bill placed the name of Cambrid before that of Oxford. On its being presented to the House, a motion was made th the name of Oxford should stand first. Sir Simonds D'Ewes was the Cambrid advocate, and so pleased was he with his defence of the superior antiquity of h Alma Mater, that he published his speech; which may still be seen among th pamphlets of the Commonwealth period, in the British Museum. He protested h would prove that "Cambridge was a renowned city at least five hundred years befo there was a house at Oxford standing, and whilst brute beasts fed, or corn was sow on that place where the same city is now seated; and that Cambridge was a nurser of learning before Oxford was known to have a Grammar-school in it; or he wi yield up his bucklers." He set about his work manfully: beginning with "the ancie catalogue of the cities of Britain," wherein he found that "Cambridge is the *ninth* i number, while London is but the *eleventh!*" And who, he asks triumphantly, "wh would have thought that ever Oxford should have contended for precedence wit Cambridge, when even London gave it about 1200 years since?" The matter ha long ceased to be debated, and Cambridge is content that Oxford should have the pre cedency—by Act of Parliament, which, as Selden observes, when speaking of th contest, "is the best argument for it."

The tradition to which the orator referred in addressing Elizabeth, and that whic the Cambridge writers believed to be so convincing, was rather an extraordinary one It told that Cantaber, a Spanish prince, being driven from his country by domesti tumult, fled to Britain, where he was hospitably received by the king, Gurguntius who not only sheltered him, but gave him his daughter Guenolena in marriage. Can taber built for himself and his bride a city on the banks of the river Cante, and calle it after his own name, Cantabrigia. Being a lover of learning, he imported from Athens, where he had received his own education, a colony of philosophers, and es tablished them in his new city; and this was the foundation of the great town and University of Cambridge. The date of the foundation was variously stated at from 3676 to 4338 A.M. The safest reckoning perhaps was that of the University orator; —"*Gurguntii temporibus.*" One of the embellishments of the fable made Anaxi mander and Anaxagoras teachers in the University; and another stated that its emi nence was so great, that Julius Cæsar carried some of the scholars with him to Rome, when he returned thither from England.

This tradition is sufficiently absurd to carry, as the phrase is, "its own refutation along with it:" but there is another which, "although the external evidence for it is not very strong, is of so very unpretending a character, that it may fairly be left to stand on its own probability"—we quote the words of Professor Malden, a sufficient authority. The tradition itself he thus repeats ('Origin of Universities,' p. 93):—"It is said that Joffred, Abbot of Croyland, in 1109, successor of Ingulphus, 'sent over to his manor of Cotenham, nigh Cambridge, Gislebert, his fellow monk and professor of divinity, and three other monks, who followed him into England (from Orleans.) From Cotenham they daily repaired to Cambridge. There they hired a public barn,

ıde open profession of their sciences, and in a little time, drew a number of scholars ·gether. In less than two years' time, their number so increased from the country, as ell as town, that there was never a house, barn, or church, big enough to hold them l. Upon which they dispersed themselves in different parts of the town, imitating the niversity of Orleans.' Three of the parties taught the three branches of the Trivium, -grammar, logic, and rhetoric; and Gislebert preached to the people on Sundays ıd holidays." The authority for this tale—the continuator of Ingulphus—is of oubtful value, and the story must depend on its own merits. It may be observed, owever, that recent inquirers have discovered some points of resemblance between ıe earliest known arrangements of Cambridge University and that of Orleans, and ıere appears to be reason to believe that some connection did subsist between them. t seems pretty certain that there was no University at Cambridge at the Norman onquest, as there is not the slightest reference either to schools or scholars in the Domesday Survey.' The earliest official documents which notice the University of ambridge are dated the 15th of Henry III. (1231), and in them the University is ·cognized as an established body.

Tradition, which gave the University so ancient an origin, also gave the town an ırly importance and size that are quite as questionable—making it to have once ·etched for above three miles along the banks of the Cam, namely from Grantchester) Chesterton, or nearly thrice the length of the present town. It is certain that 'ambridge was the Roman town Camboricum, and it appears probable that military utposts and perhaps villas and other scattered edifices may have extended for ome distance from the town. Roman remains have been occasionally found at arious places between the villages above mentioned. The Roman town is believed to ave stood upon what is now known as Castle End. In Anglo-Saxon times the town vas called Grantaceaster, or the city on the Granta, which was the Saxon name of he river now called the Cam. In the 'Domesday Survey' it is called Grantebridge. 'he history of the town apart from the University is not very important. It was avaged by the Danes in 871; and eight years later, "the three Danish kings, ·othrum, Oskytel, and Anwind, went to Cambridge with a great army, and remained here a year." At subsequent periods, Cambridge several times suffered from the visits ·f these marauders: in 1010, it was plundered and almost entirely destroyed. For ·while it remained in ruins, but it had again arisen before the Norman Conquest. ·oon after his accession, William visited Cambridge, where he stayed some time; he uilt a castle here in 1070. In 1088, the town was sacked by the barons who espoused he cause of Robert Curthose against William Rufus. The only historic notices of he town for many years are of a similar character. In 1174, it was greatly injured ·y a fire, which destroyed or damaged most of the churches. During the civil wars n the reigns of Stephen and John, Cambridge and its neighbourhood were several ·imes the scenes of battles and sieges. It was plundered in 1214 by William of Salis-·ury, and Falk de Brent, the favourite of King John, who, according to Fuller, "left ıothing worth anything behind them, that was not too hot or too heavy for them to ·arry away." The last occasion on which the castle was formally attacked was after ·he battle of Evesham, when it was taken and the town plundered by the barons. From this time Cambridge was left unfortified, and remained unmolested. Frequent quarrels occurred between the townsmen and the scholars, and some of them were of ı formidable nature; but the town was not again made a military post till the reign ·f Charles I., when, on the breaking out of the civil war, it was taken possession of by Cromwell, who had, by the way, twice represented the town in Parliament. During the war it remained in the hands of the Parliament. Charles once brought an army

before it, but he departed without venturing on an attack. Cambridge has been often visited by the reigning sovereign, but the visits were made rather to the University than the town.

The University, as we have seen, was in existence as a privileged body in 1231. The royal letters in which it is mentioned have reference to the disputes that had already commenced between the townsmen and the scholars. At that time the students were lodged in houses about the town, and, as Fuller tells, "the townsmen began now most unconscionably to raise and rack the rent of their houses wherein the scholars did sojourn. Every low cottage was high valued. Sad the condition when learning is the tenant, and ignorance must be the landlord! It came at last to this pass, that the scholars, wearied with exactions, were on the point of departing to find a place where they might be better accommodated on more reasonable conditions. Here the king seasonably interposed his power, appointing that two Masters of Arts and two honest townsmen should be deputed as Chancellors, conscientiously to moderate the rigour of covetousness. And seeing the scholars would hire as cheap, and townsmen would let as dear, as they could, the aforesaid four persons, indifferently chosen out of both corporations, were to order the price betwixt both, according to the tenor of the king's letter." * (*Hist. of Univ. of Camb.* § 36.) Afterwards the plan of lodging in private houses being found to be attended with many inconveniences, the students were lodged in 'hostels,' under the superintendence and rule of a Principal, but at their own charge. Of these hostels there were at one time about forty, and they continued to flourish till the endowment of colleges, in which they became gradually absorbed. Peter House was the first college. Hugh de Balsam, Sub-prior of Ely, in 1257 purchased two hostels, intending to endow them; but it was not till 1284, after his election to the bishopric of Ely, which the king had violently opposed, was ratified by the Pope, that he was able to carry out his design. He established his college on the spot it now occupies in Trumpington-street, and endowed it with maintenance for a master, fourteen fellows, two bible-clerks, and eight poor scholars. This college, as we have said, still exists, but the foundation has been greatly extended by subsequent benefactors.

Henry III. and his successors conferred many privileges upon the University. So far, indeed, did these privileges, as enlarged by the charter granted by Richard II., extend, that the townsmen bitterly complained of them, as an improper infringement of their rights; and in 1381, when the popular feeling had become excited by the march of Wat Tyler upon London, they made a strenuous effort to set themselves upon a level with the men of the gown. The burgesses, with the mayor and bailiffs, assembled in the town-hall, and appointed James of Grantchester to be their leader, after having elected him and his brother into their corporation, and made him take an oath to lead them wherever they should desire. Having mustered their followers, "the rabble-rout," says Fuller, who tells the story in his matchless way, "rolled to Benet College, against which foundation they had a particular quarrel, because endowed with many candle-rents in Cambridge, so that a sixth part of the town is said at this time to belong thereunto. Here they brake open the college gates on the Saturday night; and, as if the readiest way to pay their rent were to destroy their landlords, they violently fell on the masters and fellows therein. From them they took all their charters, evidences, privileges, and plate to the value of fourscore pounds. Hence they advanced to the house of the Chancellor, threatening him and the University

* These officers were called Taxors; the University still retains two officers of the same name; but their duty now is "to regulate the markets, examine the assize of bread, the lawfulness of weights and measures, and to call all abuses thereof into the Commissary's Court."

with fire and sword (as indeed they did burn the house of William Wigmore, esquire bedel, proclaiming that whosoever could catch should kill him), except they would instantly renounce all their privileges, and bind themselves in a bond of three thousand pounds, to subject themselves hereafter to the power of the townsmen, and free the townsmen from any actions, real or personal, which might arise from this occasion. This done, they went into the market-place, where with clubs they brake the seals of the University charters, and then burnt them in the place. One, Margaret Starr, a mad old woman, threw the ashes into the air, with these words: 'Thus let the learning of all scholars be confounded!'" The rioters did other mischief to the University property, and also to the religious houses in the neighbourhood; and would have done still more, but for the arrival of the 'warlike Bishop of Norwich,' Henry Spenser, with some forces. They were of course punished; the charter of the town was taken away, and the privileges of the University still further extended at the expense of the town. Very many of these extraordinary privileges are yet retained by the University. The quarrels between 'town and gown' have continued, though constantly decreasing in violence, down to the present generation: but this may suffice as a sample of them. Now they are carefully provided against, and scarcely ever occur; and when they do, only amount to what, in the language of the place, is termed 'a row.'

Old Antony à Wood, in his account of Oxford University, is constantly endeavouring to show, whatever period he is writing of, that *then* Oxford had a greater number of learned men, and was a more flourishing school than Cambridge. But, in truth, the same causes that depressed or elevated the one, generally affected the other also; and a candid examination of the history of either place will convince the reader that both were, through the whole of the somewhat gloomy period from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, fully as efficient and flourishing seats of learning as, in the state of society, could be expected, and very much superior to the popular notions on the subject. In what is called the revival of learning in England, Cambridge took its full share. A goodly band of scholars earnestly set about the diffusion of the new learning. Erasmus was for some time at Cambridge, as a professor, and by his fame, and his character, greatly aided forward the movement. The room in which he taught Greek is still pointed out, as is also that in which he lodged. At the Reformation, Cambridge suffered a good deal in its libraries and public buildings, from the zeal of the Visitors in rooting out what they termed 'superstitious images,' which led them to destroy not only missals and other Romish service-books, but whatever illuminated manuscripts had what they believed, often mistakenly, to be the figures of saints upon them, and to deface many pictures and statues—a work of destruction that was carried much farther by the Puritans. During the following centuries, with some temporary declensions, Cambridge went on growing in fame, and continuing to flourish and produce continually more and more men "who obtained for themselves a name imperishable as the records of our race," and who are, to adopt the words of Professor Sedgwick, to those who now tread the courts where they studied, "in the place of a glorious ancestry, urging them, by their example, to an emulation of their deeds; and we," he continues, in a strain that stirs the heart of a Cantabrigian like the sound of a trumpet, "we are unworthy sons if we turn a deaf ear to that voice which still seems to speak to us." We little fear for that. Cambridge has not degenerated. The roll of fame will tell that she has, in our time, sent forth many a son whose deeds proclaim that he has not let that voice pass unheeded; and of those younger ones who are as yet but fledging their wings and bracing their spirits among these old academic groves, the note of promise is not altogether silent.

The University may be considered as a commonwealth, resting upon the union of

the several colleges and halls; though it is an error to regard it, as is often done, as a mere aggregate of colleges. It is, in fact, a sort of federal union. The University is a body incorporated, under the name of "the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge," by an Act of Parliament passed in the thirteenth year of the reign of Elizabeth; which Act confirmed it in all the privileges that had been conferred upon it by preceding charters. The statutes by which it is governed are those laid down in the charter of Elizabeth; and all new laws made for its regulation are required to be framed in conformity with them. The principal officer of the University is the Chancellor, who presides over all cases relative to the body, and has "sole authority within the precincts, except in matters of mayhem and felony." He engages to "preserve and defend its rights and privileges, to convoke assemblies, and to do justice among the members under his jurisdiction." He is, in effect, a little sovereign within the University limits,—at least in law; but much of his authority has fallen into abeyance, and the remainder is performed by the Vice-Chancellor, who is the resident head of the University. At present the office is biennial, or tenable for such a length of time beyond two years as the tacit consent of the University may allow. The other principal officers are the High Steward; the Vice-Chancellor; a Commissary, who holds a court of record for all privileged persons under the degree of M.A.; a Public Orator; an Assessor to assist the Vice-Chancellor in his court; two Proctors, whose business it is to regulate the discipline and preserve the peace of the University; a Librarian; a Registrar; two Taxors, who regulate the market, examine the assize of bread, and inspect the weights and measures; two Moderators, who superintend the exercises in the schools and the examinations for degrees of arts; two Scrutators, who regulate the business of the congregations; two Pro-Proctors; three Esquire Bedels; and some inferior persons. The Vice-Chancellor must be the head of some college, and is, during his holding the office, a magistrate for the University and county.

There are seventeen colleges and halls in Cambridge. The halls in no way differ from the colleges, except in name—in Oxford there is a distinction. They are corporate lay bodies, which have been at different periods founded and endowed by separate benefactors, for the advancement of learning, the study of science, and the service of the church, by providing the higher branches of education for youth, and furnishing places of retreat for men who should devote themselves to meditation and study in connection with the established religion. Each of the colleges is ruled by its own statutes; subject, however, always to the general laws of the University. Each of the colleges furnishes members both for the executive and legislative branch of university government. The place of assembly is the Senate-House. All persons who are masters of arts, or doctors in one of the three faculties, viz. divinity, the civil law, or physic, having their names upon the college boards, holding any university office, or being resident in the town of Cambridge, have votes in this assembly. The senate is divided into two houses, denominated the Regent and the Non-Regent house: the Regent, or upper house (or, as it is frequently called, the White Hood house, from the members wearing their hoods lined with white silk), consisting of the doctors of less than two, and the M.A.s under five years' standing; the Non-Regent, or lower house, or Black Hood house, consisting of the M.A.s above five years. The doctors of more than two years' standing vote in either house at pleasure. There is also a council called the Caput, chosen annually on the 12th of October, by which every university grace or proposition must be approved before it can be introduced to the senate. The Caput consists of the Vice-Chancellor, a doctor in each of the faculties, and two masters of art, who are the representatives of the

Regent and Non-regent houses. Any single member of the Caput has the power of putting a veto upon any grace that is proposed.

The annual income of the University arises from various sources—the rectory of Burwell, and a farm at Barton, producing about £1000 per annum; the produce of fees at matriculations, for degrees, &c., and the trading profits of the University press. The whole income from every source is believed scarcely to exceed £5500 per annum. The funds are managed by the Vice-Chancellor, or by specific trustees; and the accounts are examined annually by three auditors appointed by the senate.

The public professors of the University are paid from various sources; some from the University chest, others by her Majesty's government, or from estates left for that purpose. They are the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity; the Regius Professors of Divinity, Civil Law, Physic, Hebrew, and Greek; two Professors of Arabic, one of whom is called the Lord Almoner's Reader; the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics; Professors of Moral Theology, or Casuistry; Chemistry; Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy; Anatomy; Modern History; Botany; Geology; Astronomy and Geometry; the Norrisian Professor of Divinity; Natural and Experimental Philosophy; the Downing Professors of the Laws of England, and of Medicine; the Professors of Mineralogy, Political Economy, and Music; besides which there are various endowed lectureships. By a grace of the Senate, October 31st, 1848, a Board of Mathematical Studies was appointed, to consist of the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, the Plumean Professor of Astronomy, the Lowndean Professor of Geometry and Astronomy, and the Jaeksonian Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, as well as the examiners for mathematical honours, "whose duty it is to consult together from time to time on all matters relating to the actual state of mathematical studies and examinations in the University, and to prepare annually and lay before the Vice-Chancellor a report, to be by him published to the University in the Lent or Easter term of each year." The Cambridge Philosophical Society was established in 1819, and incorporated by a royal charter dated the 3rd of August, 1832. It includes most of the resident graduates of the University.

The privilege of sending two representatives to Parliament was conferred upon the University by charter, in the 1st of James I. The right of election is vested in the members of the senate, in number about 3900. The Vice-Chancellor is the returning officer.

The number of members on the boards of the University in 1748 was 1500; in 1840, it was 5696; in 1851, it is 6906. The number of resident members averages about 2000. The number of undergraduates (students) in 1850 was 1742.

It does not belong to the present work to describe the course of study through which the students at Cambridge have to pass. As is generally understood, it comprises Theology, Natural and Moral Philosophy, and the literature and languages of Greece and Rome.

There are three University terms which are fixed by invariable rules. They are the Michaelmas or October term, which begins on the 10th of October and ends on the 16th of December; the Lent or January term, which begins on the 13th of January and ends on the Friday before Palm Sunday; and the Easter or Midsummer term, which begins on the 11th day after Easter Sunday and ends on the Friday after Commencement day, which is always the first Tuesday in July.

Before a candidate can proceed to the examination for Bachelor of Arts, he must, after having been duly matriculated into the University, and entered on the boards of one of the colleges, have resided ten terms or the major parts of them, have undergone the 'previous examination,' or 'little go,' and made a declaration that he is *bonâ fide* a member of the Church of England. The candidates are divided into two classes:

'questionists for honours,' and 'questionists not candidates for honours,' who are familiarly known as the πολλοι. The examination extends over a period of twenty days. The candidates of both classes are examined in the higher branches of arithmetic and mathematics; and in the Greek and Latin languages and literature, the examination for honours being of course much the most comprehensive and searching. The names of those who obtain honours are arranged in lists in the order in which they distinguish themselves. The lists are called Triposes. The names of the three classes of merit in the Mathematical Tripos are Wranglers, Senior Optimes, and Junior Optimes: the first man being termed Senior Wrangler. In the Classical Tripos the names are placed under first, second, and third classes; the first man being known as First Classic. These Triposes are published regularly in the University Calendar. By a grace adopted by the Senate, October 31st, 1848, a similar examination was appointed in the Moral Sciences in 1851, the names of the successful candidates being arranged in lists which will be called the Moral Sciences Tripos. The subjects of examination are Moral Philosophy, Political Economy, Modern History, General Jurisprudence, and the Laws of England. By a grace which passed the Senate on the same day, there was also for the first time in 1851 an examination for honours in the Natural Sciences. The subjects in the Natural Sciences Tripos include Anatomy, Comparative Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, Botany, Geology, and Mineralogy, excluding the Mathematical part of Crystallography.

And now let us look at the place itself. We have said that there is little of either beauty or dignity in the town; but it must be understood that it is only the *town* we mean. We expect to be able to point out enough of both about the University and colleges. All of them we cannot visit; a few must be chosen, and we will endeavour to select the most interesting.

The University buildings of course claim the precedence in our notice, though they will hardly maintain the first place on their own account. Of these, the SENATE-HOUSE is, perhaps, the most important, though not the most beautiful. It is one of the spurious classic buildings of the last century, but is rather an imposing structure, and will be looked at with interest as the place wherein all the University ceremonials are performed. The grand room is very large and handsome, and has a singular appearance, from the peculiar arrangement of the seats, on which the different orders sit according to their several ranks. On public occasions, such as the installation of the Chancellor, its appearance is remarkably splendid. The Senate-House stands near the centre of the town, and forms the north side of a spacious square; the west side of it being formed by the University library and schools; the east by St. Mary's Church; and the south by King's College. The old Library is not a very remarkable building, but the contents are full of interest to the scholar. The collection of books and manuscripts is very large; it contains some 200,000 volumes, is constantly increasing, and embraces many printed books and manuscripts of great splendour and rarity. There are also some models and curiosities in the room; and in the hall, and on the staircase, are some fragments of antique sculpture. A few years ago, the library becoming too small to contain the rapidly growing collection of books, a new one was commenced, from the designs of Mr. Cockerell, R.A. Part of the new building is completed and occupied, but the grander features of the design have yet to be carried out. The portion finished is a fine structure, and appears well adapted for its purpose: when the other parts are added, it will be a magnificent pile, and add greatly to the architectural character of the place. The lower part of the new Library is appropriated to the Woodwardian

Museum of Geology—a collection which, under the care of Professor Sedgwick, has become most valuable and important. At present it is only in part arranged, but that part is exceedingly interesting. One of the most striking features to the general visitor is the noble skeleton of the gigantic Irish Elk. The general collection of fossils as well as the various minerals and other geological specimens, will repay a very careful scrutiny. From the Library we may pass to the Printing-office of the UNIVERSITY OF PITT PRESS—a press famous rather for the style and value of the books issued from it than for the number. The building was erected a few years back, from the designs of Mr. Blore, and is of the perpendicular style. It is a rather good-looking edifice, but has nothing about it to denote its particular purpose. The principal feature is the lofty central tower, which, however, is wholly ecclesiastical in character.

The Pitt Press stands in Trumpington-street, and a little lower in the same street is the FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM—by far the noblest of the recent buildings in the town, and perhaps the finest classical building of recent erection in England, if St. George's Hall, at Liverpool, be excepted. It is indeed a work of unusual richness and grandeur, and also of much originality of effect, and is admirably adapted to its purpose. It tells what it is at a glance. The style is Corinthian, but it is treated with a fullness of detail and completeness which raises it far above the bald and cold-looking erections that are ordinarily so named. The portico is of exceeding beauty, and the gracefulness of its proportions, the intercolumniation, the unsparing richness of the accessories, and the happy manner in which the composition is extended by the parts on each side, give to the whole façade a very imposing air. The sculpture in the pediment, and the colossal lions at each end of the building, which contribute not a little to the general effect, are the work of Mr. Nichol. The interior is every way worthy of the outside. A hall and staircase of noble proportions lead to the Picture Gallery, a suite of five rooms, whose richness of appearance is very striking to one used to the bare and poverty-stricken air of the rooms in the so-called National Gallery, and other public picture galleries. These rooms are of good size and lofty, but the pictures are not suspended above the ken of an ordinary eye. Round the upper part is carried a series of casts of the Panathenaic procession, from the originals in the British Museum, which compels the hanging of the paintings at only a moderate elevation. The rooms are lit by oval lanterns, which are supported by Caryatides. The light passes through embossed glass at the sides of the lanterns, and the rooms appear well illuminated. The ceilings are richly ornamented, the columns are of coloured marbles or scagliola, and the floors are of oak arranged in a pattern. The more important of the pictures are those which formerly adorned the walls of the old Library. Some of these pictures are very fine, and grace the noble gallery which has been erected for them. Among them is a splendid specimen of Titian,—'Portraits of Philip the Second of Spain, and the Princess Eboli.' A 'Portrait of a Dutch Officer' is a fine and characteristic example of the pencil of Rembrandt. Annibale Caracci's 'St. Roche and the Angel' is also a good picture; but there is a much better by Ludovico Caracci, of 'Christ and the Angels appearing to Mary.' One of the richest and most graceful works in the collection is 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' by Giorgione. Genuine Giorgiones are rare, but this has all the appearance of being genuine. At any rate it is a beautiful picture, and has more religious feeling and solemnity of tone about it than any other representation of a sacred subject in the room. The 'Mercury and Herse,' of Paolo Veronese, is a superior picture. There are also some capital paintings of animals by Snyders, displaying all the vigorous action, combined with marvellous truthfulness of structure and surface, that render his

paintings of animals in motion as unrivalled as are those in repose of our own Landseer. There are several other pictures above the ordinary rank, but we must not stay to mention them. A collection of pictures and antiquities left to the University by D. Mesman, Esq., is also deposited here; but the pictures are not yet completely arranged. Most of the pictures are small, and of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and many of them are doubtless genuine, although many are doubtless spurious. The antiquities are most of them British and Roman articles found in the county. Altogether the collection will well reward a careful inspection. In a small room on the left, as you enter, is a most elaborate ivory model (said to have cost several thousand pounds) of the Mausoleum at Agra, called the Tajee Mahal (or crown of edifices), erected by Shah Jehan in honour of his favourite wife. Under the Picture Gallery are a sculpture room and a library. The sculpture room is as yet unfurnished. The library presents an entire contrast to the rooms we have left. The whole of the fittings—the walls, the columns, the presses, and the floor,—are of oak, and the effect is admirably in character with the purpose to which the apartment is appropriated.

The building is nearly a square of about 160 feet, and is so arranged, that wings may at any time be added without deranging the composition, should the increase of the collection render them necessary. Mr. Basevi was the architect from whose designs the building has been erected, but he unfortunately did not live to see it completed, having been killed by falling from one of the towers of Ely Cathedral, in the restoration of which edifice he was assisting. His designs, however, have been carried out, with some trifling modifications, by Mr. Cockerell, under whose able superintendence the works were brought to a satisfactory completion. The Fitzwilliam Museum, it should have been mentioned before, owes its origin to the munificence of Richard Viscount Fitzwilliam, who died in 1816, and bequeathed to the University his collection of paintings, drawings, prints, and books, together with the sum of £100,000 the interest of which was to be applied to the erection of a building to contain his bequest, and the maintenance of officers to superintend it. The collection is a most valuable one. There are 101 pictures, many of the first class; we have already specified some of them. The engravings, which are of great value, fill 520 large folio volumes. The books and manuscripts, many of rare excellence, amount to 7000 volumes; and there is a large and costly library of music. Truly a noble bequest.

Besides these buildings, the University possesses an Anatomy School, a Botanical Garden, and an Observatory. The Botanic Garden occupies three or four acres; the ground, with a large and ancient edifice, formerly belonged to the Augustine Friars; it was purchased by the late Dr. Richard Walker, Vice-Master of Trinity College, for £1600. The site having become insufficient, an Act of Parliament was obtained, which empowered the University to procure a fresh one, and dispose of the former. A piece of ground of about 30 acres, within a mile of the town, was accordingly purchased, and has been in part laid out and planted. The old schools still remain, and belong to the Jacksonian Professor for the time being; and a new building has been erected for the use of the lecturers in chemistry, botany, and anatomy. The valuable Anatomical Museum is now placed in a commodious building, erected by the University. The Observatory was erected between 1822 and 1824, after the designs of Mr. J. C. Mead, at an expense of upwards of £18,115,—of which sum about £6000 was raised by subscriptions, and the remainder was granted from the University chest. The building is considered to be well adapted for its purpose. There is an excellent collection of astronomical instruments; the great telescope, of nearly twelve inches aperture and twenty feet focal length, made by M. Cauchoix, of Paris, and presented to the University, in 1835, by the Marquess of Northampton, stands in a building erected especially for it near the Observatory.

We will now visit the Colleges. TRINITY is the most important of these, though not the oldest; its charter of incorporation bearing date December 19th, 1546. Tread its courts lightly. It indeed boasts of a 'glorious ancestry.' Their names are among the very highest in the list of English worthies—Bacon, Barrow, Newton, Bentley, Porson, Dryden, Byron, are but a sample of the most distinguished of them in the several pursuits of theology, science, learning, and poetry; and many of the most eminent men of our own day have been educated here. Trinity is the largest of the colleges—the number of persons maintained in the establishment being upwards of four hundred—but its buildings are not the most imposing. From the streets they are scarcely seen; only the handsome entrance-gateway presents anything striking in that direction. The college itself consists of three spacious quadrangles, and one of small size. The first or great court "forms a vast area, measuring west and east 334 feet by 325, and north and south 287 feet by 256." (*Le Keux's Memorials of Cambridge.*) It has a modern look—owing mainly to the alterations made during Bentley's mastership; but the impression produced on entering it from the street is very striking. In the centre of the court stands a handsome conduit; on the north side are the chapel, and the lofty gateway or clock tower; on the west are the Master's Lodge, the Hall and the Combination rooms; on the south is another gateway.

The Hall is the finest building belonging to Trinity—of its kind the finest in the University. It is a large and lofty Gothic edifice, with a high peaked roof—and the exterior altogether has a very picturesque appearance: but the interior still more so. It should be seen on a winter's day at dinner time. The noble room has a very venerable air. The tall peaked roof is filled by open timber-work of a rather peculiar character. The walls are hung round with dark portraits of the worthies of Trinity. Down the body of the Hall are ranged the long tables, about which are seated the scholars in their purple robes—while cross tables at which the master and fellows sit occupy the elevated dais. A charcoal fire burns in the antique fire-place in the centre of the room: and the whole is seen by the uncertain light that struggles through the stained glass windows raised far above the floor, and the handsome bays at the upper end. Though less picturesque, the Chapel of Trinity is even more interesting. As the work is likely to be in the hands of very few of our readers, we will borrow a few words from an admirable sketch of it by Mr. Selwyn, in the 'Cambridge Portfolio' (p. 92). "The building itself possesses no striking excellences; there is nothing in the style of the architecture, nor in the decorations of the interior, which challenges admiration; it is, perhaps, as a building, rather below the dignity of its purpose, when considered as the place of worship for the most distinguished of our colleges. And yet there are few places more full of interest to the resident in the University, or to the stranger, than Trinity Chapel. It is a powerful rival, to say no more, to the Chapel of King's College, with all its riches of architectural skill. The interest which belongs to Trinity Chapel is of a higher order than that which is due to the powers of art; it is one of religious feeling and association; it is a matter of heart, and mind, and soul. In no other place does there exist so impressive a demonstration of the religious spirit of our academic institutions. The large number of students, the great body of resident fellows, many of them distinguished in various walks of learning, the ancient names of glory connected with the college, combine to render the celebration of divine worship in this chapel, more than usually solemn and affecting. . . . Seldom do strangers witness the Sunday evening service without bearing witness to the impressiveness of the scene. . . . We will not attempt to describe the effect of the chapel itself, filled as it is in all its length and breadth: the master in his seat of dignity, with the young noblemen on his right hand; along the upper row of seats the fellows; below them the

scholars of the foundation; the great body of students filling the central space; and all below to the east end, as far as the eye can reach, an apparently innumerable company robed in white. The choir are placed in raised seats on either side, about midway down the length of the chapel."

The ante-chapel is mostly occupied by strangers, and the students from other colleges, who resort here in goodly numbers, as the evening service does not commence till that in their own chapel is ended. In the ante-chapel is a statue of Newton, the masterpiece of Roubiliac; and around the walls are many tablets in memory of other celebrated men of Trinity.

From this first court we pass into the second or Neville's Court; the principal ornament of which is the Library, erected (through the exertions of Isaac Barrow, then Master of Trinity,) by Sir Christopher Wren, and generally considered one of his best works. It is undoubtedly a noble building externally; while its magnificent proportions and luminous appearance strike every one who enters it. This grand room is 190 feet long, 40 feet broad, and 38 feet high; the floor is of black and white marble; the door-ways at the ends of the room and the presses are profusely adorned with carvings in wood, the work of Grinling Gibbons. Under the carvings is a series of ten marble busts of eminent Trinity men, by Roubiliac. Another set of more than thirty busts of famous men, but not of Trinity, is placed on the top of each press; and a number of excellent portraits hang round the walls. In a niche is a statue of the Chancellor Duke of Somerset, by Rysbrack; and in the middle of the room is the celebrated seated statue of Byron, by Thorwaldsen, which was refused admittance into Westminster Abbey. One other *embellishment* must not be passed over—the stained glass window at the south end. This window is probably unmatched; it is certainly unsurpassed. It was painted in the last century, from a design by Cipriani. The subject is, 'The presentation of Sir Isaac Newton to George III. by Minerva;' while Lord Bacon, seated below, is registering the reward that King George is about to bestow upon the discoverer of the theory of gravitation! We are not jesting, but relating a sober fact. This prodigious piece of *fine art* is exactly what has been said; and the execution is as extraordinary as the design—as any one may see who will visit Trinity Library, that is, if he can obtain permission; for the fellows have had the grace of late to hang a curtain before the window. We are in hope that, some day, they may be laughed into removing both window and curtain together. The third, or King's Court, was built in 1823, by Wilkins; and though, as an architectural object, very bad, it is happily one of the least bad of his perpetrations.

From this court we gladly escape to the walks. Among them we speedily get rid of our ill-temper. They are delicious places to loiter away a summer's afternoon among. No one who has strolled about them will venture to say that Cambridge is not beautiful—it was the streets *we* railed against, remember: do not accuse us of inconsistency. What fair lime avenues are these of Trinity!—the very groves of Academe!—What noble elms are about their neighbour's of John's! and how trim are the walks of King's! Verily, sauntering about them this dreamy afternoon, is enough to make us forget our grizzled locks, and fancy that our school-days are come back again! We must not linger now, however. The peep we catch between the old elms of the New Buildings of St. John's, reminds us that we have much yet to examine. Come with us there.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE is the largest of the colleges after Trinity, and is generally considered as a friendly rival to it. The scholars of St. John's have always maintained a high rank, but it has not produced so famous a list as Trinity. It has excelled in statesmen. Lord Burleigh and Lord Strafford, and, in later times, William Wilber-

force, were educated here. Ben Jonson is at the head of its poets; Sir Thomas Wyatt, Otway, Matt. Prior, and Kirke White, are also of the number; and in other walks of life it has had many eminent sons. The buildings of St. John's are remarkable chiefly for their extent. The visitor will find much to interest him in them; but we may here pass them by with very brief notice. They consist of four spacious quadrangles. The first court was the original college, built on its foundation by Margaret, the mother of Henry VII., the foundress also of Christ's College, and a munificent benefactress to some others. Her statue is that on the inner side of the noble entrance-gateway. The Chapel, Hall, and Master's Lodge, are in this court. But we will pass through this and the other courts, and over the curious covered bridge, to the New Buildings. These were erected a few years ago, from the designs of Mr. Rickman, whose writings gave so great an impulse to the study of Gothic architecture. The New Buildings are very extensive, and of unusual richness of style; they are, perhaps, the most happily situated in the University, and are undoubtedly the finest and most effective of the modern Gothic buildings in Cambridge. Their most striking feature is the entrance-gateway and clock-tower, which, from every point of view, form a highly picturesque composition. The cloisters are continued across the river by the new bridge, which, from its covered way, is sometimes called the Bridge of Sighs, but in the University is known as the Isthmus of *Suez*—a scholastic pun, suggested by the familiar appellation of the Johnians.

King's College.—From John's we pass along the delightful walks to King's, one of the smallest of the colleges, as regards the number of members on its foundation, but by far the most magnificent in its endowments. And here we are at once arrested by its chapel, beyond all question the most splendid architectural object of the kind, not only in Cambridge, but in England, and, perhaps, in Europe:

> "They dreamt not of a perishable home,
> Who thus could build."

This glorious building attracts attention as soon as we enter Cambridge, and wherever we turn our steps as we wander about the streets. We have deferred visiting it till now; but assuredly it will be the first object to which the stranger will bend his way. The foundation-stone of this chapel was laid by proxy for Henry VI., in 1447; but the building was little advanced at his death. The greater part of it was erected during the reign of Henry VII., who contributed £10,000 towards its construction; but it was not completed till the eighteenth year of his successor's reign (1534). It is the standard example of what is called the Perpendicular style of Gothic architecture. The designer is believed to have been one Close, or Klaus, the father of Nicholas Close, Bishop of Lichfield. This building occupies the whole northern side of the vast quadrangle of the college. Some idea may be formed of its general appearance from engravings, but only a faint conception of its majesty can be so obtained. Its noble proportions may aid the imagination somewhat. The extreme length is 316 feet; the breadth, 84 feet; the height, to the summit of the battlements, 101 feet; to the top of the turrets, 146 feet. In form it is a simple oblong; but the parts are so admirably broken as to prevent anything like formality. The walls are supported by huge buttresses, the whole space between which is occupied by the windows, of which there are thirteen on each side, and each window is about 50 feet high. Below the windows is a series of chantry chapels, nine on each side of the building. The walls are everywhere profusely adorned with carvings—the Tudor badges, the rose and portcullis, with the crown above, are sculptured in bold relief on every prominent part, from the sides of the door-ways to the very summit of the turrets; and the royal arms are also very frequently repeated. By moonlight the appearance of the chapel is "beautiful exceed-

ingly;" the grand proportions are thrown into magnificent masses of light and shade, while the sculpture on the surface assumes the appearance, under its strange influence, of a singularly rich and quaint fretwork. But, grand as is the exterior, the inside is infinitely more impressive. The vast area is spanned by an enormous stone roof, every portion of which is covered with the richest groin-work, of the kind called fan-tracery; and this wondrous roof, nearly 300 feet long, and 45 feet broad, is suspended some 80 feet aloft, unsupported by a single pillar. Every part of the edifice tends to deepen the impression produced by the first view of it. The walls are entirely covered with carvings; the light is subdued by the richly-coloured glass through which it enters, and plays quaintly with the elaborate sculpture. Well might our great poet exclaim, as he gazed upon it,

> "What awful perspective! while from our sight
> With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
> Their portraitures; their stone-work glimmers, dyed
> In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light."

The windows must be examined carefully. They are of the rarest worth. The great east window is of course the most important. It is divided into two principal divisions, an upper and a lower, and by the upright mullions into nine inferior ones. In these are six paintings of the Crucifixion of Christ, and the circumstances that preceded and followed it. The twenty-six side windows are also filled with stained glass. Each of these, like the east window, is divided into an upper and lower compartment; and these are subdivided into five perpendicular compartments. The central division is, in each, occupied by the figures of a prophet and an evangelist; in the side compartments are painted representations of events chiefly in the life of Christ, and the occurrences in the Old Testament history which were believed to have foreshadowed them. In every instance the type occupies the upper part of the window, the antitype the lower. Two subjects of each class are represented in every window. Often, of course, the resemblance is exceedingly fanciful, and sometimes the subject is inexplicable; but even then they are interesting as characteristic of the period in which they were painted. They are of the time of Henry VIII., the agreement for their execution bearing date, April, 1526. The designs have been attributed, but on insufficient grounds, to Albert Durer. There is a good deal of ability displayed in the composition, while the colouring is of the most glowing and vivid kind. The only window which is uncoloured is that of the west end of the chapel; and why it was not painted is unknown, as the agreement still remains for "glazing and setting up one window in the east end of the church, and one in the west end. . . . with good, clean, sure, and perfect glass, and orient colours and imagery of the story of the old law, and of the new law." How these windows escaped destruction during the Commonwealth period is quite astonishing. Their preservation is believed to be due to Whichcote, the provost of King's, who had a good deal of influence with the Puritans; but it is not a little surprising that he should have been able to save pictures such as these. If we had not grievous proof in the mutilated relics of many a glorious work, that their feelings were steeled against every such impression, we could almost fancy that the wondrous beauty of the place overawed the spirits, and abashed even the bitterness of these iconoclasts. Be the cause what it may, they have been saved, and the whole place remains—perfect. The fellows are causing the windows to be carefully taken down, cleaned, and where injured repaired,—a work requiring great skill and patience—as will be supposed, when we add that the cost of cleaning each window is about £300. One window is taken down at a time, and until it is replaced the next remains undisturbed. The window at the north-east corner has recently had a new painting inserted in one of the

divisions, which had before been blocked up : the subject is the ' Elevation of the Brazen Serpent,' and is an adaptation of the well-known painting by Rubens. It is a good picture, but it is most unfortunate that it was not made conformable to the style of those in the other windows.

We must quit this chapel; not, however, without quoting Wordsworth's fine sonnet on the interior—the allusion in the first line is of course to Henry VI. :—

> " Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
> With ill-match'd aims the Architect who planned—
> Albeit labouring for a scanty band
> Of white-rob'd scholars only—this immense
> And glorious work of fine intelligence!
> Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
> Of nicely-calculated less or more.
> So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
> These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof,
> Self-poised and scooped into ten thousand cells,
> Where light and shade repose, where music dwells,
> Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
> Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
> That they were born for immortality."

But before we return to the quadrangle, we must first ascend the narrow staircase that runs up the north-western turret, and gaze over the town and surrounding country from the chapel leads. On our way we may turn aside to look a little more closely at the stone roof. We can pass along the top of it and admire its mechanism. There is a favourite college tradition that Sir Christopher Wren was wont to come hither yearly to study the problem of its structure. Above the stone roof is another of chestnut, of most substantial construction; the space between the two roofs is sufficient to allow a man to walk upright. Owing to the flatness of the country, the view from the leads embraces a very wide range. Ely Cathedral is distinctly visible. The halls and colleges of Cambridge are spread out in a manner that renders their topography much more comprehensible than a perambulation of the streets, but we cannot say much for their beauty as thus seen. The other buildings of King's College are modern and rather substantial than beautiful. The royal founder intended the college buildings to surround a quadrangle, of which the chapel was to form one side. The other buildings were not erected, but the plan still remains in the possession of the college authorities. The fellows and scholars were lodged in mean buildings till the early part of last century, when it was determined to erect a more commodious edifice. Gibbs was the architect employed, but instead of carrying out the original design, he erected a building on the west side of the quadrangle of an entirely different character. In 1824, the congruity was increased. Wilkins was directed to complete the quadrangle, which he did by carrying a screen along the east side, and erecting a hall, library, and other buildings on the west. The building of Gibbs was in the Italian 'classic' style; that of Wilkins is in the spurious Gothic of his own invention: the effect of the whole is painfully incongruous. Considered apart from the other buildings, Gibbs's structure would be a noble-looking pile; but that of Wilkins is bald and mean. The Hall is the best part of it, being a tolerably close imitation of Crosby Hall; but it may serve as a proof of the 'feeling' of Wilkins for Gothic architecture, to mention that he had the open timber roof—a really fine one of oak—covered with white paint.

Time and space warn us that we must run hastily over the remaining colleges. One or two more we must stay at. The gloomy-looking building in St. Andrew-street, opposite to Petty Cury, is CHRIST'S COLLEGE, the college in which John Milton was

educated. Genteel writers of the last century, who appear to have always rejoiced most when they could most degrade a great name, were fond of relating that Milton suffered some indignities here, and they fancied that a passage of uncertain meaning in one of his Latin poems, countenanced them in their slander. We need hardly say that, though still often repeated, the assertion is utterly without foundation. If the passage above referred to might at the first glance seem to warrant such a conclusion, other passages in both his Latin and English prose works must entirely remove the supposition. His memory appears to have been from the first and until now warmly cherished here. Whatever of general interest attaches to Christ's College is owing to Milton's connection with it, and the members duly estimate the honour that his name has conferred upon them. Yet tradition has preserved little respecting his residence here. His rooms, if they remain, are not remembered. The fellows' garden is what is most deserving inspection on its own account, and it contains what is connected with the name of the great poet. A mulberry-tree, which stands in the middle of one of the lawns, is known as Milton's Mulberry-tree, and the fellows have received, in succession from a date which cannot be much posterior to Milton's day, the tradition that it was planted by him. They may of course be mistaken, but they without exception believe the tradition. The tree is evidently a very old one, and is only kept from decay by extraordinary care. Several years ago about half of it was blown down in a storm, but the torn part was carefully covered with lead; and although weakened by the loss of so large a portion, the remainder appears likely to survive for many years. The trunk is now a mere shell, but it is carefully propped up, and still annually produces a goodly crop of fruit. Attempts have been made to raise seedlings from it, but they have not been very successful. A couple of young ones, however, are growing close by it. The gardens of the college are very beautiful—perhaps the most beautiful in the University. The stately horse-chestnut trees were doubtless here when Milton was a student, and we may easily fancy that he not unseldom passed an hour under their shade. About forty years ago one was blown down in a severe storm; it somewhat spoiled the mass of foliage, but that was atoned for by its opening through the gap a fine view of the turrets of King's College, and some other of the collegiate edifices. A favourite amusement of the fellows in most of the colleges is the good old after-dinner game of bowls, and there are bowling-greens in many of the fellows' gardens. That at St. John's is an excellent one, but this at Christ's is the best in the University. Did John Milton ever play at bowls here? We should say, yes. We may mention, that there is preserved in the Combination-room a bust of the blind bard, which is believed to be contemporary. Vertue supposed it to be the work of Pierce; and Brand Hollis, to whom it formerly belonged, of Abraham Simon, both of whom lived in Milton's day. Some artists, accustomed to take casts from the life, say that it is moulded from an original cast, as there are impressions of the pores of the skin that are only to be found in such works. The cast is not shown to the public; we have been favoured with a sight of it, but are too little skilled in such matters to venture an opinion upon its authenticity. The principal deviation in the features from the ordinary portraits of Milton, consists in a greater fulness of the lower part of the face. It appears to have been taken when he was between forty-five and fifty years of age. Another of the choice treasures of the college is a manuscript of Milton's.

The other colleges we must pass by: we add a general list of them at the end. We cannot visit even *Sidney Sussex*, where Oliver Cromwell was a student; "entering himself there," as Carlyle expresses it, "curiously enough, of all days on the same day as Shakspere, as his monument still testifies, at Stratford-on-Avon, died." There is nothing of him retained at this college worth going out of our way to look after, and

:o traditions worth listening to. Chaucer's college, *Clare Hall*, is a neat set of buildngs, but none are of the old poet's time. The situation is a very pleasant one. *Pembroke* may be visited for the sake of Thomas Gray, who spent all the latter years of his life in it, in a sort of learned indolence, reading, and making preparations for writing, but always delaying to write. In his Letters he is constantly making querulous allusions to "the quiet ugliness of Cambridge," and complaining of being "*ennuyé* to the last degree" there—"yet doing nothing." Gray called this college "quite a nest of poets." A great many have been nourished in it—Spenser and Crashaw among others; and it boasts of a famous list of theologians. *Emmanuel* is known as the Puritan College. It was founded on Puritan principles by Elizabeth's minister, Sir William Mildmay; and the original leaven had so well worked, that from it most of the heads of other colleges were appointed in the Commonwealth period, when the old masters were displaced. There is nothing particularly puritanical about it now. It is situated in St. Andrew-street; and if the stranger thinks fit to visit it—though there is nothing remarkable about it—he may, after having done so, as well go on to *Downing* College, in order to look at the newest college in the University: he will not care to see it a second time. Downing College is wholly the production of our own day. It was designed by Wilkins; and, as it does not once in an age fall to the lot of an architect to design the whole of a large college, he doubtless put forth all his powers. It is his masterpiece. Probably, there was never at any time, in any part of Europe, a college erected so perfectly devoid of everything that any one could possibly conceive to be either graceful or appropriate. That Wilkins could contrive a building ugly beyond expectation, every Londoner has painful experience in the National Gallery; but the marvellous depth of the poverty of his artistical conception can only be understood by one who has seen Downing College. The central portion of the edifice has not been erected; and it is devoutly to be desired that it never may be—at least according to the original design. It was some time since proposed to purchase the property, and convert it into the terminus of the railway, when the thing must have been pulled down; as it would have been impossible to tolerate such a structure for even such a purpose. But, unhappily, the negociation failed. There is one comforting circumstance—the college is placed in such an out-of-the-way situation, that no one is compelled to see it.

When he has examined the college buildings, the visitor must return to the College Walks. They will afford him a delightful stroll. In their way they are quite unique. Beautiful as are the Walks of Oxford, it may be questioned if these do not surpass them. They are straighter and more formal, but certainly have a more academic air. The backs of most of the larger colleges are turned towards the walks, and nowhere else do the buildings present so striking or so beautiful an appearance as from them; indeed, the magnitude and character of the colleges can hardly elsewhere be appreciated. The walks, as we have said, are laid out in avenues of limes, and elms, and horse-chestnut; and the various Gothic buildings form a succession of delightful combinations with the masses of rich foliage. Between the walks and the colleges

"Camus, reverend sire, comes footing slow,"

and adds not a little to the picturesqueness of the scenery. Along these walks—*i. e.* between King's and Queen's Colleges—the river is crossed by some half-dozen bridges, of various and some of them of very superior design. The river is indeed but narrow, and does, as Milton says, "come footing slow"—so slow, that the motion is scarcely perceptible; but there are seldom wanting a number of pleasure-skiffs to enliven it. On a summer's afternoon the walks have a very characteristic appearance: they are crowded with students—of course, in the collegiate habits—who saunter slowly about

the groves, or lie along the gently-sloping banks of the river, stretched in every conceivable attitude—some that it would puzzle a Cruikshank to copy, and utterly exceed his imagination to invent: but all the students, whether alone and book-in-hand, or in companionable groups, seem bent on taking their ease. In the evening the walks present quite a different aspect; they are at their gayest then. They are the favourite evening lounge of both the town and the University. Not only sage fellows and promising students, but lovely maidens and grave matrons, come hither in the evening-time to enjoy these shady avenues, and the society of each other. And then, too, the river is literally alive with boats and merriment. The expert boatsman then exerts his best skill—the idle looker-on cracks his best joke; altogether the scene is exquisitely characteristic. To one who can appreciate a scene of enjoyment it is quite delightful to spend an hour or two here. Looking from the centre of King's College Bridge, the scene is really a very interesting one. The river, crowded with wherries of every colour, the walks with the collegians in their black and purple gowns, and ladies in dresses of rainbow hues, the trees and buildings glowing and darkening under the declining sun:—all make up a scene such as no other place—not even Oxford—can show, and such as will dwell in the memory.

The visitant who wishes to see something more of the amusements of Cambridge, may stroll down to Jesus' Green to the Boat-houses; and he will be fortunate if he arrives there in time to see the start of a rowing match. He must have some courage if he ventures to follow it along the meadows among the crowd of rushing and shouting partisans—each, as he runs, roaring at the top of his voice the name of his college crew; but he will miss an odd sight if he does not so venture. He should by all means see the 'bumping.' If, however, his taste does not incline him to take interest in aquatic sports, he may spend an odd half-hour—somewhere between two and four is the best time—in the cricket-ground, Parker's Piece. To one who has never been present at a college match, the enthusiasm of Cambridge students is a thing worth witnessing.

But we must turn to the town. The town has no buildings of its own to show—or at least none making the smallest pretension to architectural display. The town is a corporate body, governed by a mayor, aldermen, and councillors, and had, at the last census, 23,455 inhabitants; but its public spirit, if it have any, finds vent some other way than in adorning the streets. The churches are, some of them, interesting. Great St. Mary's is the University church; and the University sermon is preached in it every Sunday during Term-time. The stranger who is in Cambridge on a Sunday, generally attends the afternoon sermon, in order to see something of the University magnates. Two other services are also attended by the stranger with especial interest. The choral service at King's College Chapel in the morning, and at Trinity in the evening. To both of these the admission is, necessarily, by tickets, which must be procured at the porters' lodges on the preceding day, or early on the Sunday morning. We mention this, because we have known of several who have stayed the Sunday at Cambridge especially to attend these services, and have been unable to obtain admission, through ignorance of the arrangement. We cannot help saying, that we think a little more pliability in the rules would be as well—at any rate in the case of strangers. Great St. Mary's stands in Trumpington-street, near the centre of the town. It is a spacious, and externally a rather handsome edifice, in the perpendicular style. The first stone of the church was laid in May 1478, and the body of the church was finished in 1519, but it remained nearly a century without a tower, which was completed in 1608. Originally there were attached to the church several chapels,

each having its altar; but they were nearly all pulled down after the Reformation. The church now consists of a nave, two side aisles, with a chapel at the end of each, a chancel, and a tower at the west end, in which is a peal of ten bells. The gallery, added to accommodate the members of the University, is very far from adding to the architectural beauty of the interior. In this church are several monuments to distinguished members of the University. Great St. Mary's Church is so called to distinguish it from another, called St. Mary the Less, near St. Peter's College. St. Benedict's, or Bene't's, may be noticed for its tower, which is one of the few remaining examples of Anglo-Saxon church architecture. St. Botolph's, St. Michael's, Trinity, and Little St. Mary's churches, are among those most worthy of notice for their architectural merits. The other churches may be left unnoticed; but the round church of St. Sepulchre's, whose restoration in 1843 caused such an angry and unhappy controversy, should be inspected. It is one of the most remarkable buildings in Cambridge. All the restorations have been most scrupulously conducted; and it is now a beautiful little place, particularly in the inside, and conveys a clearer notion of a church of the olden time than can often be obtained. It was built in imitation of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and was consecrated in 1101.

The Castle, spoken of in a former page, is wholly gone. We have already told enough of its history; but we may here vary our dry matter-of-fact pages with a wild legend that is related concerning it by some of our older writers, and has been employed by Sir Walter Scott in his 'Marmion.' Thus it runs:—One evening a stranger knight was entertained in Cambridge Castle. The dinner was over, and the wine and the story flowed freely in the castle-hall. One tale especially attracted the attention of the guests. On the summit of what is now Gogmagog Hill, is one of the circular earthworks, called encampments by antiquaries, but which in those days were universally ascribed to supernatural power. Within this enclosure it was said unearthly beings were wont nightly to assemble. More than once casual wanderers had been unwittingly observers of their proceedings; one part of which, as all agreed, was the appearance of a knight, clad in complete armour, and mounted on a war-horse of unusual size, and jet-black in colour, who formally challenged to deadly combat any mortal who should approach the mystic enclosure. Osburn, for that was the stranger's name, at once resolved to undertake the perilous adventure. Without disclosing his intention, he withdrew from the company, and, summoning his faithful squire, set out on his way. The sun had already gone down, but his good steed quickly carried him over the intervening half-dozen miles; and ere the night had fairly closed in, he found himself within the dread boundary. He fought, and by the help of his patron saint, conquered the demon knight, though not without receiving some wounds in the contest. He returned to the Castle, bringing the black horse with him as a proof of his victory. The brave knight met a triumphant welcome. While he was feasted in the hall, the horse was fastened in the court-yard with strong cords, and watched by a large part of the company. From the midnight hour the magic steed raged with increasing violence, till at cock-crow it burst its bonds and vanished. Ever after, on the anniversary of that night, the Knight's wounds broke forth afresh at the very hour on which he received them from the spear of the demon knight.

The site of the Castle is occupied by the County Courts—a very neat building of recent erection. A mound, called Castle Hill, on which the keep formerly stood, remains, and should be ascended, for the excellent view of the town obtained from its summit. At the back of St. John's College Garden is a curious old barn-like building, now used as a lumber-store, about which some rather choice bits would

attract the eye of the architectural antiquary. But it is also otherwise interesting. Traditionally it is said to be the place in which the companions of Gislebert (see page 5) taught. It is also said that Erasmus gave his Greek lectures in it. We are unable to vouch for the truth of either story. It is a singular old building; some think it formed part of one of the old hostels: it is sometimes called Merton Hall, but is generally known as the School of Pythagoras.

Though the buildings belonging to the town are too mean to attract much attention, the conduit in the Market-place will not escape notice. It is not very ornamental, certainly, and it reflects little credit on the authorities, that it is not made so, as it easily and at no great cost might be; but it is useful, and has some claim to our regard. It is the benefaction of a very famous Cambridge man—Hobson, the most celebrated of carriers—the Baxendale or Chaplin of his day; whose memory has been embalmed in almost the only jocose verses of our great epic poet; and whose name has come down to our own time as a household word, in one of the most familiar of proverbs. Milton's 'Lines on the University Carrier, who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague,' are of course well known:—

"Here lies Old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down,
For he had many a time this ten years full
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.

And so on. The Bull here spoken of was the inn of that name in Bishopsgate-street, London, where in the days of the *Spectator*, Hobson stood "drawn in fresco, with an hundred-pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag:—

'The fruitful mother of an hundred more.'"

The proverb arose thus:—To his trade of carrier Hobson added that of letting out horses on hire—a practice he is said to have originated. "Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling; but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice; but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable-door, so that every customer was supplied according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice: from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, 'Hobson's choice'—this or none" (Steele, *Spectator*, No. 509). While in the market-place, the stranger will perhaps look around the market, and if he does he will be sure to notice the only remarkable commodity in it—the butter, which instead of being in the short thick pieces in which he is accustomed to see it, is here rolled out into lengths of a yard to the pound, and about the thickness of a walking-stick; a peculiarity adopted, or continued, on account of the convenience with which it allows the butter to be divided into the 'sizes' used in the colleges. Cambridge has many excellent charitable institutions, and one of the most noticeable of the public buildings belongs to the most important of them. Addenbrooke's Hospital for the sick and injured, opened in 1766, received its name from its founder, John Addenbrooke, M.D., Fellow of St. Catherine's Hall. It is conducted on the most liberal scale, and above a thousand patients are annually relieved in it.

One of the most striking peculiarities in Cambridge is the silence of its streets. For a town of above 20,000 inhabitants its quietness is very noticeable. Nor is the surprise excited by the circumstance lessened by recollecting that some 2000 young men are

assembled here, beyond the observation of their friends, with, in most cases, a plentiful supply of money, and just at the most unrestrainable period of life. It at any rate speaks well for the decorous habits of the students, and the discipline of the University. From what is often said in popular works, we might be tempted to believe the two Universities to be little better than nurseries of rampant vice. It is far from the case. Every candid man who has had fair means of judging, must own, that the conduct of the great body of students is highly commendable, and such as is worthy of English gentlemen. There is, of course, a good deal of exuberance of the animal spirits, and, no doubt, much that is not as it should be; but if due allowance be made, the evil is comparatively small. There are sour-tempered people who look on even the manly sports of the place as mischievous; but in truth they are most valuable. There are, indeed, many students who triumph on the Cam, and in Parker's Piece, whose knowledge in the arts is chiefly confined to those of 'bumping' and bowling, and whose philological acquisitions are mainly in the language of the stable, and who require skilful 'coaching' to pass anyhow through the University examination; but then there are more whose rowing and cricketing, so far from interfering with their serious studies, by giving bodily vigour, enables them to go more easily through them: and often the crack *bat* or *stroke* is well up, if not first in the *tripos*. There is, of course, a good deal of extravagance in language and conduct observable among the students; but it belongs to their time of life; and the least hopeful of all students is ever the prim, correct, precise, and 'nervous' one. Our Cambridge students are, by the admission of all who know them best, a fine, manly, promising body—earnest in study, respectable in conduct, gentlemen in manners.

We add a list of the Colleges and Halls of Cambridge, with the dates of their foundation, the title of the Principal of the Institution, the number of Members on the Boards, and of Undergraduates, in 1850-51.

College.	Date of Foundation.	Title of Principal.	Members on the Boards.	Undergraduates.
St. Peter's College	1257	Master	243	50
Clare Hall	1326	Master	223	59
Pembroke College	1347	Master	122	23
Gonville & Caius College	1348	Master	379	110
Trinity Hall	1350	Master	156	48
Corpus Christi College	1351	Master	274	68
King's College	1441	Provost	125	12
Queen's College	1446	President	320	93
St. Catherine's Hall	1473	Master	255	79
Jesus College	1496	Master	220	59
Christ's College	1505	Master	337	82
St. John's College	1511	Master	1102	345
Magdalene College	1519	Master	219	61
Trinity College	1546	Master	2268	525
Emmanuel College	1584	Master	315	95
Sidney Sussex	1598	Master	126	31
Downing	1800	Master	63	11

LONDON TO CAMBRIDGE.

(EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.)

	From Shoreditch, London.	Stations.	From Cambridge.	
	Miles.		Miles.	
Victoria Park, ¾ mile	1	.. Mile End. ..	56½	
Victoria Park, eastern entrance, ½ mile	2½	Victoria Park, & Bow	55	Bow: fine old Church; City Union Workhouse.
	3¾	Stratford. (Colchester branch on right; also Woolwich br.)	53¾	Stratford, a long, straggling village.
Linc runs for several miles by the river Lea	5¾	.. Lea Bridge. ..	51¾	Low Layton, 1 mile.
Tottenham, a long, straggling village on the great North-road. A Gothic cross on site of a more ancient one at Tottenham High Cross	7¾	.. Tottenham...	49¾	Tottenham Mills, &c.: pretty scenery along the Lea, as described in Izaak Walton's 'Complete Angler.'
Edmonton, 1 mile	8¾	.. Marsh Lane..	48¾	Chingford, on opposite side of the Lea.
	9½	Water Lane. (Branch to Enfield.)	48	
	11¾	..Ponder's End .	44¾	
Waltham Cross: very beautiful cross erected by Edwar I.	14¾	.. Waltham ..	42¾	Waltham Abbey; noble Norman Church; Ordnance Powder-mills.
Cheshunt, a pretty village.	16¼	.. Cheshunt ..	41¼	
Fine old Church.	19	.. Broxbourne .. (Hertford Branch .. on left.) ..	38½	
Stanstead Abbots, 1 mile	22	.. Roydon ..	35½	Roydon, on the Stort.
	24½	.. Burnt Mill ..	33	
	26¼	....Harlow....	31¼	Harlow, formerly a market town; now noted for its fair, called Harlow Bush.
Nursery of Messrs. Rivers, celebrated for roses	28½	.Sawbridgeworth.	29	
Fine old Church; ruins of Castle	32¼	Bishop Stortford.	25¾	
Stanstead Street	35½	.. Stanstead ..	22	Ancient Church; remains of Castle.
	37½	.. Elsenham ..	20	
Wicken Bonhunt, 2 miles ..	41¾	.. Newport ..	15¾	Newport: large old Church.
	43½	.. Audley End..	14	Audley End: fine mansion of the time of James I. Saffron Walden, 1½ miles, a market town: interesting antiquarian remains.
Ickleton, 1 mile	47½	.. Chesterford .. (Branch to Newmarket, 16 miles.)	10	
	51	..Whittlesford ..	6½	
	54¼	.. Shelford ..	3¼	
	57½	.. CAMBRIDGE ..		

LOWER PARADE AND PUMP IN PLACE.

KNIGHTS
EXCURSION
COMPANION.

LEAMINGTON
AND COVENTRY.

NO. XX.

LEAMINGTON AND COVENTRY.

Forty years ago, Leamington was a little village, of rude, thatched, clay cottages, ranged around a dirty duck-pond. It was called Leamington Priors to distinguish it from another little village in the same neighbourhood, also named Leamington. For some time its springs had been known; and many visitors resorted to them from the surrounding towns; yet "no stage coach," says a newspaper of the day, "passes within two miles of the place;" and the lanes leading to the village had such deep ruts, as to render them almost impassable. In 1811, there were but 60 houses in Leamington, and 543 inhabitants. In 1841, the houses had increased to 2550, and the inhabitants to 12,600. At the present time, the population is probably upwards of 15,000; while, instead of being a little dirty village, Leamington boasts itself to be "a large and handsome town, proverbial for being better paved and lighted, cleaner and better regulated, and, in a word, more complete in all that constitutes the charm of civilized life, than any other town of its size and character in Great Britain!" So the town boasts, or rather, did boast a short time back. But if any town have such an opinion of itself, let it not send for a "Superintending Inspector to the General Board of Health." Leamington did so; and behold! in good time appears a "Report," decorated with an ominously fierce-looking lion, and very uncomfortable unicorn, which reveals all the hidden dirt, shows the deficient drainage, publishes the unflagged footways, numbers the pig-sties, makes palpable every kind of unsavoury matter; and, in short, demonstrates to the unsuspecting inhabitants that their vaunt is vanity, that they have been surrounded with all unwholesome "conditions," while they foolishly imagined they were very patterns of cleanliness, and full of health; and that, in a word, their town, instead of being "complete in all that constitutes the charm, &c.," is in a most alarming state of sanitary incompleteness. However, the Superintending Inspector, while he asserted that it is "a very mistaken notion, that the town was absolutely clean, or that no part of it was in a condition materially to weaken health or shorten life," had the grace to admit that "it was perhaps true, that Leamington was among the cleanest of English watering-places," which, though rather cold commendation, is much more ardent than it is at all usual to obtain from a Superintending Inspector, who would literally walk from Land's-end to Tweed-mouth, and cry all is unclean.

The Springs, to which Leamington owes its fame, were known in the sixteenth century. They are mentioned as a curiosity by Camden. Fuller, in the following century, in describing the Wonders of Warwickshire, says, "At Leamington, within two miles of Warwick, there issue out (within a stride) of the womb of the earth, two twin spring, as different in taste and operation, as Esau and Jacob in disposition, —the one salt, the other fresh. Thus the meanest countryman doth plainly see the effects, whilst it would pose a consultation of philosophers to assign the true cause

thereof." Dugdale speaks of the water as being much used by the inhabitants in the salting of their meat. About a century ago, the waters had come to be employed, especially by the villagers, in scorbutic and other complaints; and one or two pamphlets were published respecting them. Some twenty years later, their chief celebrity was in cases of hydrophobia; and numerous cures were reported to have been effected by *dipping* the patient. The condition of the Leamington of three-quarters of a century back, may be judged of by the "bath," provided for this operation. It was a tub, sunk in the ditch, along which the water flowed from the spring.

Early in the present century a Bath-house was built; but it was humble in its pretensions, and not many visitors were attracted by it to the village. But fresh springs were discovered, and visitors increased. Soon after the discovery of the sixth spring, in 1810, the Royal Pump Rooms were erected, on a very superior scale, costing in their construction some £25,000. Other goodly buildings speedily followed; new streets and new parades were planned, and the town fairly started on its career, as a caterer for the sick and the fashionable. The growth of the town soon became very rapid. By 1813, there were visitors sufficient to support other Baths, and an Assembly-rooms, on a rather splendid scale; and in 1819, was built and furnished for them, at an expense of some £50,000, the Regent Hotel, an establishment which Leamington has always regarded with some pride, as being, at the time of its erection, perhaps the most spacious and convenient of its kind in the kingdom, and which still maintains its high character. By 1821, the population had increased to 2183, or above four times that of 1811; in 1831, it had increased to 6269; and, as we before mentioned, in 1841 it was 12,600.

Leamington is situated in the bottom and on the slopes of the valley of the Leam, a little river, which flows through the town, and falls into the Avon a mile below it. The soil is dry and absorbent; the strata through which the waters percolate are of the new red sandstone formation. The Springs are saline, sulphureous, and chalybeate; containing, in varying proportions, oxygen, azote, and carbonic acid gases, and the sulphurcous springs, sulphuretted hydrogen, with sulphate of soda; the chlorides of sodium, calcium, and magnesia; and, in some instances, silica, peroxide of iron, and traces of iodine and bromine. The local physicians, of course, advise patients which springs to use, according to their complaints; and also, the precautions to be employed. The ordinary season for using the waters is from May to October; and this particularly, because plenteous open air exercise is deemed necessary to be taken along with the waters—a very judicious prescription, we fancy.

The Royal Pump Room and Baths are the first in rank. The building is on the right, or north bank of the Leam, and is one of the most conspicuous architectural objects in the town. The façade, which is above 100 feet long, with a wing at each end, is distinguished by a wide and handsome colonnade, which extends the entire length of the front, and around two of the sides. The building, which is of the native sandstone, or, as it is termed, freestone, was designed by Mr. Smith, of Warwick. The Pump Room is a well-proportioned apartment, and is elegantly fitted up. A band plays in it daily during the summer. The Baths, some twenty in number, are of good size, and conveniently fitted. The grounds cover an area of several acres, and are well laid out—furnishing very pleasant and favourite promenades.

Next in dignity, perhaps, are the Victoria Pump Rooms and Baths, which stand at the corner of Victoria Terrace, near the Victoria Bridge. As the name indicates, this is quite a modern part of the town; and the Pump Room is not the least important object in it. The building, erected about twelve years ago, is a good-looking edifice, with the very convenient feature of a broad colonnade, 110 feet long, facing the river. The interior

of the Pump Room has a lightsome appearance, arising partly from the style of decoration adopted, the panels being filled with paintings of the Olympic Games. The walls are also decorated with paintings similar in style, but representing the Loves of Cupid and Psyche. A Reading-room well furnished with newspapers and periodicals forms a part of the establishment; and pleasure-grounds are attached, in which fireworks are occasionally exhibited. Gardner's Baths receive a due share of patronage, and the building is an elegant and convenient one; but it is unnecessary to describe it particularly.

The spring which Camden and Dugdale and the older writers generally speak of is one which rises near the church, and is now known as Lord Aylesford's Well. This was the spring to which the inhabitants of this and the surrounding villages used to resort for the relief of their maladies. It received its present name from the Earl of Aylesford, lord of the manor, who, instead of accepting an offer made him of a thousand pounds for the spring, erected over it, in 1803, a small stone building, and assigned it in perpetuity to the poor. The building which now covers the spring was erected by his grandson, the present earl. It is, for some reason, no longer free to the poor, but provision is made for the service of visitors who prefer this spring, at about the usual rate of charge.

Leamington is essentially a new town. Almost every trace of the old village has disappeared, and the present town is laid out according to a regular and rectangular plan. All the principal streets are broad and straight, and lined with well-built houses. Accordingly it has a very suitable aristocratic, and, it must be confessed, stiff-looking if not formal air. It has, however, one great merit: it looks like what it is—a new town, erected especially for the use of a wealthy population, unemployed except in the pursuit of health or pleasure. The private residences are large and commodious, with an air of dignity about them; the shops are lofty, well fitted up and well stored with costly and tasteful articles; the most prominent of the public buildings are the baths, the assembly-rooms, hotels and churches; and the parades, gardens, and open walks are a marked feature. The architectural style of the whole is too much in the usual watering-place style, but the public and private buildings have alike a substantial appearance, which to a great extent redeems them from the ordinary character of that style. The Parade is perhaps the most fashionable promenade, and it is a noble one; the Upper and Lower Parade forming a continuous broad walk of above half a mile in length, lined with lofty houses, and shops, which in their general appearance and for their costly displays, are worthy of the metropolis. Indeed, in all the leading thoroughfares the shops are of a very superior kind, and at once evidence the rank and wealth of the residents as well as of the visitors who crowd the town every season. Other parades, and terraces, and squares, and crescents, of more recent date than the Union Parade, which was constructed nearly forty years ago, quite rival it in architectural display, though not in extent, and in many of them are really noble residences.

The public buildings are mostly of an ornamental, though few of a very remarkable character. We have mentioned the Baths and Pump Rooms. Next to these the churches are the most noticeable structures. The parish church, after undergoing many enlargements and alterations, has been recently entirely rebuilt, and is now a very elegant edifice. It is partly of the decorated and partly of the perpendicular styles of Gothic architecture, and will have, when fully completed, a spire reaching to a height of about three hundred feet. The architect of the parish church is Mr. Mitchell, a native of Leamington, from whose designs Trinity Church, a very pleasing cruciform structure in the decorated style, has been lately erected. Very different

from these in appearance is Milverton Church, erected in 1836, from a design by Mr. Jackson, in a so-called Grecian style. St. Mary's Church, in the Radford Road, is a Gothic structure of Mr. Jackson's designing. The Episcopal Chapel, in Beauchamp Square, is a clumsy Norman pile, erected in 1826 from a design of Mr. Robinson. There are besides a Roman Catholic Chapel and several Dissenting places of worship, but none of much architectural mark.

Benevolent institutions of all kinds abound in the town; but we shall only mention, as a representative of the charitable care of the townspeople, the Warnford Hospital, which was erected in 1832, mainly through the munificence of the Rev. Dr. Warnford, who subscribed two thousand five hundred guineas for the purpose, a subscription which acted as a powerful stimulus to other benevolent individuals. The building is not very remarkable in itself, but it will command respectful notice on account of the purpose to which it is applied. The management of the hospital is said to be excellent. The chief of the town buildings is the Town Hall, a neat but by no means striking edifice, in Radford Road. The Post Office, since it has been newly fronted, with its portico or colonnade, and its illuminated clock, is a somewhat smarter pile. A convenient new market, called after a noted one in London—Covent Garden, is one of the more recent additions to the town. Markets are held in it twice a week.

The Assembly Rooms is an extensive edifice, having a front ornamented with Ionic columns. The principal apartment is of course the Ball-Room, always the most important room in a fashionable watering-place. It is of goodly proportions, being 86 feet long by 36 feet wide, and 23 feet high, and is richly gilt and decorated. On one of the leading balls of the season it presents a remarkably brilliant appearance. This room is also frequently employed for concerts, lectures, and exhibitions of pictures. The other apartments are devoted to library and reading-rooms, billiard-rooms, tea rooms, &c. A second Assembly Rooms, called the Parthenon, was erected in 1821, at a cost of upwards of £25,000, from the designs of Mr. Beasley, well known as the architect of two or three London theatres; but the Parthenon has not attained, or retained, a popularity equal to the old Assembly Rooms. It is, however, a building well adapted for its purpose, and the great Music Hall is still in much request for concerts and music meetings, on account of its admirable acoustic qualities.

The amusement of the visitors is, of course, a very important matter. To promote it as much as possible the Town Council votes an annual sum of £1000. Besides the assembly-rooms and the theatre, the chief in-door resorts are the libraries and news-rooms, of which there are several very good ones in the town. The chief out-door amusements for the gentlemen, besides the ordinary rides and drives and walks, are the hunt, for which every possible provision has been made, and the annual races and steeple-chases. There is also a capital tennis-court for those who enjoy that game. And for all visitors, a very agreeable and verdant stroll has been provided in Jephson's Gardens, an extensive area extending for some distance along the right bank of the Leam, and very beautifully planted with shrubs and trees, and traversed by well-arranged walks. The gardens received their name in honour of Dr. Jephson, the eminent physician of Leamington, to whose ever-watchful regard and energy the town owes by far the larger part of its recent improvements, and who founded or mainly promoted several of its excellent institutions. In the gardens is a neat Grecian temple, erected for the purpose of containing a marble statue, of heroic size, of Dr. Jephson. The statue, excellent as a likeness and a work of art, is the production of Mr. Hollins: it occupies the pedestal prepared for it, and does honour both to the town which has thus recognized its benefactor, and to the man so commemorated. These gardens are a great ornament to the town; they are beautifully laid out, and,

with the capital band which plays in them during the season, and the flower shows, fêtes, and pyrotechnic displays, are a continual attraction. A part of the gardens is used as an archery ground, and here the National Archery Club is to hold its meetings this present summer of 1851.

Leamington has not suffered itself to advance merely in outward and material splendour. It has carefully and well provided for the instruction of the young. The most important of its scholastic institutions is the Proprietary College, founded in 1845, in a great measure through the exertions of Dr. Jephson. The building, of which the first stone was laid in 1847, is a substantial and elegant structure in the Tudor collegiate style, from the design of Mr. Squirhill, of Leamington. The principal façade is about 160 feet long; it is of red brick with stone dressings, and is enriched with a plenteous display of carvings, in Caen stone, of heads of Englishmen most eminent in science or learning, with shields of arms and various devices. The great hall is a handsome room, 90 feet long by 30 feet wide, and 31 feet high, with a bold open timber roof. Under the hall are cloisters which serve as a play-ground in wet weather. The west wing contains two handsome rooms, with open timber roofs, each 40 feet long by 20 feet wide, one of them being appropriated as a library, the other as a museum. The apartments of the Principal of the college are also in this wing. In the east wing are the class-rooms, masters' rooms, &c. The school is governed by a board of directors; the education is of the highest character.

The pupils of the Proprietary College being, from its constitution, mostly sons of members of the upper classes of society, the advantages of a superior education were still unattainable by the middle classes. To remedy this evil, another school has been established, called the Vicar's Grammar School, which bears a good reputation for the instruction imparted in it. National and British schools are also provided. A Literary and Scientific Institution, by its library, and classes, and lectures, furnishes instruction and amusement to the adult population.

The environs of Leamington are both picturesque and attractive. In a previous Number, however, we noticed the chief of them: Warwick, with its castle, on the one hand, and Guy's Cliff on the other. Not far from Guy's Cliff, near the village of Leek Wootton, is Blacklow Hill, the scene of a well-known instance of the rude justice of our ancestors. On this hill, on the 19th of June, 1312, Pierce Gaveston, the wretched favourite of Edward II., was beheaded. While the barons were discussing in Warwick Castle what to do with their prisoner, a voice was heard from one of them, "You have caught the fox: will you have to hunt him again?" This at once decided the matter. Gaveston was hurried to Blacklow Hill, and there immediately beheaded. An inscription rudely cut on a rock close by commemorates the event; and a cross was erected as a further memorial, a few years since, on the summit of the hill.

Kenilworth Castle.—After Warwick Castle, the chief attraction in the neighbourhood of Leamington is undoubtedly Kenilworth Castle; and few will go to the good town without visiting the noble ruins. The railway between Leamington and Coventry has a station at Kenilworth. The village of Kenilworth, though once a market town, will require of the visitor but a passing glance. It consists of one long street of decent houses. But the church is worth turning aside to look at. It is in part of Norman date: a doorway in particular exhibiting some very rich Norman carvings, and some minor details of rather unusual character. The remainder of the church is of later date. Near the church once stood a monastery for Augustinian friars, founded by Geoffry de Clinton when he erected the neighbouring castle. The monks were well provided for by their founder. Not only did he bestow upon them substantial endowments in money and land, but he also assigned to them a tithe of all

the eatables that were brought into the castle, and a day's fishing each week in the castle ponds. The monastery had subsequently many liberal benefactors, so that, according to Dugdale, "their plenty was very great, and they wanted nothing that might be useful to them in a full and fit manner, even to the meanest conveniences." All was swept away by Henry VIII. at the general suppression of monasteries, and now nothing remains of the building even, except a part of the gatehouse, a fragment of wall, and one of the bells, which hangs in the old church tower.

The castle was built by Geoffry de Clinton, to whom the manor of Kenilworth had been granted by Henry I.; but it had reverted to the crown early in the next reign, for Henry II. placed in it a strong garrison on the rebellion of his eldest son. By Henry III. the castle was repaired and adorned, and in the twenty-eighth year of his reign he created Simon de Montfort governor of it, and some years later he made him a grant of it for his life. With De Montfort the historical interest of Kenilworth Castle commences. When the contest, known as the War of the Barons, was imminent, De Montfort strongly fortified his castle, and "stored it with many kinds of warlike engines till that time never seen or heard of in England," placing in it a stout knight, John Giffard, as its governor. Upon the defeat of the barons at the battle of Evesham, 1265, De Montfort's son, with many of the nobles, escaped to Kenilworth Castle. The King led his army to the spot, and laid close, but, for a while, ineffectual siege to the castle. Finding that the forcing of the castle was no easy matter, the King assembled his council and passed certain "articles of mercy" (known as the Dictum of Kenilworth,) offering pardon on moderate terms to whoever would submit themselves to his grace. This failing, he called in the papal legate, Attoban, but the sturdy garrison were not intimidated even by his censures. For six months the siege lasted, when the King issued a special writ to the sheriff of the county, commanding him by a certain day to bring in, to assist him in the siege, "all the masons and other labourers within his precincts, with their hatchets, pickaxes, and other tools." Before they could be assembled, however, the garrison, which was now suffering the extremity of hunger and disease, requested a truce, and after a while surrendered on honourable terms. We cannot stay to mention all the memorable events which occurred in Kenilworth Castle, but we must notice that it was here Edward II. was conveyed after he had been taken prisoner in Wales by the Earl of Lancaster, and that, whilst here, the deputation from the parliament announced to him, in the name of that assembly, "and of the whole people of England," that he was declared incapable of government, and the Speaker, William Trussel, in their name solemnly withdrew the fealty and homage sworn to him. The castle was afterwards granted and resumed by the crown more than once, and in almost every reign received extensive and costly additions. "By Elizabeth it was granted to her favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who made it the magnificent place its ruins now show it to have been. Besides the gate-house, which still exists, and which, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, "is equal in extent, and superior in architecture, to the baronial castle of many a northern chief," he also built the gallery-tower at the end of the long jousting gallery, from whence the ladies might behold the tourneys; and the noble pile called "Leicester's Buildings;" rebuilt Mortimer's tower, and enlarged the chase. In addition to all which, he fitted up the whole interior on a scale of splendour till then almost unknown. Dugdale says, "I have heard some, who were his servants, say, that the charge he bestowed on this castle, with the parks and chase thereunto belonging, was no less than £60,000;" a sum equal to at least half a million in our days.

The magnificent reception which Leicester gave to his royal mistress is well known through the pen of Sir Walter Scott. The "princely pleasures," as Lanaham, their

contemporary chronicler, fitly styles them, are indeed reproduced with singular vividness by the great novelist; but the historic portions of "Kenilworth" are almost wholly imaginary, or, where they have a basis of truth, are overlaid with foreign additions, and the whole abounds with the most daring and wilful anachronisms.

Leicester bequeathed Kenilworth, on his death, in 1588, to his brother the Earl of Warwick, and the reversion to Sir Robert Dudley, whom in his will he terms his "*base* son." Dudley succeeded to the reversion, but Kenilworth Castle, with the whole of his property, was sequestered by James I.; Prince Henry, however, purchased the title of Sir Robert, though only a portion of the purchase-money was ever paid. The castle passed to Charles I. as heir of his brother. In the Commonwealth time the castle was partitioned out among the parliamentary captains and dismantled. The splendid castle was soon converted into a grim and unsightly ruin, uninhabited save by the owl and the bat, and the reptiles which found a home in the long dank grass and moss which grew up in the once festive halls. Until the beginning of the present century the massy walls served as a quarry for the neighbourhood. The finger of time has impressed the ruins with the solemn marks of antiquity; the ivy has climbed over the grim gray walls, and now a sombre picturesqueness is the prevailing character. Yet something of melancholy creeps over the mind of the visitant as he gazes upon the shattered fragments, and recalls to his memory the scenes of heroism, of splendour, and of festivity, which they have witnessed—of those who have been tenants here, and of the desolation which now prevails, where all might have been so fresh and so beautiful.

"The historian of Warwickshire has given us 'the ground-plan of Kenilworth Castle' as it was in 1640. By this we may trace the Pool and the Pleasance; the Inner Court, the Base Court, and the Tilt-yard; Cæsar's Tower and Mortimer's Tower; King Henry's Lodgings and Leicester's Buildings; the Hall, the Presence Chamber, and the Privy Chamber. There was an old fresco painting, too, upon a wall at Newnham Padox, which was copied in 1716, and is held to represent the castle in the time of James I. Without these aids Kenilworth would only appear to us a mysterious mass of ruined gigantic walls; deep cavities whose uses are unknown; arched doorways, separated from the chambers to which they led; narrow staircases suddenly opening into magnificent recesses, with their oriels looking over corn-field and pasture; a hall with its lofty windows and its massive chimney-pieces still entire, but without roof or flooring; mounds of earth in the midst of walled chambers, and the hawthorn growing where the dais stood. The desolation would probably have gone on for another century; the stones of Kenilworth would still have mended roads and been built into the cow-shed and the cottage, till the ploughshare had been carried over the grassy courts, had not, some twenty-five years ago, a man of middle age, with a lofty forehead, and a keen gray eye, slightly lame, but withal active, entered its gate-house, and, having looked upon the only bit of carving left to tell something of its interior magnificence, passed into those ruins, and stood there silent for some two hours.* Then was the ruined place henceforward to be sanctified. The progress of desolation was to be arrested. The torch of genius again lighted up "every room so spacious," and they were for ever after to be associated with the recollections of their ancient splendour. There were to be visions of sorrow and suffering there too; woman's weakness, and man's treachery. And now Kenilworth is worthily a place

* A few years ago, there was a venerable and intelligent farmer, Mr. Bonnington, living in the gate-house, at Kenilworth. He remembered Scott's visit, although he knew not, at the time of the visit, who he was; and the frank manners and keen inquiries of the great novelist left an impression upon him, which he described to us. The old man is dead.

which is visited from all lands. The solitary artist sits on the stone seat of the great bay window, and sketches the hall, where he fancies Elizabeth banqueting. A knot of young antiquarians, ascending a narrow staircase, would identify the turret as that in which Amy Robsart took refuge. Happy children run up and down the grassy slopes, and wonder who made so pretty a ruin. The contemplative man rejoices that the ever-vivifying power of nature throws its green mantle over what would be ugly in decay; and that, in the same way, the poetical power invests the desolate places with life and beauty, and when the material creations of ambition lie perishing, builds them up again not to be again destroyed."*

STONELEIGH.—Somewhat less than two miles to the east of Kenilworth is another spot, which is well deserving of a visit. Stoneleigh Park is one of the most beautiful domains in this part of the country. "The park is extensive, well wooded, varied in surface, and the river widens into a lake before the gay mansion; very beautiful is it to look down upon from the uplands. Antique oaks are scattered over it, and, especially on its southern side, some are of enormous bulk. Under the shade of one of these a midsummer noon might be pleasantly spent, with a pleasant companion. The park affords a fitting scene to look out upon in an idle mood. Groups of trees everywhere adorn the plains and the hollows, and gather closely on the hill sides—not nobly wild, as in a gloomy and savage forest, but well shapen, stately, magnificent—as become the denizens of a lordly domain. Herds of deer lie quietly under their broad shadows. Rooks swarm above them, mocking with their uneasy clatter the mid-day stillness. The sun glares over the lake, whose surface reflects a tremulous glitter on the white mansion."—*Rambles by Rivers: the Avon.*

Much cannot be said in praise of the architecture of Stoneleigh House, though the local guides speak properly enough of its stately appearance. It is a very large quadrangular edifice, erected about a century ago, and is one of those bald semi-classic buildings, which characterized the architectural taste of the eighteenth century. The rooms are of handsome proportions, and very splendidly decorated and furnished. In the mansion is an extensive collection of pictures, including many excellent paintings both ancient and modern. One of the most elaborate of the recent paintings is the well-known portrait of Lord Byron, by Phillips. Most of the pictures are arranged in the Picture Gallery, a noble room, but they are not confined to it. Besides the Picture Gallery, are other rooms not less splendid—as the Music-hall, the Grand Saloon, the Library, the Drawing and Dining Rooms, and a spacious Chapel. The stables, at a little distance from the house, are of unusual extent; they form a quadrangular gothic building. The grounds and woods of Stoneleigh cover an area of 25,000 acres.

Before the Norman Conquest, Stoneleigh was a royal demesne; and the Domesday survey states, that the woods extended four miles in length, and two in breadth—Kenilworth forming a part of them—and that in them the king had feeding for two thousand hogs. A curious account is given in that document of the tenure by which the King's tenants held their land. Stoneleigh continued to be a royal demesne till Henry II. granted it to the Cistercian monks of Radmore, in Staffordshire, in exchange for their lands in that place. The monks at once removed to Stoneleigh, where they laid the first stone of an abbey, on April the 1st, 1154. To the monks, the King granted the most extensive rights and privileges, even to the trial of offenders within the manor, in cases affecting life and death. The history of the monastery is pretty much the customary history of such establishments. It was burnt down, but

* Knight's Shakspere: a Biography.

speedily rebuilt with more than its previous splendour. Endowment was added to endowment, till the monks waxed fat and kicked. Good fortune, and ill fortune, and scandal, followed each other, till the end came, when the monastery, and all that was good and ill connected with it, were alike swept away. The Abbey was transferred to private hands; and in the reign of Elizabeth, its site was occupied with a large brick mansion, built by Sir Thomas Leigh, a London alderman, who had purchased the manor. Of this structure a considerable portion still stands, forming the back part of the present mansion; but of the ancient Abbey only a gate-house remains, which is applied to the ignoble purpose of an entrance to the stables and servants' rooms attached to the present house, and a crypt, which is converted into a brew-house.

The village of Stoneleigh is north of the park, standing on a hill side, at the foot of which runs the Sow, a tributary of the Avon. The Sow works a factory mill or two; and the village has both a picturesque and a prosperous appearance. Stoneleigh Church is a very fine one. In part it is of Norman date; the western doorway is Norman, having some very elaborate carvings in the tympanum. The chancel arch is a very fine Norman one, with the characteristic mouldings. Some of the windows are very elegant examples of the decorated style of Gothic architecture. In the interior is a splendid monument to the memory of Alice, Duchess of Dudley, the wife of Robert Dudley, son of the celebrated Earl of Leicester.

COVENTRY.

A SHORT line of railway connects, as we have mentioned, Leamington and Coventry. We may, therefore, conveniently notice them both in the same Number. The two towns are strikingly different in character and appearance. Leamington is a new town, devoted chiefly to pleasure; Coventry is an ancient city, the centre of a busy manufacturing district: and their aspects are answerable. The one is clean, and smart, and formal, with broad streets and showy houses; the other dingy, and rude and irregular, with narrow streets and plain houses.

Coventry is a place of great antiquity, but its origin is involved in obscurity. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, in 1044, Earl Leofric, a powerful lord of the large territory of Mercia, with his wife, the Lady Godiva, founded at Coventry a magnificent Benedictine monastery, and appropriated to it half the town and twenty-four lordships, besides enriching it with a profusion of rich presents. The capacious cellar of the monks still exists, measuring seventy-five yards in length by five yards in breadth. Some of the doorways of the monastery are also standing. From the date of this religious establishment, the prosperity of the place appears to have taken its rise. Other religious houses were afterwards established in the city. Of the Gray Friars some remains of the house, with the spire of the church, are left. Of the White Friars' monastery, founded in the fourteenth century, a gate-house and other vestiges remain. Of the Carthusian monastery, which stood on the south-east side of the city, scarcely any traces exist. After the Conquest, the lordship of Coventry came to the Earls of Chester. Leland, writing in the reign of Henry VIII., says that the city was begun to be walled in in the time of Edward II., and that it had six gates, many fair towers, and streets well built with timber. Other writers speak of thirty-two towers and twelve gates. The walls were demolished by Charles II., in

consequence of the active part taken by the citizens in favour of the Parliamentary army. During the monastic ages, Coventry had a large and beautiful cathedral, similar to that at Lichfield. At the Reformation, it was levelled to the ground by order of Henry VIII., and only a few fragments now remain. Coventry has been the seat of two Parliaments; one, held by Henry IV. in 1404; the other by Henry VI., in 1459. It was the scene of the famous meeting for trial by battle, between the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV., which was productive of such important consequences.

From an early period, Coventry was renowned for its exhibition of pageants and processions; and in the monastic ages it was remarkable for the magnificent and costly performance of the religious dramas called Mysteries. Accounts are extant of these solemn shows as early as 1416. They were performed at first chiefly by the Gray Friars, on moveable street-stages, on the day of Corpus Christi. The subjects were the Nativity, Crucifixion, Doomsday, &c., and the splendour of the exhibitions was such, that the king and the royal family, with the highest dignitaries of the church, were frequently present as spectators. An ample and interesting account of these Coventry Mysteries will be found in a "Dissertation on the Pageants or Dramatic Mysteries anciently performed at Coventry, and other Municipal Entertainments," by Thomas Sharp, 4to., 1825. The plates in this work are extremely interesting, and the facts are valuable, as illustrative of the state of society at that period. The following work also contains much curious information, "The Pageant of the Company of Sheremen and Taylors in Coventry, as performed by them on the Festival of Corpus Christi, with other Pageants at Coventry, on the visit of Henry VI. and his Queen in 1455; of Prince Edward, in 1474; of Prince Arthur, in 1498, &c.; with the Verses recited in Character on those occasions." By W. Reader, Coventry. Other writers give descriptions of the costly pageants exhibited to Henry IV., Henry VII., and several other kings. Coventry was the favourite residence of Edward the Black Prince. Here, also, Queen Elizabeth delighted to see "The game of Hock Tuesday," which represented the driving out of the Danes, in 1002, by the men of Coventry, with the courageous assistance of the stout women of the good city. The peculiar predilection of the people of Coventry for pageantry, is still displayed in the notorious procession, at the great fair, on the Friday in Trinity week, when many thousands assemble to see the representative of Lady Godiva. The legendary origin of this singular exhibition is as follows:—Earl Leofric had subjected the citizens of Coventry to a very oppressive taxation; and, remaining inflexible against the entreaties of his lady for the people's relief, he declared that her request should be granted only on the condition, that she should ride naked through the streets of the city—a thing which he supposed to be quite impossible. But the lady's modesty being overpowered by her generosity, and the inhabitants having been enjoined to close all their shutters, she partially veiled herself with her flowing hair, made the circuit of the city on her palfrey, and thus obtained for it the exoneration and freedom which it henceforth enjoyed. The story is embellished with the incident of Peeping Tom, an inquisitive tailor, who was struck blind for looking out as the lady passed. A ridiculous figure, in a cocked hat, styled his effigy, is still to be seen protruded from an upper window in High-street, adjoining the King's Head Tavern. In Gough's edition of Camden's "Britannia" (vol. ii. p. 356), it is stated, that Mathew of Westminster—who wrote in 1307, that is, 250 years after the time of Leofric—is the first who mentions this legend, and that many preceding writers, who speak of Leofric and Godiva, do not notice it. A similar legend is said to be related of Briavel's Castle. The Coventry procession, as at present exhibited, began only in the reign of Charles II., in 1677—a fitting time to

give birth to such a pageant. It consists principally of St. George of England on his charger. Lady Godiva, a female who rides in a tight-fitting, flesh-coloured silk dress, with flowing hair, on a beautiful gray horse. Then follow the wool-combers, knights in armour, Jason, Bishop Blaize, &c., &c., all in showy dresses, with a great profusion of gay ribands, plumes of feathers, and accompanied by numerous bands of music. The whole of the city companies used, before the passing of the Municipal Corporations Reform Act, to accompany the procession. Many strong efforts have been made to suppress the unseemly and demoralizing exhibition, but hitherto without success. The clergy of all denominations have in vain united with the most respectable of the inhabitants for this purpose. The show is held every third year; and we see by an announcement in the "Coventry Herald," that it is to take place this year "on a scale of splendour hitherto unequalled." Subscriptions, it is said, "are now in course of collection for the purpose, and the undertaking is warmly encouraged"—with a hope, it is added, of attracting to the display some of "the vast multitude of foreigners who will, in 1851, be in this kingdom, and who have heard the famous story connected with our local history." Curious notions must Coventry people have of illustrating the *morale* of their "famous story" in the eyes of foreigners, by inducing some unhappy courtesan or *pose plastique* actress to exhibit her person before assembled multitudes of coarse and prurient gazers! The women of Coventry, we are told in the old legend, so wrought on the feelings of the men of the olden time, that the Lady Godiva rode unwitnessed by a single person through the silent and deserted streets of the city. Will not the women of the present time at least endeavour to prevent so unseemly and unwomanly a travesty of what, in the simplicity of the old legend, has almost a solemn significance?

The city is built on a gentle eminence, rising in the middle of a valley, which runs east and west. The river Sherbourne and the Radford brook unite within the town; and, after flowing through it, fall into the Avon, some four or five miles below the city. In length, Coventry extends nearly two miles; in breadth, about three quarters of a mile. In 1841, the population was 30,743. The best streets are tolerably well paved; but many of the smaller streets have no kind of paving. The town is lighted with gas. The entire drainage of the city is in a very incomplete state; and it is said, in the Report of the Board of Health, that the atmosphere is tainted and impure. The supply of water is in the hands of a company, who have expended £23,000 on reservoirs, engine-houses, pipes, &c. Generally, the streets are narrow, and wear a somewhat gloomy appearance. Formerly many of the houses were of the half-timbered kind, having the spaces between the beams filled with brick or plaster. Some of these houses had the beams and barge-boards of the gables handsomely carved, which gave to them a rich, though quaint effect, and rendered the streets very picturesque. But most of these houses have been removed or altered; and those which have supplied their places are of the most common-place description. Yet Coventry still wears the air of an ancient town, and its interesting features develop themselves the more, as the town is more carefully explored.

The chief buildings of Coventry are the churches. There are three ancient churches, of which St. Michael's is by far the most remarkable for architectural beauty and ornament. It is, indeed, one of the finest parish churches in the kingdom. It was originally built in 1133, in the reign of Henry I., and was given to the Benedictine monks of Coventry, by Ranulph, Earl of Chester, in the reign of Stephen. The spire rises out of an octagonal base upon the tower, to an elevation of 303 feet from the ground. The tower was erected between 1373 and 1395, at the cost of two citizens, named Boveney, who, during this time, expended upon it the, for that time,

large sum of £100 annually. The spire is said to have been added about 1432, at the cost of Ann and Mary Boveney. In the tower is a fine peal of ten bells. The length of the entire structure is somewhat above 300 feet, and the breadth 104 feet. The interior is lofty, and finely ornamented with rows of clustered pillars and arches, with a roof of curiously carved oak, and numerous windows of ancient coloured glass. It has been recently repewed. The church is chiefly of the perpendicular style. It is nearly 300 feet long by 127 feet broad, and consists of a nave, chancel, two aisles, equal in length to the nave, and two not so long. The clerestory windows are ranged remarkably close to each other, so as to make the whole wall appear luminous. The organ in St. Michael's church is said to be one of the best in the kingdom. Trinity Church, which is in the same enclosure, and nearly adjoins St. Michael's, is also a perpendicular edifice, but heavier and less elegant than St. Michael's. The height of its spire is 237 feet. The Earl of Shrewsbury furnished a splendid stained glass window to this church in 1834. The building has been recently cased with stone on the west end and the north side. These churches, standing in such close proximity, have a singularly striking effect. At all times their appearance is impressive; but they should, if possible, be seen by moonlight. Then the carvings and quaint tracery on St. Michael's marvellous tower and steeple assume a new guise; and the ravages which time has effected in the soft stone in which they are wrought, pass unnoticed, and the silvery beams seem to linger over the grotesque figures and lighten them into life, and the tall spire to melt into the soft embracing sky. Trinity Church has endowments yielding about £1000 per annum. St. John's is a plain cruciform structure, founded by the Merchant's Guild, in the reign of Edward III. Three churches have been built within the last twenty years. Christchurch, erected in 1832, was built from a design by Rickman. Attached to it is the fine old tower and spire of the Gray Friars Church. The others are St. Peter's, built in 1841, and St. Thomas's, built in 1848. There are in Coventry four places of worship for Independents, and one each for Wesleyan and Primitive Methodists, General and Particular Baptists, Quakers, Unitarians and Roman Catholics. Two other chapels are used by various denominations. The Roman Catholic church, rather a superior example of modern gothic architecture, was erected in 1843.

One of the richest and most interesting vestiges of the ornamental architecture of the fifteenth century in Coventry, and perhaps in England, is a capacious building called St. Mary's Hall, erected in the reign of Henry VI. It belonged to the guild of St. Katharine, one of the ancient guilds, which were once numerous in Coventry. The principal room is 63 feet by 30 feet, and is 34 feet in height. Its grotesquely carved roof of oak, the gallery for minstrels, the armoury, the chair of state, and especially the great painted window facing the street, help to furnish a vivid idea of the manners of the age in which Coventry was the favourite resort of princes. Beside the great window, which is divided into nine compartments, in which are represented the effigies of several of our early monarchs, with various heraldic shields and devices, each side of the hall has three windows decorated with modern stained glass. A piece of tapestry, made in 1450, measuring 30 feet by 10 feet, and containing 80 figures, is a curious and beautiful specimen of the drawing, dyeing, and embroidery of that period. This hall is now the property of the corporation, and is used as a council chamber for meetings, and for civic festivities. Some other rooms, including a parlour and kitchen, are attached to the hall. In the market-place a richly ornamented Gothic cross, considered one of the finest in the country, was erected in the 16th century, and taken down in 1771 to gratify the bad taste of the inhabitants. It was hexagonal, 70 feet high, with 18 niches containing statues of saints and kings. The hospital in Gr

Friars' Lane was founded in 1529, by William Ford, for the reception of aged married couples of good name and fame, being inhabitants of Coventry. It is a very curious edifice, having been maintained unaltered in form and general appearance. It is a half-timber structure, the wood-work being richly carved, and surrounds a court-yard. Of its class of buildings, it is at once a singular and a perfect example. It is one of the most noteworthy edifices in the city. Bond's Hospital, Bablake, founded in 1506 by a draper named Bond, is also a very curious building, but not like Ford's Hospital, in an untouched condition. It has, however, one advantage over Ford's Hospital: the will of its founder is more faithfully carried out, and the inmates have a more comfortable place of abode. The building called the Mayor's Parlour is of the sixteenth century; it is used for judicial purposes.

About 1115, Lawrence, the Prior of Coventry, together with his monks, founded an hospital for the sick and the needy. They found willing assistants in their benevolent work, and the hospital, which they dedicated to St. John, soon became a flourishing establishment. It continued to prosper for some centuries, till in the reign of Henry VIII. it met the fate of all the religious houses. The King granted, "for a small consideration," as Dugdale hath it, the dissolved hospital, with all the lands and tenements thereunto appertaining, to John Hales, gentleman. But 'John Hales, gent.', had no heirs; and so, continues the good old antiquary, "he, having accumulated a great estate in monastery and chantry lands, resolved to erect a lasting monument to his memory; and thereupon, designing the foundation of a Free School here, converted the buildings to that purpose, dedicating the same to Henry VIII.," as his patron saint, in the same manner as the old prior and monks dedicated the hospital to St. John as theirs. Hales at first established his school in the Church of the White Friars, the scholars being seated in the choir; but a flaw being found in his title to the church, he obtained a new grant from the Crown, pulled down the church, and removed the seats and the scholars to their present habitation—a portion of the chapel of the old Hospital of St. John. The Free School is a richly-endowed institution, but has not always been well managed. Here Sir William Dugdale and several other eminent men were educated. The present income is about £900 per annum; and the school has two fellowships at St. John's College, Oxford, one at Catherine Hall, Cambridge, and six exhibitions at either University. The head master is rector of St. John's; the second master is also lecturer of St. John's.

There are six other endowed schools. The Bablake School was founded in 1560, by Thomas Wheatley, mayor of Coventry. It has a revenue of about £900 per annum; 50 boys are received at 11 years of age, clothed, educated, and apprenticed. Baiker, Billing, and Crow's School, founded in 1690, at which 50 boys are clothed, educated, and apprenticed, has an income of about £500 per annum. This school is under the management of trustees, most of whom are of the Unitarian persuasion. The Blue Coat Girls' School, at which 40 girls are educated and partly clothed, stands on the site of the old cathedral of Coventry. At Bayley's Charity School, founded by Mrs. Bayley in 1703, 40 boys are educated. At Southern and Craner's Charity School, between 30 and 40 children are educated. At Fairfax's Charity School, 40 boys are educated. There are National Schools for boys and girls, held in a pretty Elizabethan building, erected in 1826; also a British school, the present building of which was erected in 1840; and St. John's Day and Sunday-schools, commenced in 1839. Infant and Sunday-schools are attached to most of the churches and chapels. The Roman Catholics have a school near to their chapel. The Government School of Design, commenced in 1843, is a well-conducted establishment, and has been found of great benefit to Coventry, in connexion with the ribbon

manufacture. The school, like similar institutions in the other leading manufacturing towns, is aided by a Government grant, and is subject to the supervision and inspection of the authorities connected with the principal school at Somerset House. The Mechanics' Institute was commenced in 1828; the Religious and Useful Knowledge Society Library in 1835. The Coventry Subscription Library, founded in 1791, has about 200 members. The Library is a very extensive, and it is said, a very good one; it seems not easy, therefore, to account for its having so small a number of subscribers in a town of above 30,000 inhabitants. Coventry has a theatre, which is generally open during the winter season. It is situated in an out-of-the-way place, up a yard in Smithford-street, and has no external attractions. The interior is said to be convenient, and not altogether inelegant.

The other public buildings in Coventry are not of much architectural importance. Chief among them, perhaps, is the County Hall, erected in 1785, which is a large but not remarkably handsome edifice, having a façade of the Roman Doric order. The internal arrangements are, however, convenient, and it has some good rooms. Close by it is the County Jail, a large and costly structure, having eighty-four cells, and nine separate yards. It has been rebuilt by the corporation at an expense of above £10,000. The Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital is an extensive but plain building, with a large enclosed garden. It stands in a healthy situation, near the top of Park-street. It has now been in existence for several years, and has proved of great benefit to the town and its neighbourhood. A self-supporting, or Provident Dispensary, also exists in the town, and has been extensively useful. It is maintained by a small weekly subscription of the members, and by subscriptions and donations from friends of the institution.

Although in Warwickshire, Coventry formed (until recently) no constituent part of that county; having been made, with several adjacent villages, a separate county, by an Act of Henry VI. in 1451, under the title of the County of the City of Coventry. In 1842, an Act of Parliament was passed, which incorporated Coventry with the county of Warwick; and in 1843, an Order in Council was issued, which formed the county into two divisions, the Warwick Division and the Coventry Division; each having a separate Commission of Assize. The borough is governed by a corporation consisting of ten aldermen, one of whom is mayor, and thirty councillors. The city returns two members to the Imperial Parliament.

Besides the patronage of many important appointments, the corporation had formerly the distribution of charitable funds amounting to £7300 per annum. The following are the principal institutions of this kind, which in Coventry are very numerous:—Sir Thomas White's Charity, founded in the reign of Henry VIII., produces annually between £2000 and £3000. The Bablake Men's Hospital, of which an income of about £1500 is devoted to the maintenance of poor and aged men, was founded by the will of Thomas Bond, in 1506. The Bablake Boys' Hospital has an income of about £940, appropriated to the maintenance and education of young and poor boys. Besides these, there are twelve other considerable charities, and several minor ones. The Coventry Union-house contains some remains of the White Friars' monastery, afterwards the seat of the Hale family. The chief of these remains are the gateway, in Much Park-street, which serves as the entrance into White Friars'-lane, and is a rather picturesque fragment,—portions of the arched cloisters, the dormitory, and the refectory.

Coventry was once the seat of a bishopric. In 1102 the see, which had at first been seated at Lichfield, and afterwards at Chester, was removed to Coventry, where the bishop, Robert de Limesey, died and was buried. The see was afterwards styled the

Bishopric of Coventry and Lichfield. Subsequently there were many and angry disputes between the two chapters at Coventry and Lichfield about precedency in the title, but it was settled in favour of Coventry, and the bishop was entitled "Coventry and Lichfield" till the reign of Charles II., when the precedency was transferred to Lichfield, it is believed on account of Coventry, during the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament, having sided with the Parliament. From this time the prelate was entitled "Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry," until 1836, when, in accordance with the recommendation of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the archdeaconry of Coventry was separated from the diocese of Lichfield, and transferred to that of Worcester, and the name of Coventry ceased to form a part of the title of a bishopric.

In the time of the Edwards and Henries, the tradesmen of Coventry were famed for their affluence. In 1448 they equipped 600 armed men for the public service. Until the war between England and France, in 1694, the staple manufactures were woollens, broad cloths, and caps; and, previous to 1580, there existed a famous manufacture of blue thread: the water of the small river Sherbourn, which passes through the city being an excellent menstruum for dyeing this colour. During the eighteenth century there was a flourishing manufacture of tammies, camlets, shalloons, calimancoes, gauzes, &c., but it is no longer continued. At present the staple manufactures are ribbons and watches. The ribbon manufacture was introduced early in the eighteenth century. At first the trade was confined to a few persons; but it soon spread rapidly, and became the staple manufacture of the town. The introduction of the silk and ribbon weaving is believed to have been mainly owing to the settlement in Coventry of French Protestant refugees. At first the weaving was performed by means of the single shuttle-loom. This gave place to the Dutch-engine loom, worked by the hand and foot-treadles, in which many shuttles were employed, and several ribbons woven at once; this, again, gave place to the beautiful contrivance known as the Jacquard loom. The progress of the manufacture, assisted by these improvements, became very great. It is supposed now to give employment to about 6000 persons in the city. But the manufacture is by no means confined to the city—a far greater number of hands are engaged on it in the suburbs. Altogether it is calculated that 20,000 persons are employed in ribbon weaving in Coventry and the vicinity. The weaving has hitherto been almost entirely performed by the hand-loom, and the weavers are in general a poor class; but steam factories have of late been increasing, and are probably superseding the loom at the workmen's dwellings. The leaders of the trade are not the manufacturers, but a comparatively small number of wholesale firms in London and Manchester, whose agents attend at Coventry.

The system adopted in the ribbon manufacture deserves a few words of explanation. Three-fourths of the single-hand weavers are women, and nearly one-half of the remainder are youths under twenty. Boys and girls are considered competent weavers at sixteen or seventeen. On the *Journey-Work System*, by which most of the engine-looms in Coventry and its neighbourhood are worked, the manufacturer gives the silk, ready wound and warped, to the "first-hand journeyman," who is also the owner of the looms. The shoot silk is given in hank, for the winding of which the manufacturer allows 1*d.* per oz., besides the price for weaving, in which is included "the quilling," or the winding of the shoot on the small revolving pins within the shuttles. About one-fourth of the hands employed on this system are women. On the *Hand Factory System* the manufacturer is the owner of the looms. The "journey hands" work them in the "loom shop" of the proprietor, who gets the winding and warping done at his own charge, leaving only the filling to the weaver, which is included in the price of his work, and is often done by very young children. A modern innova-

tion, encouraged by the last system, is the employment of two hands to a loom, the one being occupied uninterruptedly in "shooting down," or passing the shuttle and making the ribbon; the other in "picking up," or fastening broken threads, picking out knots, &c. On the *Steam Factory System* the manufacturer gets every preparatory process done; and by the steam power, one-half of the weaving process itself—the shooting down; all that is left to the weaver being the picking up and the superintendence. The Coventry ribbons have long been celebrated for their excellence of make. That they will soon claim as high excellence for their designs, may be fairly anticipated, from the exquisite specimens of ribbons which Coventry has sent to the Great Exhibition. Especially noteworthy, in respect both of design and execution, is the Town ribbon, so called from being the product of a sort of union of the best manufacturers of Coventry. Of course, silk dyeing works and other establishments subsidiary to the staple, are abundant in Coventry, and some of them are on a large scale. Gimp and other trimmings are also made in Coventry.

The making of watches has been carried on here, probably as long as the ribbon manufacture. The local historians delight to mention, that as early as 1727 the office of mayor of Coventry was filled by George Porter, watchmaker. The watchmaking trade of Coventry is now a most important one. There are several factories on a very large scale; and the town is perhaps the principal centre of the English watch trade, for both the home and the foreign market. All classes and varieties of watches are manufactured here, many, of course, of the cheapest and most inferior description, but some are beautiful pieces of mechanical skill. Of the Coventry watches, as well as the Coventry ribbons, there are specimens in the Great Exhibition; and some that reflect much credit on the skill and ingenuity of their artificers.

In olden times Coventry possessed numerous guilds or fraternities of merchants and traders, who united together for mutual benefit in trade, and assistance in age or distress. They were in fact incorporated companies much resembling the "companies" of the city of London. Like them, too, they many of them possessed considerable property, which they expended in charity, and in festivity: having "their annual feasts and neighbourlike meetings, to which the country people were occasionally invited, and became partakers of their hospitality." These guilds were—the Merchants' Guild, Trinity Guild, Corpus Christi Guild, Shereman and Tailors' Guild, and St. Katharine's Guild. It was by these guilds that the famous Coventry pageants, of which we have already spoken, were performed. Specially devoted to these plays was the day of Corpus Christi, and the old chroniclers delight to dwell on the bravery of the apparel exhibited on that occasion by the Guild of Trinity, and the rich crucifixes and candlesticks of Corpus Christi Guild. The different guilds appear to have had each their favourite Mystery plays. "The pageants were on various subjects, but all scriptural. The Smiths' pageant was the Crucifixion; and most curious are the accounts, from 1449 till the time of which we are speaking, for expenses of helmets for Herod and cloaks for Pilate; of tabards for Caiaphas and gear for Pilate's wife; of a staff for the Demon, and a beard for Judas. There are payments, too, to a man for hanging Judas and for cock-crowing. The subject of the Cappers' pageant was the Resurrection. They have charges for making the play-book and pricking the songs; for money spent at the first rehearsal and the second rehearsal: for supper on the play-day, for breakfasts and for dinners. The subject of the Drapers' pageant was that of Doomsday: and one of their articles of machinery sufficiently explains the character of their performance—"A link to set the world on fire," following, "Paid for the barrel for the earthquake." We may readily believe that the time was fast approaching when such pageants would no longer be tolerated.

It is more than probable that the performances of the Guilds were originally subordinate to those of the Gray Friars; perhaps devised and supported by the parochial clergy.* But when the Church became opposed to such representations—when, indeed, they were incompatible with the spirit of the age, it is clear that the efforts of the laity to uphold them could not long be successful. They would be certainly performed without the reverence which once belonged to them. Their rude action and simple language would be ridiculed; and when the feeling of ridicule crept in, their nature would be altered, and they would become essentially profane. There is a very curious circumstance connected with the Coventry pageants which shows the struggle that was made to keep the dramatic spirit of the people in this direction. In 1584, the Smiths performed, after many preparations and rehearsals, a new pageant, the Destruction of Jerusalem. The Smiths applied to one who had been educated in their own town, in the Free School of Coventry, and who, in 1584, belonged to St. John's, Oxford, to write this new play for them. The following entry appears in the city accounts:—

"Paid to Mr. Smythe, of Oxford, the xvth daye of aprill, 1584, for hys paynes for writing of the tragedye—xiij*l.* vj*s.* viij*d.*"

We regret that this new play, so liberally paid for, when compared with subsequent payments to the Jonsons and Dekkers of the true drama, has not been preserved. It would be curious to contrast it with the beautiful dramatic poem on the same subject, by an accomplished scholar of our own day, also a member of the University of Oxford. But the list of characters remains, which shows that the play was essentially historical, exhibiting the contests of the Jewish factions as described by Josephus. The accounts manifest that the play was got up with great magnificence in 1584; but it was not played again till 1591, when it was once more performed along with the famous Hock Tuesday. It was then ordered that no other plays whatever should be performed; and the same order which makes this concession, "at the request of the Commons," directs "that all the May-poles that now are standing in this city shall be taken down before Whit Sunday next, and none hereafter to be set up." In that year Coventry saw the last of its pageants. But Marlowe and Shakspere were in London, building up something more adapted to that age; more universal: dramas that no change of manners or of policies can destroy. "The pageants of Coventry have perished, as her strong gates and walls have perished. They belonged essentially to other times. They are no longer needed. A few fragments remain to tell us what they were, and upon these the learned, as they are called, will doubt and differ, and the general world heed them not."—*Shakspere: a Biography.*

The city is surrounded by about 1000 acres of Lammas and Michaelmas lands, and 346 acres of common land. The Lammas and Michaelmas lands are lands over which the freemen of the city, about 3500 in number, and some few other persons, have a right of common or pasturage,—from Lammas Day to Candlemas over the Lammas land, and from Michaelmas Day to Candlemas over the Michaelmas land. The common land is open to the freemen and others all the year round. From 300 to 500 of the freemen have cattle which they pasture on the Lammas and Michaelmas lands; and of those who have no cattle some let out their privilege by "fathering," as it is termed, the cattle of other persons. As no buildings may be constructed on these lands, Coventry has no room to extend its limits to accommodate the increasing population: so that what in itself is a source of health, has become indirectly a means of overcrowding and disease. About 2000 of the freemen agreed in 1844 to surrender their rights to the corporation; but the remaining portion would not agree to the terms

* It is clear, we think, that the pageants performed by the Guilds were altogether different from the Ludus Coventriæ," which Dugdale expressly tells us were performed by the Gray Friars.

offered, and the negotiation fell to the ground. Another attempt was made in 1849, in a somewhat different way; but this also was unsuccessful. Mr. Ranger, in his Report, as Superintending Inspector to the General Board of Health, recommends that definite and stringent powers be obtained by legislative enactment, such as would enable the corporation to appropriate these grounds and compensate the freemen for their rights; reserving sufficient space for public recreation grounds. If the increase of the city render it needful to enclose the Lammas lands, it is earnestly to be hoped that ample space for public walks for the recreation and exercise of the townspeople will be secured. This is a most important point. The character of the employments of the artisans of Coventry renders it most essential that free open spaces should be preserved to them for exercise and recreation; and it will be a great evil if these Lammas lands be "enclosed" and no provision be made of open spaces for public use. The people of Coventry once possessed an extensive park, planted with beautiful avenues of trees, which formed agreeable summer promenades, but about the close of the last century the park was appropriated to private uses, the trees were cut down, and the land was enclosed. The people of Coventry have lost their park: let them not lose their Lammas lands without obtaining an adequate compensation,—not a mere pecuniary compensation to the "freemen" whose "rights of common" are infringed on, but compensation in the shape of a public park, or other public recreation-grounds, which shall make amends to the whole body of citizens for the loss of a place where they may in common breathe the pure air—a thing, if the Board of Health Inspector is correct, not easy to be found within the city.

One of the recent improvements of Coventry has furnished something like a public walk. The overcrowded state of the burial-grounds had rendered the formation of a cemetery a matter of urgent necessity. An excellent site for this purpose was found in a piece of ground of about eighteen acres, just outside the city, on the London road and adjoining to the London and North Western Railway. The situation, a naturally very picturesque one, has been made the most of by careful and judicious planting under the direction of Mr. Paxton; and the grounds have now a very ornamental and appropriate appearance. As is usual in these cemeteries, one portion of the space has been consecrated, and appropriated to the interment of persons according to the rites of the Established Church: the other part for Dissenters, the portions having been selected by lot. In the Church of England part a chapel has been erected in the Norman style; and in the Dissenters', one in the Italian style.

The local position of Coventry is favourable for commercial operations, being nearly central between the four greatest ports of England—London, Bristol, Liverpool, and Hull; possessing great facilities of water communication by the Coventry and Oxford Canal, which opens into the Grand Trunk navigation; and having one of the main roads from London to Birmingham passing through its streets. The London and North Western Railway passes close to the town; and there are two branch lines one turning southward to Leamington and Warwick, and another northward to Nuneaton. With all these facilities for an extended commerce, it is not surprising to find Coventry advancing rapidly in commercial prosperity, and consequently in population.

Coventry is reached by the London and North Western Railway. From Coventry a branch line of 9½ miles runs to Leamington; but, as Kenilworth is the only intermediate station, it is, of course, unnecessary to give a Table of it.

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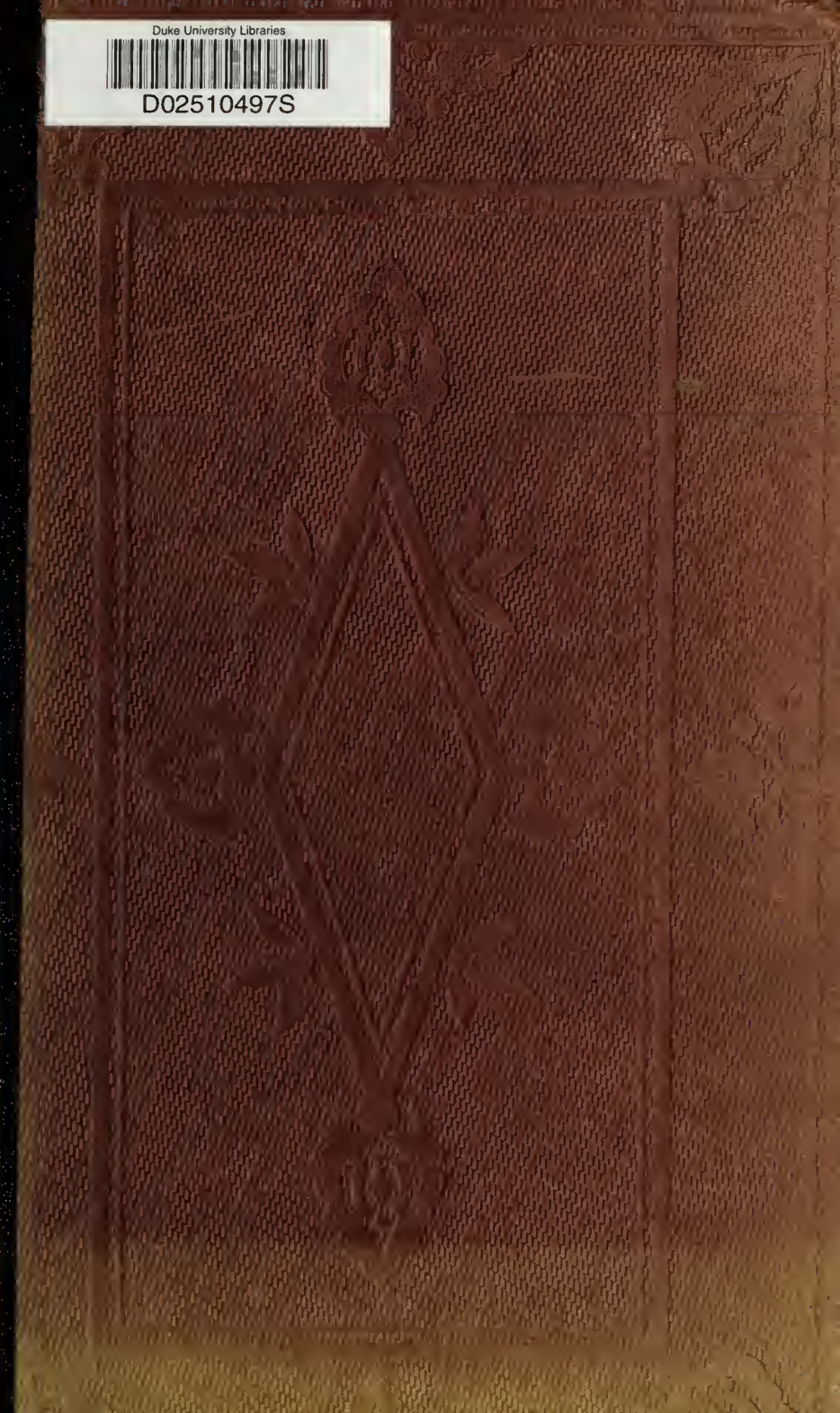
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